

Chapter One:

Deciding my path. Transformations. Light.

Harry Potter sulked in his room sourly, hoping to whatever force there was to help him, he sat on his bed and scowled darkly at a cracking sound, he shook his head “bloody Order of the Phoenix” he sighed and stood up to pace the room.

Looking around, he found that he had much more books than he had before, some were organised and some were littering his desk, he frowned and looked at the books that were near his trunk when he saw a letter standing on the top of his trunk, he picked it up and looked at it closely “what the hell?” he muttered when he saw a wax seal of a serpent circling a wing hilted sword of silver, the wax a pure black, he opened the letter cautiously and read to himself:

Dear Harry,

On this, your twentieth year, you will endeavour from the small child of ignorance to a being of knowledge and power.

The top book is a training ground of sorts for you, go to Diagon Alley and get every book you can find, also, go into Knockturn Alley, collect any weapons, wands and books you need as well as any artefacts you might need.

The book will provide you with a means to an end, but be warned, things are not always what they seem, be sure you want this.

From,

D.

Harry frowned slightly and sighed, “right” he muttered, “this is a good bloody joke” he frowned then took up his travelling cloak and said absently “what can it hurt?” he Apparated away and appeared in Diagon Alley.

Harry looked around casually and walked into Flourish and Blot's where he walked to the counter and placed his hand on the table, the attendant squeaked when he saw the ring on his finger, a small silver amphora with a dragon holding it and a sword clutched in it's claws.

"What can I do for you Mr Potter?" the man asked in a scared tone.

Harry rolled his eyes "one of every single book you have in the store, rare or not, even if it is a different version of the book, I want it" the man jumped and waved his wand causing books to fly forwards.

Harry smiled slightly "do you have a Library Trunk I could use?"

The man frowned and nodded slowly "but sir, it will cost you a fair amount to purchase all this"

Harry snarled deep within his throat "do it"

The man waved his wand quickly and a huge brass embossed iron trunk floated over, Harry pressed his ring onto the table where a small circle was and the counter glowed gold for a second before glowing green, Harry snarled at the man and said "everything inside and shrink it" the man did as he was told and Harry picked up the trunk.

After exiting, he made his way through the shops, gaining new clothes, Muggle and Magical, books, Potions ingredients, seeds, cauldrons of varying sizes and materials, phials and other items before finishing and going to Gringotts.

Harry stood there calmly and frowned slightly before walking in, he made his way through the small crowd of people and stood before the Head Goblin "Grimshack the Greedy, I have come to withdraw all my families fortunes and all possessions forthwith in my vaults and properties"

The Goblin blanched and looked up "name?" he asked.

Harry closed his eyes for a moment before saying "Harry James Black-Grindewald-Ravenclaw-Slytherin-Gryffindor-Potter"

The Goblin looked pale and Harry said "I want all treasure and items to be shrunk and placed into storage of my rings" Harry's other five rings appeared on his hand and the Goblin nodded in defeat before he vanished into a door.

Harry stood there waiting for three hours before the Goblin came back, he produced six small silver gems "that is everything sir, did you wish to sell your properties as well and have the money transferred to your rings?"

Harry nodded as the gems fitted to the centre of the rings and melded inside the rings, he smiled slightly and watched the Goblin pale "sir, after careful consideration, we have decided to have the Goblin Nation pay you for the deeds of your properties to go on sale at a later date"

Harry frowned and nodded "do it" he said in a commanding tone.

The Goblin pulled out a golden crystal that swirled with silver "four thousand tonnes of Dwarven Mithril and four thousand tonnes of Goblin Mithril, two tonnes of Dwarven Iron and Dwarven Steel, two tonnes of Goblin Iron and Steel and lastly, four tonnes of assorted Dragon hides and four tonnes of Dragon blood, organs and a canister of Dragon flames"

Harry took it and said "thank you" he pressed it into the Potter ring and closed his eyes before the golden sphere became the dragon's eye and the silver gems formed around the rim.

"Anything else Mr Potter?" Grimshack asked

Harry shook his head "no thank you" Harry spun on his heel and walked out wondering why in the hell he had sold all his houses, properties and everything after he emptied his vaults.

Harry walked down the dark street of Knockturn Alley with a huge bag full of goodies he had bought there that day when he saw something, he smiled at the silver robe that glistened in the sun and went into the shop "how much for that robe you have in the shop window Miss?" he asked the young female attendant.

She frowned "it is not for sale" Harry placed five thousand Galleons on the table and her eyes widened slightly "I am afraid that no money enough can afford that cloak"

Harry placed fifteen thousand Galleons on the table and she broke "sir, if you will follow me to get your purchase"

Harry smirked as she went to the front and pulled it out for him, Harry took it delicately from her hands and she said "Elven war robe, from the Wood Elves" she said.

Harry took off his robes and swirled the robe onto him and felt more comfortable than he ever has been, he packed his things in his bag and said "thank you Miss" he stalked out with the robe flowing grandly behind him as he walked before it flashed into a grey colour, Harry ran his hands over it, curious as to the action before he saw Voldemort walking the street.

Harry drew his wand covertly and waved it over the bag causing it to form into a small belt bag, he tied it up over his hip and waited before coming out of the shadows "why, hello Tom, such a pleasure to see you again"

Voldemort spun around with wand drawn and Harry smiled warmly "what? No greetings? No hello to your good old nemesis?"

Voldemort scowled "I don't have to listen to you Half-Breed scum"

Harry frowned "such hostility, only because I had the brains enough to mix all thirteen species of Dragons blood, the three species of Phoenix blood, the three of Elf blood and the blood of the Night Dwellers does not mean you can call me a Half-Breed" Harry transformed into a huge flightless lizard and hissed before spitting out a glob of acid which was deflected easily.

Harry changed back and smiled before saying "I also did another little Potions experiment as well Tom, see, I had mixed my own blood with that of Phoenix tears and a Blood Replenishing Potion which allows me to heal almost instantaneously from cuts, oh, and I mixed

Dementor blood, Veela blood and Vampire blood into another Blood Potion”

Voldemort raised his eyebrow “why speak to me about this? We know that we are immortal unless we kill each other”

Harry smirked “precisely that dear boy, see, you remember how last battle, you killed Nymphadora Tonks and she was a Metamorphmagus?”

Voldemort’s eyes widened and Harry smirked as he changed into a replica of Dumbledore “hello Tom, I thought you might be here” he said in the elderly man’s voice before changing back and smirking slightly

“what have you done Potter?” Voldemort snarled angrily.

Harry smirked and held up a black Potion “see this Potion here Voldemort?” he nodded warily, Harry smirked “this contains blood from just last week that I have fortunately gotten, seems your Rituals are all blood based, correct?”

Voldemort frowned and Harry uncorked it then drank it down quickly before he frowned and felt his body become stronger and lighter, he felt his bones become dense and he smirked silently as Voldemort’s eyes widened in understanding “well then Tom, I must be going, we should meet up again soon”

Harry Apparated back to his room and collapsed onto the bed before screaming in agony as the Potion took effect, fixing his eyes and hardening his skin, his organs churning before becoming regulated, his magical channels opening wider and his magical core expanding, his mind becoming quicker and sharper.

He knew only pain as the Potion took effect, not noticing that his entire room was starting to fill with light from the book, circling him before brightening to a small sun, a huge explosion of magical energy wiping out everything for ten miles in every direction leaving a deep crater in the ground.

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Authors Note: So, how's it going? This is my first attempt at a Time Travel fan fiction story, I know it isn't perfect, but I try my best.

Love it? Hate it? Got suggestions?

All Reviews are read and respected.

Chapter Two:

Lives can be reversed and changed with time.

Harry Potter groaned as he sat up and blinked rapidly “stupid Voldemort, stupid Potions and stupid Order of the Phoenix” he muttered dangerously, he reached for his wand and found nothing but bare wall, he looked around and frowned slightly before shifting his body into his Vampire form and felt the saturating hunger of blood that coursed through his mind which he pushed aside in favour of finding where he was.

It looked familiar but he could not be certain “where the hell...” he started when he heard loud thumping and a loud “GET UP BOY!”

Harry flinched and muttered softly “oh no, I couldn’t be...”

The door opened and Harry looked at the large man in front of him “what are you waiting for boy get... up?” he looked pale.

Harry raised an eyebrow before swiftly getting out and looking around quietly, he sniffed the air and frowned “what year is it?” he questioned softly.

Vernon looked at him like he was crazy “it’s the twenty third” he stated scathingly.

Harry sighed, “That is the date of the month, I wish for the entire date Dursley”

Vernon went red in anger and said in a seething tone “you will treat me with respect boy”

Harry turned around and let his eyes, which were still green, flash a deep crimson and he poked the fangs out which glimmered in the light and hissed out in barely controlled anger “tell me what I need to know Dursley, I have neither the time not the patience to listen to you”

Vernon went pale and he fidgeted before gaining some backbone “I don’t have to tell you boy”

Harry looked at his hand then, after seeing his rings, he made them invisible and waved it deftly causing Vernon to be thrown into the wall with extreme magic, Harry walked forwards and asked “the date Dursley?”

Vernon looked at him, afraid of what he might do “the twenty third of June, nineteen eighty five”

Harry frowned and waved his hand absently “that makes me five years old, nearly six, I have enough time to do what I need” he shook his head “how did I manage to get here? If what I think happened, then I could have...” he stopped and cackled in glee “oh, this is priceless!” he said in mirth and started walking while claspings his sides, cackling madly and tears of joy in his eyes.

After an hour of laughing, he started to wind down and looked around the house where the Dursley’s lived, he raised his eyebrow slightly at how normal it seemed and frowned “something is different” he muttered and held up his hand “Accio Dumbledore’s letter” he said clearly and watched as a yellowed envelope flew to his hand, he snatched it out of the air and sighed as he took down all the Charms and other spells that stopped him from opening the letter, he tore it open and shook out the letter:

Dear Petunia Dursley,

As you may have known, your sister, Lily Potter, has studied magic, I am her Headmaster, Professor Albus Dumbledore, Harry Potter is a hero of the Wizarding World and I wish for you to break him down and torture him as much as possible so I can bend him to my will.

I will summon him to learn magic when he turns eleven, if you treat him with love and caring, I will personally come over and use magic on you.

If you do this, I will pay for his stay there with money from his vault and when he is fifteen, I will give you the entire contents of his vault

which totals in approximately fifteen million pounds, you must beat him for practicing magic and beat him for using magic or thinking about magic, he is not to come into contact with any of us until I send for him.

Tell him nothing of his parents, their will, his parents' friends or anything that might connect to our world.

I hope for your sake that he remains ignorant of our society.

Sincerely,

Albus Dumbledore,

Headmaster of Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Harry glared at it and it slowly incinerated in black flames while the Dursley's were petrified in fear, Harry glared at them then waved his hand and said in an icy tone "break me will you? Help bend me to his will huh?" Harry sent a blast of flames at them and incinerated them instantaneously, he summoned his things and shrunk them down.

Apparating out of the house and covering himself in a black cloak, Harry looked around silently before he drew out a wand he had in one of his rings and waved it slightly "Incendio Flammere" a huge fireball slammed into the side of the house and it went up in smoke, Harry turned to see Mrs. Figg looking at him in fear and Harry raised his wand into the air and screamed out "Morsmordre!" a huge green skull with a snake protruding from it's mouth appeared over the house and Harry smirked as he Apparated away.

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Four years later, Harry was standing silently in Hogsmeade and was frowning silently at the front page of the Daily Prophet

Harry Potter sightings in Diagon Alley and Hogsmeade, is the Boy-Who-Lived still alive?

By Rita Skeeter

Harry Potter, Boy Who Lived, is he still alive? Four years ago, the secret house of the Boy Who Lived was attacked and burnt to the ground, no corpses were found but a pile of ashes were discovered to have magical residue.

The Dark Mark overhead, it was thought that Harry Potter has been killed by Death Eaters, but recent reports show that many people are having 'Harry Potter sightings' as the Ministry are starting to call them, if anyone has information on the Boy Who Lived, whether alive or dead, please contact the Ministry immediately.

It went on to say much more things but Harry could care less about that, Dumbledore probably thought he was dead because he had left his magical residue near the ashes of the Dursley's which would say he was dead with them, he shook his head and looked up at the clock as it chimed three times, he shook his head and scowled slightly before frowning "letter is supposed to come soon" he muttered softly before he tossed the paper in the bin, he looked at the crowds of Diagon Alley get ready for the new school year and the shop owners bustle about with their things, he shook his head and looked at the Leaky Cauldron where he had booked a permanent room to sleep in.

Harry sighed softly and walked back into the Leaky Cauldron where he sat at the bar "what will you be having Mr Evans?" Tom the bartender asked.

Harry held up his hand and pointed three fingers up "Butterbeer thanks Tom" Tom nodded and Harry cautiously looked around the room while using his senses to scour the area, there was a few Vampires which were talking to a man who looked shifty, a Werewolf was in the corner with a mug of Firewhiskey in his hands, a few Goblins were harassing a pudgy man and a few people were just doing their own thing.

Harry contentedly took his order of Butterbeer and looked at the owl that appeared, Harry frowned at it and Tom said, "looks like you got your Hogwarts letter Master Evans, aren't you going to look at it?"

Harry took the letter and grabbed the owl as it tried to leave "I wish to answer as soon as possible Owl" he muttered before the owl pecked his hand and flew off with an agitated look on its face, Harry shook his head and sucked on his bleeding hand as he opened the letter "cauldron, ingredients, books, I have all that, wand, need that, pet, don't have one, maybe I should get a snake, broom, need one of those, I should get the Nimbus 2000 or a Cleansweep 7, anything else? Well, I need robes, I also need parchment and ink, I have quills, winter cloaks I have, everything else I have as well" Harry folded it up and looked at Tom "hey, mind if I borrow your owl Tom? I need to reply to the Headmaster" Tom nodded and vanished into the back of the store and Harry waved his hand over the letter causing the name to become obscured.

Tom came back and handed him his owl "this is Archimedes, faithful owl he is"

Harry nodded and pulled out his acceptance form before filling it out and tying it to the owl's leg "take this to Minerva McGonagall, Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry" the old owl hooted and flew out quietly, Harry smiled at Tom "thank you Tom, do you mind opening the entrance to Diagon Alley for me?" Tom shook his head and walked with him to the entrance.

Harry thanked Tom as he left and went down the alley to Gringotts and sighed "no point in alerting him too soon, my name will be noticed at the beginning of the Sorting Ceremony when my name is called out"

Harry stepped aside as a tall blonde man snarled and said icily "move aside Mudblood"

Harry glanced up and said in a frigid tone "I am no Mudblood you fool, I am a Pureblood of the oldest families in the world you ignorant bastard"

The man flinched and Harry smirked as he had basically ridiculed his standing in the Pureblood hierarchy "what did you say Mudblood?"

Harry noticed that it was Lucius Malfoy and said in a soft tone "I said you are an ignorant bastard, never again insult me by calling me a Mudblood you arrogant fool, some here are better than you are"

Malfoy Snr snarled in the back of his throat then stormed away, Harry smirked and made his way towards Ollivander's.

Harry looked outside quietly as he held his new wand, it was still the same wand but it was still the same, Harry sighed in relief as he slinked out and down to Knockturn Alley for a new wand that had no Tracking Charms or Identification Charms the Ministry placed on the wands, he made his way silently through the place, many people greeting him by name as he passed, his being a prominent figure in the standings of both alley's, he slipped into a wand store and pocketed his wand before taking out a bag of Galleons and throwing them on the counter to stop the man who was about to go into a rant "I am here for a custom wand, you will provide it for me, understood?"

The man nodded and looked inside the bag then gleefully waved his wand closing the entire shop up and torches to explode into light, illuminating the shop "you know the way for new wands sir?" asked the man.

Harry shook his head and the man sighed softly "very well, run your hand over the ingredients and when you have gone through the shop, come back to me with the ingredients to make your wand" Harry nodded and moved through the shop.

Two hours later, Harry came back with a small cauldron full of ingredients and set them on the table "is that all young Master?" asked the man, intrigued by what he had gotten

"Yes, indeed it is" Harry stated coldly.

The man shivered and looked at the ingredients "Dementors heart, Phoenixes heart, Black Oak and White Willow, this is an interesting mix sir" the man pulled out the rest of the ingredients and frowned "Demons blood and Unicorn blood, Dragon scales and Basilisk venom, that is quite a mixture young sir, quite possibly the most powerful mix I have seen ever made"

Harry scowled beneath his hood which he always wore and said coldly "make the wand fool, I have done as you asked, now make the blasted wand"

"Okay, no need to fret young sir, I just need a few drops of your blood" Harry snarled at that, blood could be used for Dark Potions and could be used to harm him or even control him "it is only used to bind the wand to only you sir, I won't be using it any other way, I swear on my magic and my life" Harry scowled and pulled out a dagger then nicked his finger and pooled ten drops into the small stone bowl that was implanted into the desk.

The man nodded and placed all the ingredients inside the bowl and started a long incantation, Harry felt the magic in the air grow incredibly thick and he almost flinched as the power started to continue growing, the wood forming into a brilliant grey wand with flecks of black, gold, silver, brown, white and bronze on the surface, he watched in wonder as it seemed to tug at his very being to grasp it and he reached out his hand before the man had finished the incantation and grasped it in his hand as the man looked at him with wide eyes as he continued the incantation.

When the man finished the incantation, Harry held the ten and a quarter inch wand in his hand and looked at it in wonder as dark green swirls were on the surface of the wand with the different coloured flecks all along the shaft and handle of the wand "I want a sheath, an Unspeakable's sheath with all the Anti-Summoning Charms and Invisibility Enchantments"

The man went wide-eyed and asked in a hushed tone "those are illegal for anyone but an Unspeakable"

"If I get caught, I won't tell them where I got it," Harry muttered as he looked at his wand

The man frowned "wrist or waist sir?" Harry thought for a moment before stating "thigh if you can manage it, modify the wrist holster with a belt to hold it up then overlap another belt to hang down to the

thigh with Resizing Charms to fit on the mid thigh and size itself to meet the owner's size"

The man frowned "that is a tall order, and very illegal business to make something not Ministry approved" Harry pulled out another bag of Galleons and the man looked at them before smirking and vanishing into the back of his shop.

Fifteen minutes later, the man came out with the belt Harry wanted and it had an extra sheath with a dagger on the other side that came down to his thigh, Harry looked at it inquisitively and the man said with a smirk "since you spent so much, I decided to add a weapons sheath that will fit any weapon you wish to hold there and it will automatically shape itself to fit the weapon, it has Anti-Detection and Anti-Summoning Charms with Resizing and Expansion Charms laced through the holsters and will not set off any Muggle alarms if you have anything metallic inside"

Harry smirked as he took it and fastened it to his waist under his robes and sheathed his new wand inside the wand sheath "I trust our business will remain secret?" Harry asked softly.

"I wouldn't be in business if I weren't secret about what I do" Harry nodded and walked out without a sound.

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Harry watched as the familiar faces passed through the Leaky Cauldron, Hermione was accompanied by McGonagall and many other Muggleborn's were accompanied by Professors to Diagon Alley and it was explained to them, Harry shook his head as he realised how deep the manipulation truly ran by Dumbledore and sighed softly as he watched Neville Longbottom come out of the fireplace with Dumbledore and Neville looked puffed up and arrogant, Harry shook his head and watched as Dumbledore led Neville through the alley with a sparkle in his eyes.

Harry stood up as they made to exit and went down to the alley, Harry drew his own wand and passed by Dumbledore and Neville then tapped the bricks, he tapped his foot impatiently as the entrance

opened and quickly made his way through the area, noticing that Dumbledore was steering Neville to follow him, Harry smirked to himself and went to the pet store and looked around for a while.

Harry bought the snowy white owl he knew was Hedwig and perched her on his shoulder before buying treats and a few accessories as Dumbledore bought Neville an owl that was just as splendid as his and was by far more expensive, Harry shook his head softly and made his way out when the store owner called out "Mr Evans, you left some change here"

Harry looked over and said "keep it on tab for when I come back Juan, I can use it later" the man nodded and placed it aside, Harry exited and moved through the alley while noticing that Dumbledore was now dragging Neville along to follow him.

As Harry passed through Madame Malkin's and the trunk stores, Dumbledore was following him and Harry was becoming increasingly agitated until he came to the book store where Hermione was running wild, Harry's heart froze when he saw his lover, fiancé and long time friend arguing with her parents about how many books she could have, Harry came up to her and leaned over her shoulder to see 'Rise and Fall of the Dark Arts in the Twentieth Century' and many more titles he knew he was in, Harry frowned when she turned to him and Harry said "I suggest you look at 'the Dark Arts revisited: A Truth to the tale of the Rise and Fall of the Dark Lord' and maybe 'Dark Lords through history: what they were known for and what they did' those are much better titles and shine truth on many aspects that people fail to grasp"

She scowled at him before Harry looked at the store manager and said "Harvey, charge this lady's books to my account here please, I am sure this young lady is like myself and craves knowledge, give her my personal selection and a library trunk to go along with the books she wishes to have" she looked at him with wide eyes and Harry leaned forwards to her and was so close that her nose was in the shadow of his hood and he picked up a book from the stand behind her and pulled back then held up the book.

She looked at the title and scowled malevolently “who are you to give me such a book?” she asked icily, Harry watches as she hit his hand and it hit the floor and was sprawled on the floor, she slapped him across the face and the people who knew him gasped and backed away.

Harry bent down to pick up the book “ this book, ‘Mudbloods and Purebloods: A History’ will give you insight as to how the Pureblood portion of the Wizarding World look at Muggleborn children and the Muggleborn in general”

She scowled and Harry thrust it at her and grasped her hand with his and closed her hand on it “you will take this book and read it, I will be paying for your books, read it and learn from it, you would do well to not argue”

Harry pulled back and she looked at him scornfully before saying “fine, I will take it, but only because you are paying for it” the people who knew him, gaped at him, Harry was never the one to not smack a person around if they hit him with magic or with physical force and was known to have placed people in hospital because of their actions.

Harry looked up at Dumbledore and saw a disapproving look in his eyes but dismissed it and turned to face the manager of store “the books are ready with the trunk Harvey?” the man shook himself from his shock and went to get the things Harry asked for, Harry looked at Hermione again and said softly “I don’t care if you are Muggleborn, it only means you have the disadvantage of not knowing about magic before your letter” Harry moved away and heard people furiously whispering about the confrontation, Harry shook his head and made his way through the rows of books and pulled out any new books he found.

After carefully moving through the alley, Harry made his way to Ollivander’s and stepped inside where Dumbledore followed with Neville, Harry looked at Ollivander who was about to greet him by name but saw Dumbledore and said “hello Mr Evans, it is good to see you again, I assume you are here for a reason, if not for a wand, then for a wand holster and some wand care products, am I right?”

Harry bowed his head stiffly and said, "I came for a Hungarian Horntail hide wrist holster and two Auror standard wand care kits thank you Mr Ollivander sir"

Ollivander chuckled softly "why would you want two kits of Auror standards Mr Evans?"

Harry chuckled "well, they always seem to get the best things and I have this inclination to have everything in tip top condition"

Ollivander chuckled "let me just serve my other customers and we may have our discussion later, how would a meeting later on at nine this evening in the Leaky Cauldron sound to you?" Harry nodded and sat down on one of the chairs.

Neville finished an hour later with a Birch wand and a Dragon heartstring, Harry shook his head at the weak wand and stood up as Dumbledore ordered an Auror standard wand care kit for him, Harry walked over as Ollivander pulled out the three boxes and set two aside, Dumbledore looked at Harry curiously and Harry rolled his eyes while keeping up his Occlumency shields as Dumbledore probed him, Harry took his holster and wand care kit then looked at Neville, Harry raised his hand and placed his left index finger calmly on his forehead and watched Neville shiver in both fear and cold, Harry drew his finger over the small scar that went down past his right eye and said softly "you are not so fortunate" Harry then pushed lightly and Neville fell on his ass and crawled away quickly while stuttering madly about 'freaks and fools not knowing who he was', Harry shook his head in a disgusted manner and looked at Ollivander "was it at nine sir?" Ollivander nodded and Harry walked out while inwardly laughing his head off.

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Authors note: Love it? Hate it? Got any Suggestions?

All reviews are read and respected.

Chapter Three:

Say hello to the Weasley's. Fame is everything. Hogwarts.

A new day rose with the beginning of September, Dumbledore, who could not hold his curiosity, attended the meeting to hear what was said, Harry, for the most part, had kept his shields up as he spoke to Ollivander, the constant probing becoming a hindrance and eventually, he and Ollivander decided to leave for a Muggle restaurant to have a more private meeting, today, like the rest of the days since he had been seen by Dumbledore, he was followed by the old man all throughout Muggle London and Diagon Alley as he did his daily activities, keeping his face shaded under a dark hooded sweater when going out to Muggle London, Harry was particularly annoyed at the current time because he was in the Muggle bank making inquiries and Dumbledore had followed him with interest, as he walked out of the bank, Harry knew Dumbledore was following him and Harry started getting agitated, as he turned the corner, Harry Apparated up to the first floor window and waved his custom wand over himself making him invisible, he smirked when Dumbledore turned the corner and looked around quickly for any sign of him, Harry shook in silent laughter and nearly fell down as Dumbledore scratched his nose "where is the little bastard? I need to know who he is and where his loyalties lie and if I can't use him" he scolded himself heatedly.

Harry Apparated to the side alley and conjured a large brown bag and stuffed some paper into the bag from the trash bins then walked out with a smirk, Harry watched him as Dumbledore noticed him and made a show of looking around quickly, he then made his way towards the middle of Muggle London and disappeared down an alley to a Muggle club where he knocked on a steel door, a shutter opened and a pair of cold red eyes looked down then brightened considerably "Mr Evans, how can we help you?" asked a deep voice

"I am being followed, let me in" he asked quietly on a sub vocal level and the shutter closed, behind the door was a series of clicks and the door creaked open, Harry stepped inside and closed the door as Dumbledore saw him entering, Harry smiled up at the Vampire and said "thank you Oderon, now, do you know a way to get into the Leaky Cauldron without being seen?"

Oderon frowned and said “you could always Apparate there, we have an Apparation point despite this being a Vampire haunt” Harry grinned slightly and nodded before vanishing down a hallway.

Harry Apparated back to his room and sat down on his bed “bloody Dumbledore, I need to seriously blast him a new face” Harry sighed and looked at the room where his things were already packed, his Nimbus 2000 laid against the wall and shining in the light, he stood up and waved his hand slightly causing a shimmer around the case then a red glow to appear on the locks, Harry smirked “now, all I need to do is find out how to smuggle you in” he muttered, he frowned and looked out the window where Dumbledore had a deep scowl on his face, Harry snickered “looks like I go the jump on you old boy” Harry shrunk his trunk and stuffed it into his pocket.

Harry exited at ten thirty and handed Tom an envelope “hey Tom, tomorrow, when you have the time, open that and have a look, it will contain details on who I am and such, also, I still wish to keep that room, so I will be coming back every holiday”

Tom smiled at him softly “right you are Mr Evans, I sure hope you do well at Hogwarts” Harry nodded and took the Floo to the station.

Harry fell out of the fireplace and rolled as he fell forwards, he stood up while muttering angrily “I am going to get that right if it kills me” he looked around and frowned slightly as Hermione entered the station with several other Muggleborn that tailed McGonagall “so, he purposefully placed me with Hagrid knowing full well that he would forget I lived with Muggles and set up the Weasley’s to be there to meet me ever so conveniently did he? Manipulative bastard” he took out his trunk and expanded it to it’s normal size and cast a Featherlight Charm on it, he picked it up and made his way over to them and stopped when he saw Ginny who was scowling at Fred as he pulled out a frog from where, he didn’t want to know, he shook his head and looked at her face, seeing flashes of her death, he shrunk back and leaned against the wall where he braced himself.

“Fred, George, you behave this year? You understand me? I don’t want a letter from the Headmaster saying that you’ve blown up a

toilet or tried to get into the Forbidden Forest” Harry’s heart ached when he heard Mrs Weasley’s voice, he saw a burning house and heard her screams before he pushed it back into the recesses of his mind and looked around, he saw Hannah Abbot, an Auror back in his time, Daphne Greengrass, a known Death Eater and murderer of Bill and Percy Weasley before she was killed by Arthur Weasley, Harry scowled when he saw Draco Malfoy appear by Portkey and remembered his crimes, blatant use of the Dark Arts, conspiracy for the murder of Albus Dumbledore and infiltration of Death Eaters into Hogwarts, use of the Unforgivable’s and torture of Neville Longbottom and Luna Lovegood, he looked at Crabbe and Goyle who were convicted of numerous counts of murder, use of the Unforgivable’s and the Dark Arts, he nearly attacked when he saw Susan Bones, a Death Eater spy within the Auror’s who killed Mad-Eye Moody and Ginny Weasley while they were on a mission for the Order, he scowled at Pansy Parkinson who was just as insane as Bellatrix Lestrange and brought torture to a fine art and left him a nice scar on his left shoulder, he did growl when he saw Cho Chang, the woman who turned Death Eater and murdered Hermione in her apartment out of jealousy and hate.

Harry shook his head and silently vowed to destroy Voldemort before his Sixth Year when everything went wrong, he stood up, entered a carriage and slipped into a compartment, he stuffed the trunk overhead and sat down, closed and locked his door with a First Year Locking Charm and closed his eyes for a sleep.

Harry awoke when the door opened and opened his eyes with his wand tight in his grip, his heart froze then jumped into his throat when he saw Hermione standing there, he looked at her with a smile that she couldn’t see, she scowled at him and said scathingly “oh, it’s you is it? Why are you here? I thought you Purebloods stuck together”

Harry snickered slightly, gave a small chuckle then fell into a deep laugh that lasted for a minute before he composed himself “no, I just happen to be a neutral to some extent, while I do not hold any Pureblood supremacy traits in my ways of thinking, I understand where they are coming from, Muggleborn’s are ignorant and know nothing, but I do not think they should not be taught magic, I decided

that it was a bunch of crap and hold no value to the hobby of persecuting Muggleborn at all”

She scowled “then why give me that book of Pureblood supremacy garbage?”

Harry looked at her and said in a calm tone with a tinge of frustration “because, you will meet many Purebloods who will call you a Mudblood or a piece of trash, whichever way you think about it, that book delves into the ways of Pureblood life and shows just how prejudiced they are”

Hermione looked thoughtful for a moment then scowled at him “do you believe in that Pureblood stuff?”

Harry shook his head slightly “no, in fact I admire the Muggles for their persistence and advancements in technology, did you know that you could send your voice half way across the world and get an instant reply back with another voice on a fellytone?”

Hermione giggled “Telephone”

“huh?” Harry decided to play ignorant

“it’s not a fellytone, it is a telephone, and yes I know about them, I am a Muggleborn” Hermione said in a know-it-all tone.

Harry smirked at her bossy nature and the laid back way she talked to him hopefully I can bring her out of her shell before she sinks too much into her books Harry looked at her calmly and said “come in and sit down”

Hermione frowned for a moment and looked down the corridors “I don’t know, I don’t want to...”

“Nonsense, I think that you and I can be good friends” he felt his heart drop when he said that but when he noticed her hesitation.

His heart soared as she stuttered “y-y-yeah, friends...” she stepped in, closed the door and sat down, Harry looked at her “what is under that

hood that you hide so much?" she questioned him, Harry frowned and was about to answer when the door burst open to Fred and George Weasley, Harry watched them hide under the seats and he frowned "what..."

The twins shook their heads madly and George hissed "shhh" Harry frowned and heard the pitter patter of heavy running and looked at the door.

Percy came into view and was panting heavily, his hair was dyed green and silver and you could hear faint hissing coming from inside, he was dressed in a pink robe with a frilly hem and floral print, lipstick on his mouth and eye shadow placed on heavily, Harry frowned and said "can I help you miss?"

Percy scowled and asked heatedly "have you seen two red headed twins running around?"

Harry nodded and said "they ran down the hall and I heard the doors to the next carriage open"

Percy ran away while cursing loudly and threatening the twins under his breath, the twins came out from under the seats and sat down "thanks mate, we owe you one"

Harry chuckled "so, who was the girl that ran past with the mouth of a sailor?"

They looked at each other and said with a grin "oh, he's just out perfect brother Percy"

Harry nodded and leaned back into the chair "excuse me while I take a sleep thank you" Harry muttered and the shadow around his face darkened.

(I am skipping the entrance to Hogwarts and the song here, it will remain the same except Hermione will be in the boat with Harry)

Harry looked up as his name was called and scowled slightly when furious whispers broke out, Harry removed his hood and long black

hair that covered his face and shrouded his eyes flowed from the hood, he walked up while keeping his eyes on the Hat, he sat down and the hat was placed over his head 'Ahh, I was wondering if you would get here Mr... so, you've been keeping your little secrets have you? I suggest you keep time as it was in your way of life; things could end up bad for you and for all of us if anything changed drastically, but you know this already don't you? So, will you be going to Ravenclaw, Slytherin or Gryffindor?'

Harry thought for a moment and sent the message 'you choose'to the Sorting Hat.

The Sorting Hat cackled in glee and rummaged through his memories, Harry blocked the more personal memories concerning himself and Hermione which were enough to make the Bloody Baron blush 'so Mr Potter, you have brains, but you are also cunning and vicious when you attack, you have a thirst for knowledge and all those books you stole from the Dark Lord's personal library did you well, though you have extensive Dark Arts knowledge and knowledge on how to use your abilities, you are not corrupted by them, no, being a Parseltongue and hounded because of it, a few Elemental abilities thanks to your transformations because of those delightful Potions of yours, the wandless abilities which were fortified because of those Potions, and the sharper brain capacity because of said Potions, my, you are interesting, and what this? No small amount of courage to stand up for what you believe in, I must say, you are difficult, and no small amount of loyalty either, if I were not so inclined to have to sort you into one house, I would sort you into all of them, but alas, one I must choose'

Harry mentally groaned 'you sure do like to hear yourself speak, don't you?' Harry questioned.

The Hat gave an impatient sigh and yelled out "GRYFFINDOR!"

Harry removed the Hat and moved to a spare seat while the twins were dancing and jumping for joy while screaming out "WE GOT POTTER! WE GOT POTTER!"

He looked to Hermione who was gaping at him and Harry pulled out a hair tie from his pockets and tied up his hair into a small knot leaving his eyes to show but his scar hidden, he smiled as he sat next to her and winked “guess you know my dirty little secret now, shame really, I was going for the dark and mysterious take, the girls really dig it” Hermione was just staring at him in shock and Harry waved his hand in front of her face and received no response, Harry blew in her face and she still made no sign of recognition of what he was doing, Harry shrugged and looked at his plate with a forlorn look on his face.

The feast ended and Harry was walking with Hermione who he had to guide up the steps and into the portrait to the Common Room, he set her down and patted her head before going up to his room, slipping into some night clothes and getting into bed to think on what he was going to do about Hermione and his friends, how he was supposed to act and how much proficiency in magic he should show.

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Authors Note: Love it? Hate it? Got suggestions?

All Reviews are read and respected.

The Thirteenth Sapphire: Yeah, my original plan with the book was to teach her about the Pureblood world, but I also wanted to help her understand the basis behind it, the book basically shows the prejudice and hate of Muggleborns, but it was also meant to help her to stand up for herself which is why I had Harry act the way he did.

javacap: Thanks for the review, yeah, I like Harry/Lily fics, but there isn't enough out there that are interesting, it is usually Harry pairing his mother and father up together or involved in family situations, thanks also for the link.

Twisted Killa: The story line just popped into my head and I decided to put it up, I have a few things in mind.

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Omake:

Harry transforms into his Vampyr body and glares down at Dumbledore as he says, "Where is the little bastard? I need to know who he is and where his loyalties lie and if I can't use him" Harry laughed insanely and pounced, Dumbledore jumped and tried to run away but Harry gripped him and sank his teeth into his ass, he stood up as he tasted the blood and spat it out "eww! Old man ass blood! Disgusting!" Dumbledore turned around and scowled "little bastard, Crucio" Harry grinned and raised his wand "Avada Kedavra #!\$" Dumbledore gave one last croak and died on the spot.

Chapter Four:

Lessons. Night time walks. Keeping watch.

Shed not the blood of your enemies, for they can prove useful in the end.

Author Unknown

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Harry absently walked the halls during the night time, an Invisibility Charm on himself as he walked, Silencing Charms on his shoes and on his clothes to stop any noise from escaping accidentally, he looked on as Quirrel walked around, he was sick and tired of waiting and just wanted to Avada Kedavra him on the spot, but he could not do it without proof, he knew for a fact that Snape was wary of him because of the string of pranks that were strangely reminiscent of the Marauder's pranks were flying around, he chuckled soundlessly and thought back to his first lesson with Snape.

Begin Flashback

Harry sat down in class next to Hermione who was watching him as he pulled out his book and frowned "where were you during the Dursley's deaths Harry?" she questioned for the thousandth time, Harry looked at her and made an annoyed sound, Draco sniggered "looks like the Mudblood hasn't learnt her place in the Wizarding World" Harry spun around and drew his Holly wand from his wand holster "shut up Malfoy or I will hand you from the Astronomy Tower by your balls" Draco paled slightly then called out "looks like the Mudblood has a boyfriend, Potty wee Potter and the Mud..." Harry sent a powerful Stinging Hex at his thigh and growled softly "next time I won't miss Malfoy, and next time, you had better keep your mouth shut" he ground out through gritted teeth, Hermione drew her own wand and said "I can handle myself Harry" she said calmly then waved her wand and hissed out "Rictusempra" Draco fell to the floor and was laughing loudly, Harry waved his wand and muttered softly "Finite Incantatum" Draco sat up and drew his wand as Snape came in and roared out "Diffindo!" Harry deflected it with a weak shield that

slammed into Goyle and Snape scowled “ten points from Gryffindor for attacking a student Potter” Harry growled and hissed through grinding teeth “and what about Malfoy sir? He attacked Hermione for standing up to him and cast a dangerous Curse at her that was aimed at her neck and could have killed her should it have hit whereas she just used a Tickling Charm” Snape growled “ten points from Gryffindor for talking back Mr Potter” Harry gripped his wand and muttered dangerously under his breath “you had better hope I never find you in the hallways alone Malfoy, you won’t be conscious to see the next day” Hermione glared at him as Snape started calling out names and Harry was busy thinking of different ways to murder Snape and Malfoy while pinning it on someone else, Harry absently heard Snape call out his name and was jabbed in the ribs by Hermione, Harry looked up and scanned Hermione’s mind for the question then answered confidently “Draught of Living Death sir” Snape scowled and asked “where do I find a Bezoar?” Harry ground his teeth silently and said with barely contained rage “in the goat of a stomach, sir” he said the last bit in a condescending tone, Snape glared at him “ten points from Gryffindor for that disrespectful tone, what, Mr Potter, is the difference between Monkshood and Wolfsbane?” Harry growled dangerously and hissed “nothing sir, I also believe that Aconite should be added to that list, also, shouldn’t you be asking First Years things from the First Year text books instead of Fourth Year material?” Snape looked at him coldly and said “you are just as arrogant and egotistical as your father was Potter, I am surprised you got in the door with that inflated head of yours” Harry stood up quickly and was gripping the table so tight that his knuckles were white, his eyes flickered in the torch light which moved in a nonexistent wind “sir, don’t you think it is unprofessional to discriminate people on their parents?” he growled out “no, I don’t Mr Potter, now sit down, ten points from Gryffindor for talking back” Harry stuffed his things into his bag and stormed out of the room as Snape called out “twenty points from Gryffindor and detention for walking out during classes” Harry paid no attention and walked to the Owlery to send a letter to the Education Board.

End Flashback

Harry smiled slightly and moved through the secret passage that led straight to the room where the Mirror of Erised lay, he opened the

door and peered inside only to see Snape looking at it intently, Harry snarled in the back of his throat and raised his wand Avada Kedav... he started in his mind but thought better of it and moved aside as Snape left, Harry cast a silent Summoning Charm to see if he had the stone and smirked silently before moving inside, Harry looked around quietly before closing the door and locking it with a series of Wards and Charms that Dumbledore himself would have trouble getting through, Harry smirked and let his Invisibility Charm fall, he raised his wand and pointed it at the mirror, not looking into the glass, and said "Accio Philosophers Stone" the mirror shuddered for a moment before growing still, Harry frowned and shook his head softly looks like I have to do this the old fashioned way he thought bitterly, Harry looked into the mirror and saw himself with Hermione in his arms, her belly large with the baby she had before she died, Harry looked at it sadly and shook his head before concentrating on the task at hand, he felt a weight fall into his pocket and he pulled out a large red stone, he gazed at it intently and conjured a direct double then placed it into the mirror which rippled like a pebble dropped into water.

Placing the stone in his pocket, Harry placed the Invisibility Charm back up and disabled the Charms and Wards on the door, he waited for a few minutes before he opened the door and silently walked out with a vicious gleam in his eyes, he made his way towards the Defence Against the Dark Arts office and cancelled the spells on his clothes and shoes then took off the Invisibility Charm, he stood outside the door for a few minutes then knocked loudly three times, Harry felt a prickle in his scar and a sudden blistering heat and ice cold that felt like an icepick had been rammed into his head, Harry ran down the corridor when he had confirmed the possession of Quirrel and ran through the maze of passages to the Seventh Floor and quickly muttered the password for the portrait, ran up the steps and jumped into his bed 'Dumbledore has to know about Voldemort possessing Quirrel, I hate to admit it, but Dumbledore is not as interested in me any more, he is more interested in Neville' Harry closed his eyes while pondering this and fell into a restless sleep.

(Page Break)

Harry walked hurriedly down the path to the first flying lesson of the day and saw the students all lined up with brooms in their hands, he

quickly made his way up to Madame Hooch and handed her the slip explaining his being late by Madame Pomfrey who had to give him a series of Headache Potions and heal his hand which he broke when he punched a Seventh Year in the jaw for making a rude comment about Hermione, Hooch looked at him with a glimmer of amusement in her eyes and said "take your position Potter" Harry nodded and stepped over to his broom and muttered softly before he was even over the top of it "up" the broom flew into his hand and he absently noted that he was still with the same broom as before, a rickety old Shooting Star that looked like it had seen better days.

Harry stood there calmly and looked at Hermione who was opposite him, he frowned slightly when he noticed that her broom was still on the floor with many others, Harry twitched his fingers slightly and the broom shot into her hand and struggled as if it were alive before settling down, Harry turned to Malfoy who was glaring at him and Harry smiled viciously before drawing a finger over his throat and giving him a threatening look which made Malfoy pale dramatically.

Harry turned as Hooch blew the whistle and levitated five feet into the air with the rest of the group, Neville laughed at Malfoy as he started to slide forwards and Malfoy took insult before charging him, Harry dove to the side as Malfoy passed by and gripped his robe as he flew past and spun around like a slingshot sending Malfoy right at Neville who rolled and rose into the air as he lost control of the broom.

The group looked on in horror as Neville rose to about twenty feet then fell to the floor with a resounding CRACK! Harry shook his head and muttered in self contained glee "déjà vu" Harry floated down with the rest of the group but Harry was more interested with Hermione, he paid attention to how she stood and could see she was more confident than before, she held herself with more grace than the original time and her hair, though still frizzy and wild, held more shine than before, Harry smiled softly as he looked at her, his heart and soul aching to be with her, his very being crying out to hold her in his arms and never let go, she looked at him and his thoughts immediately became mush as he lost himself in her eyes "look at what that idiot Longbottom dropped, it's that stupid ball" Harry drew his wand calmly and strode forwards while he brought himself up to

his full height, his eyes flashing a dark shade of green that looked distinctly like the Killing Curse.

Malfoy shivered and Harry smiled nastily and hissed in a menacing tone “give me the ball Malfoy and I promise your pain shall be minimal compared to what I will do if you do not give it to me” the entire class shivered and Harry revelled in the fear he was producing, knowing that he was instilling fear that would later save lives and stop people from joining the Death Eaters, Malfoy scowled and grabbed his broom while shooting into the air, Harry waved his wand deftly at the broom which flew to his hand and he mounted it, Hermione grabbed his arm as he rose a few inches and said heatedly “Harry, you can’t go up there, you will lose points for Gryffindor” Harry turned to her, his eyes a dark shade that were nearly black, power shining behind the surface, she flinched back and let go of him in fear, Harry shot up in a blur and started charging down Malfoy who now looked petrified.

Harry stopped just one foot away from Malfoy and said coldly “give me the ball now Malfoy, you do not want to piss me off any further, I am much more dangerous than you could ever imagine” Malfoy looked fearful and Harry sniffed the air as an acrid smell pierced the air, Harry looked down to see a steady stream of golden sparkles flutter through the air, Harry shook his head and held his wand firmly “you want the ball Potter? Go fetch” he said in fear and threw it hard towards the castle, Harry stayed there for a moment before glaring at Malfoy “you will pay for that Malfoy” he hissed and shot after it.

If anyone were to look closely, they would see a happy expression on Harry’s face that nobody but Hermione had ever seen before, it was something that Harry truly felt free with, he felt alive while flying, he soared through the air and did an barrel roll in the air at high speeds and swooped through the air, he overtook the Remembrall and started circling it before he caught it two meters from the floor and soared into the air with the ball clasped in his hand, he quickly shot forwards to where Malfoy was smirking and McGonagall was standing with Snape, Harry dropped off the broom ten meters away and three feet in the air with a furious gleam in his eyes, Harry passed by McGonagall and thrust the ball into her hands before baring down on Malfoy who shivered and a wet patch was seen in the

dirt below his feet, Harry looked down at him and hissed darkly “I challenge you to a duel Malfoy, I have had it with you and your all high and mighty attitude, if you are such a good little Pureblood Prince, fight me, one on one, duel to end until one of us is out of the fight” Malfoy looked at him in fear and at Snape with a pleading look in his eyes.

Harry watched calmly and waited for Snape to disagree but McGonagall stepped in “Mr Malfoy, do you accept the duel?” Malfoy quaked in fear and nodded quickly, Harry smirked and quickly whipped up his wand making Malfoy flinch backwards, Harry then placed it at his neck and drew it across his skin “you are dead meat Malfoy” he hissed and McGonagall led him to her office for a talk.

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Authors note: Love it? Hate it? Got any Suggestions?

All reviews are read and respected.

Chapter Five:

History. Duels. Halloween.

Once you feel pain, you become accustomed to it.

Author Unknown.

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Halloween was coming close and Harry was becoming increasingly agitated as the days flew by, Hermione being the only one he didn't snap at constantly when he was in the library, no words needing to be spoken between them, people stated calming down about his being 'the famous Boy-Who-Lived' and he was becoming slightly more relaxed into his schedule of pissing off Snape, playing pranks on Quirrel, pissing off Snape, training for Quidditch, pissing off Snape, classes, pissing off Snape, studies, pissing off Snape, school wide pranks and pissing off Snape "Harry?" Hermione questioned softly, Harry looked up from his book with an irritated look on his face "can you tell me what's wrong?" Harry shook his head and looked back down at the book he had, she looked at him closely "Harry, tell me what's wrong" Harry pulled out a book from his bag and shoved it towards her before opening it and looking at the contents before pointing to 'Harry Potter: Child Hero and defeater of the Dark Lord, Pg 189-233' Harry then removed his hand and continued reading with a ferocity that Hermione never possessed.

Hermione gazed at Harry with curiosity and frowned before leafing through the pages to the beginning and read silently, Harry stood and placed the finished book back in it's shelf before vanishing into the shelves, she looked at the sentence written:

'Harry Potter, son of James Harold Potter and Lily Frances Evans ne Potter, born on the 31st of June, 1980. Not much is known about the first year of Harry Potter's life except for the fact that he was in hiding with his parents from You-Know-Who, the Dark Lord at the time. On Halloween night, the 31st of October, Harry Potter's house was attacked by You-Know-Who and...'

She looked up with a horrified look on her face but Harry was gone, she looked around the closer shelves and frowned when she saw him gazing intently at the Restricted Section, she walked up close and attempted to place her hand on his shoulder but he moved aside and went to another shelf without looking at her but remained close, Hermione smiled warmly as she understood, he didn't want anyone to speak to him but wanted her company, Harry smiled at her slightly and said "lets just say I am a little irked with Halloweens, something bad always happens with me on Halloween" Hermione nodded in understanding and moved closer "Harry, what happened with the Dursley's?" Harry frowned slightly while looking at the books and said simply "they got killed by my rage and anger for their years of abuse to other humans" Hermione thought a few minutes and asked "did you kill them?" Harry looked at her for a few seconds then turned back to the books "what would you say if I said yes?" Harry questioned while running his finger along the spines of a few books, Hermione looked at him with raised eyebrows, then, noticing the seriousness in his voice, thought for a few minutes as Harry started pulling out books, he took them to the desk and she followed, as she sat down, she looked at him and said "well, I guess it would depend on the situation that brought it to focus" Harry looked up and said "regular beatings, lashings, verbal and mental abuse, emotional emptiness and casual abuse and neglect of children within their own care" Hermione raised an eyebrow, focussing on the scars on his upper body he knew he had at that age, Harry turned his back to her and lifted up his robe and shirt to show thin lines across his back that trailed down his pants line, Hermione gasped and said "I remember a little of what happened" Harry said softly "a person in black robes attacked them and killed them then set fire to the house, I was outside when the person set fire to the house and sent up the Dark Mark, I escaped and made my way to Diagon Alley where I found out about the huge lump of money that I had and bought a permanent place of housing, from there, I started to learn about things, listened to conversations, helped Tom the barman with the bar now and then, I made friends and crafted an identity when I found that book you just read, nobody knew who I was, I kept my fringe down when I noticed a few people look at it and from then on, I always had shadowed hoods on my clothes to keep my face invisible, nobody has seen my face besides the Goblins for nearly seven years" Harry looked at Hermione to see her looking at him with tears forming in her eyes,

Harry Conjured a tissue with a wave of his wand and handed it to her, she thanked him and blew into the tissue, Harry waved his wand and it vanished in a puff of smoke.

Harry walked out with Hermione three hours later and Harry absently noticed Neville and Ron talking heatedly out in the courtyard, Harry sat down on a bench and manipulated his Vampire blood to listen in "...but Ron, it sounds like something valuable or even dangerous is hidden on the Third Floor corridor, you heard Snape threatening Quirrel, surely you want to go have a look" "I don't know Neville, it seems kind of useless if you ask me, I mean, we don't even know if it is the Headmaster's discarded old robes" Harry heard Neville growl slightly "if there is anything worth money down there, I will split it, forty sixty in your favour" Harry looked at Ron and saw greed glimmering in his eyes "but Neville, I don't want to go risking my life for nothing" Neville puffed up "doesn't matter, Dumbledore himself has been teaching me spells far above O.W.L. level" Harry rolled his eyes at that arrogant confidence, Neville was probably average at best and would probably fail the tests "but Neville, couldn't we wait to find out what it was first?" "If you won't come, I will go by myself and take it all" Harry shook his head and tuned them out, he looked at Hermione who was looking at him with wide eyes and he mentally slapped himself "what is it Hermione?" he questioned while knowing full well what it was about "Harry, how... you're a Vampire!" she said in a soft tone, Harry shrugged "it's nothing big, I am not even fully turned so I am no harm to anyone" Hermione looked at him with wide eyes and whispered softly "when were you bitten?" Harry shook his head softly in amusement and said "I wish to decline in answering that thank you" Hermione scowled then looked at him with understanding "so that is why your skin is so pale and you sleep so rarely then?" Harry shrugged his shoulders and looked at the bench where Ron and Neville were talking heatedly "that is one of the reasons, that, and I never really slept before I became a Vampire" Hermione looked at him oddly then asked "can I ask you a few questions?" Harry shrugged and pricked his ears at a loud "but Ron, we can do it if we work together!" Hermione tapped him on the shoulder and Harry looked at her "sorry about that" he mumbled softly, she blushed slightly and asked "does garlic really keep you away?" Harry shook his head with a snort "we do keep away from it, but not for the reasons you think, the smell is really strong and irritates the nose"

she frowned then nodded slowly, Harry looked at Neville and noticed him growing red in the face, Harry shook his head and muttered softly "what an imbecile" Hermione punched him in the arm "you don't have to call me that Harry" she whined softly, Harry shook his head and pointed at Neville "he wants to see what is on the Third Floor" Hermione paled slightly "he can't, he could lose points, get killed, or worse, expelled!" Harry snorted and picked her up by the elbow and dragged her to the Gryffindor Common Room.

Once inside, Harry dragged her up to his room and hissed at Dean and Seamus "get out now" they flinched then ran out, Harry chuckled softly and said "I guess all those years down Knockturn Alley and the slums of London really did me well" Harry drew his Holly wand and flicked it silently at the door causing it to glow white then he slashed his wand in a cross and a huge dark red cross appeared and formed into a heavy pair of crisscrossed steel bars attached to the wall so the door couldn't open inwards to the room, Harry smiled "now then, what did you want to ask me?" Hermione stuttered for a few seconds and asked with astonishment "how can you do silent casting?" Harry frowned and said "through years of practice Hermione, through years of practice" Hermione accepted this and lay down on the bed "so, how's it feel to be, you know, dead?" Harry looked at her with a bemused expression and Hermione looked panicked for a second before Harry answered "I am not dead Hermione, I am not fully turned, though I am still considered a Vampire, I do not require much blood from the living nor do I require much sleep due to the blood that courses through my veins which, thanks to the mind a Vampire holds, I can read far faster than a normal human and because of my only needing sleep every four hours, I have a lot of time on my hands so I am quite far ahead in both theory and practical work" Hermione looked at him closely then pulled him down to lie on the bed and looked intently into his eyes "Harry, show me what you look like, as a Vampire I mean" Harry raised his eyebrow and, seeing her pleading look, closed his eyes and focussed for a second, he felt the bloodlust churn in his gut and forced it down before he felt the physical changes, his teeth lengthening, his eyes becoming prickly which indicated the change of colour and nerves, his bones become heavier with his muscles and his senses become sharper, he opened his crimson eyes which had small slits for the irises and he shifted slightly to get more comfortable as he had sunk into the bed.

Hermione looked at him for a few minutes and ran her eyes over his face, Harry frowned when she looked at his shoulders then back to his face, knowing what she wanted without using his peripheral Legimancy skills and pushed her to the side and he stood before removing his robes and his shirt to show his well toned and muscular body, he moved back onto the bed and Hermione straddled his waist with her hands on his abdomen, she ran her fingers up his stomach, feeling the muscles under the skin and Harry looked at her intently, his heart becoming faster and faster with every second, as she reached up to his shoulders, she leaned down and placed her head on his chest where his heart was and heard it beating quickly, she pulled back and smiled at him "I see nothing wrong with you, have you killed anyone without a good reason?" Harry thought for a few seconds before shaking his head "have you turned anyone into a Vampire?" Harry frowned slightly and raised his hand to brush some hair from her face behind her ear and said "no, even though I would need to basically kill someone, I cannot really turn them because I am not fully turned" Hermione laid her head back down on his chest and Harry flicked his wand as he changed back to his normal body.

The door opened a few minutes later to Ron and Neville, they stopped when they saw Hermione on his chest, asleep and holding onto him tightly, they walked over and Neville sneered "what is the know-it-all doing here Potter?" Harry slid out from under her and she moaned softly before hugging a pillow to herself, Harry stood and looked at them and they stood gaping at his body, Harry turned around and bent down to grab his wand in which the two boys were openly staring, he stood back up straight and held his wand limply before placing it into his sheath, Ron stared at him and Neville attempted to sneer but it was stopped only by the fearful look in his eyes, Harry raised his hand and extended a finger "out" he hissed harshly, they scampered out and Harry smirked to himself "fools know nothing of Gryffindor bravery" he muttered in mirth, he looked back at Hermione and his heart jumped a beat when he saw her peaceful expression on her face, he bent down and kissed her forehead softly and whispered "I swear to you now, Voldemort shall never take another life if I have anything to do about it" Harry stood and walked out, not noticing Hermione sit up and look at him in confusion.

(Page Break)

Hermione shrieked as a bat flew past her head and clasped onto Harry tightly, Harry held her and brandished his wand with a muttered "Incendio" and the bat burst into flames, Fred and George came out and pouted, Harry glared at them and looked at Hermione who was shivering, he set her onto a bench nearby and turned to Fred and George before smirking evilly and waving it in a complicated manner and muttering under his breath, when he finished, he tapped them both on the heads with his wand and he smirked when he noticed their bodies glow silver for a second then fade.

Harry turned back to Hermione and sat beside her and she clasped on tightly, Harry rubbed the middle of her back and held her in his arms, the twins looked ashamed and promptly ran away at the sight of McGonagall who was looking pale and her lips were thinned, Harry looked up at her and she looked at Hermione "are you alright Miss Granger?" she nodded while still holding onto Harry, McGonagall looked at Harry with a small smile "you are a true friend Mr Potter, five points to Gryffindor, also, your duel with Mr Malfoy has been scheduled for noon today, I suggest you start getting ready for the duel" Harry nodded and looked down at Hermione, she looked up at him and whispered softly "I'll be fine, you go get ready" Harry nodded and stood up, and, with a stiff back, Harry strode to the castle with a stony look on his face.

Harry exited the Gryffindor Common room three hours later with his pitch black robe on and hood drawn over his head and the hem sweeping across the floor as he made his way down to the Great Hall, as he walked, he went over all the First, Second, Third and Fourth Year spells in his mind for Defence Against the Dark Arts that he had been seen reading in public, he passed by a few Ravenclaw's and Gryffindor's who were encouraging him but Harry paid no attention to them, focussing his mind to the task at hand, as he passed through the Great Hall, Harry noticed that Draco was wearing heavy Duelling Robes and Malfoy Snr was walking into the Great Hall, Harry raised his eyebrows in confusion as he heard furious talking in the Great Hall and frowned slightly 'if there are reporters and a huge crowd there, I think I am going to have to be more covert, unless...' he

mentally laughed and stood next to Malfoy who muttered "you are dead Potter" Harry chuckled dryly and answered in a harsh tone "you wish piss pot" the doors were opened slightly to admit any stragglers and he saw students fill into the Great Hall, he mentally prepared the spells he decided to use and waited.

Fifteen minutes later, the doors opened fully and they both walked in, people gasped in surprise when they saw him as he looked like a Dementor, Harry paid attention to the arena and frowned when he saw Malfoy Snr's wand spark slightly and the floor glow for a few seconds, Harry frowned and looked at him and noticed him smirk at his son who smirked back smugly, Harry strode to his side of the large platform which was filled with the Gryffindor's who cheered loudly for his support, Harry bowed to them and sat in his seat, he looked at Malfoy Jnr who was being talked to by Malfoy Snr and Harry enhanced his hearing to listen in "...and use the tactics I taught you, use Shield Charms while you attack and that way, he will be focussed on breaking your shield while you attack him, if he manages to break free, use harmful spells" "yes father" "and what is the family motto?" Malfoy Snr questioned "a Malfoy never bows down, never quits, never admits defeat to anyone" Malfoy Snr nodded and Harry closed his senses off, he looked around placidly and noted that people were taking pictures of him and he suddenly realised that nobody had gotten a photo of his face, Harry stood, removed his dark robe and stretched his muscles for a few seconds before moving over to a large bowl of water and untying his hair, he dunked his head in and shook his head before tying up his hair again, he moved back to the seat and saw Hermione wave at him and he waved back with a small smile gracing his lips, he pointed to Malfoy and smirked, the Gryffindor's laughed loudly as Malfoy Jnr paled drastically.

Harry walked onto the platform, his cloak drawn over his body and done up tightly but left open at the bottom to allow maximum movement, his hood up and covering his face as he drew his wand, Flitwick and Dumbledore came up to the platform and Dumbledore pointed his wand to his throat "welcome ladies and gentlemen" Dumbledore's voice boomed around the room "this is an official duel demanded by Harry Potter, as the accepter of the duel, Draco Malfoy has choice of conditions" Malfoy walked forwards and spoke to Dumbledore, Dumbledore frowned and nodded, Malfoy walked back

with a smug look on his face and Harry shook his head sadly “what a moron” he muttered loudly causing the Gryffindor’s to roar in laughter, Dumbledore frowned and boomed out “Draco Malfoy has named the conditions, the Dark Arts are legal, there will be seconds, no fatal injuries or spells are permitted and first one unable to fight, loses” Harry smirked as Malfoy stated clearly “I choose Marcus Flint as my second” Flint stood and made his way forwards, Harry raised an eyebrow and stated absently “I think I will fight this by myself thank you very much” the crowd in the Great Hall gasped loudly in shock but the Slytherin’s were looking smug.

Dumbledore walked back down to his chair which was in the middle and opposite him was the Minister of Magic flanked by two official Duelling Judges, one stood and made his way to Dumbledore’s side and sat down next to him, Harry shook his muscles which looked like a petrified shiver and Malfoy Jnr burst out laughing “look! He’s so scared he is shivering in his robe, now we know why he covers himself up so much!” the Slytherin’s roared in laughter, Harry shook his head and watched as Flitwick jumped down and his squeaky voice boomed out “Duellers ready” Harry raised his hand as did Malfoy and Flint “bow to your opponent” Flitwick ordered and Harry gave a very mocking bow as Malfoy gave a traditional bow to show respect, Harry shook his head at the outraged look on Malfoy’s face and sunk into a position he used from Muggle Martial Arts called the Praying Mantis, one arm was raised level with the shoulder while one was slightly tilted, both hands lip but the grip on his wand firm, Malfoy shifted into a standard Pureblood duelling position that Harry knew how to get past easily, Harry held his ground and waited, Flitwick brought his wand down and with a CRACK, Malfoy started off with a heavy shield while Harry was staying where he was, crouched and waited, Malfoy sent three consecutive spells forwards and Harry launched himself into the air and roared out “Stupefy! Locomotor Mortis! Incendio! Diffindo! Rictusempra! Bombarda! Reducto! Stupefy! Stupefy! Reducto! Incendio! Bombarda!” the spells came out in rapid succession and completely destroyed Malfoy’s shield and set his robes on fire while the other spells were dodged, Harry landed on his feet and rolled forwards with the momentum and came to a stop one metre forwards and sent a Reducto and a Bombarding Curse at Malfoy who was hit in the shoulder and an audible crunching sound was heard, Harry aimed down at the feet and muttered “Fractus” his

left leg broke in two places and Harry dove to the side before brandishing his wand, dodging Slashing Hexes, Bone Breaking Curses, Stunners, Severing Curses and Skin Shredding Hexes, he held his ground and weaved his wand while moving to the side of a spell as it came at him and frowned before roaring loudly "Protogeo Maximus" a huge green shield formed and he rested before removing his cloak to reveal his face as hard as stone, he tossed it to the side and watched as the shield was attacked, he took it down and dove to the side and with a silent casting, he sent three high powered Stunners in quick succession at Malfoy who dove to the side and landed on his shoulder with a heavy thump, Harry cast two Severing Curses and a Slashing Hex at Malfoy who was hit, his robe being cut in the shoulder and his leg having a huge gash straight through the calf muscle, Malfoy stood up with a weak growl and sent a charged Reductor at him before tagging in Marcus Flint, Harry dove to the side and stood up calmly with a bored look on his face.

Marcus Flint sent three Fireball Hexes and a conjured needle which was enlarged and banished at him, Harry dove from the large spike and sent up a quick gush of water which hit two fireball's while the other slammed into him, Marcus looked on in victory and smirked at the fire while everyone looked sad and shocked that Harry would be defeated that easily, Flint turned to Malfoy and was about to gloat with him when a roaring tornado was heard and he quickly turned around to see a huge pillar of fire which dominated the area, suddenly, like a demon possessed, Harry walked out of the fire, his clothes burnt and hanging off him with a furious glint in his eyes which glowed bright green, the flaming pillar vanished as Harry brandished his wand and he turned to Flint "that was a bad idea" Harry said in a deathly quiet tone that was heard throughout the Great Hall, Harry sent charged Reductors at Flint who had to continually dodge because the spells kept breaking his shields, everyone started to look panicked now because Harry was starting to speed up and his eyes were burning with an inner fire, his spells, while still within the Fourth Year curriculum, were becoming more dangerous and overpowered enough to crackle when they passed by and leave Harry's wand like a gunshot at every spell, pressing forwards, Harry started sending more violent spells that were bordering on Fifth Year spells and Flint was backing away, as Flint came to the edge, Harry simply waved his wand and said casually

“Fillipendo” Flint was raised off the stage and slammed into the Great hall doors, Harry walked back to his position and held his wand over his heart to wait for Malfoy to get in.

Malfoy paled when he noticed that he was the only person left and Harry had taken out someone older than he was and with spells that he couldn't even perform at such rapid succession, he limped up and stood in his position, Harry raised his wand and prepared to take action when Draco tossed his wand to the floor and bowed down “I-I-I admit defeat” he muttered before limping off with as much dignity as he could muster, Harry blinked then summoned the wand and looked at it before frowning as Malfoy turned, knowing what was bound to happen, Harry banished it at Malfoy and said in an icy tone “mock me or my friends again, and I will find out how to cast a Permanent Sticking Charm and attach your balls to one of the Hogwarts carriages” many males winced and collectively crossed their legs in sympathy, Harry then picked up his cloak, wrapped it around his shoulders and swept out of the Great Hall without a word.

(Page Break)

One week after the duel and Harry was praised by every house but Slytherin who were sulking at their loss, Harry also noted that Quirrel started to become more wary of him and never asked him to answer a question, though it was relieving to see that the Slytherin's didn't pester him, Ron and Neville had become colder towards him, Neville constantly sneering at him and Ron following like a lost puppy, he also absently noted that everywhere he went, he could see a large amount of jealousy in the eyes of the girls he passed when he was with Hermione and when he was without, they would flirt shamelessly with him, often times showing ridiculous amounts of cleavage, on one particular time, Hermione had to slap a Third Year girl from shamelessly rubbing against him in the Gryffindor Common Room, not that he didn't mind about the fact that it was Hermione doing the slapping, but he wanted to tell her off himself in the harshest manner possible, it was slightly disconcerting and troubling that Hermione was so far out of her shell, she turned into a real monster when she broke free of relying on her books a few months after he asked her to marry him.

That thought broke Harry from his musings as he looked at the Great Hall decorated in Halloween pumpkins and flying bats, he looked down the table warily and scowled when he noticed that Hermione was missing, Harry invaded both Neville and Ron's minds and found that they had both insulted her, he scanned a few girls quickly and sighed in relief when he noticed that Hermione was in the girls toilets, Harry shook his head and quietly vanished from the Great Hall, noticing that Snape was keeping a wary eye on him, he quickly made his way over to the twins and sat beside them, he looked at George and Fred before poking them in the ribs, they looked at him in confusion but he quickly wrapped his arms around both their shoulders and pulled them close "listen guys, I have a bad feeling about tonight, something is going to happen, I want you to make sure Neville and Ron don't get any ideas and decide to run around should anything happen" they nodded slowly and Fred asked "why are you so edgy Harry?" Harry sat between them and muttered "anniversary of my parents death, that, and something bad always happens to me on Halloween, last year my pet cobra got flattened by a Thestral who was on rampage" he lied about that for effect, truthfully, Harry had ended up turning a bat into a horse when he got drunk on St Patrick's Day in Ireland and it stepped on his foot, the twins nodded and said "we promise, just make sure you take care as well" Harry nodded and stood up before going back to his position quickly.

Not five minutes later, Quirrel burst through the doors and was running down the middle of the isles, Harry checked that he had his wands and he quickly picked up a silver steak knife and pocketed it quickly for insurance "Troll, in the dungeons, just thought you ought to know" Quirrel fell forwards and Harry rolled his eyes 'you are supposed to fall backwards when you faint you idiot' he thought with amusement, Harry walked quickly with Percy through the corridors and he stepped away, looking around and finding nobody, Harry changed into a Thestral and quickly ran forwards at a quick gallop to the bathroom, finding it open, he quickly changed back and looked inside, he quietly entered and concentrated for a second, he found her in the third stall and he knocked on it twice, he heard a few snuffles and the toilet flush, the door opened and Hermione looked at him with bloodshot eyes and splotchy cheeks, Harry pulled her into a hug and rested his head on hers "Hermione, what did I say about listening to idiots and morons?" she stifled a small giggle and said "I

was supposed to stick up my middle finger and tell them to piss off” Harry nodded “now then, what caused you to be so upset?” he questioned even though he knew full well the situation “Longbottom and Weasley called me a Mudblood Know-It-All” Harry pulled her into the stall and sat on the toilet before pulling her close to him, she rested her head on his chest and asked “Harry, why are you so nice to me when you are so angry and cruel to everyone else?” Harry hesitated for a moment and she looked up at him, Harry felt himself lose the will to stop her from knowing and said “Hermione, you...” the door slammed open and he heard angry muttering “why are we here anyway Neville?” Ron asked heatedly “because, the Professors are searching the dungeons for the Troll, if it gets out and we find it first, we can gain more points for Gryffindor than that idiot Blood Traitor Potter and that Mudblood Granger ever got” Hermione made to speak but Harry silenced her by muffling her words by kissing her lips, Harry kept watch on the door and kept his senses alert as he kissed Hermione, ignoring her for the moment in hopes that Neville and Ron would get their asses out of the room so he could blast the crap out of the Troll and speak to Hermione properly, he absently noted that Ron and Neville were strangely calm about this and wondered about the training Neville underwent and why Ron was following Neville so blindly.

BOOM!

Harry was jolted to his senses and pulled away from Hermione where she was looking at him with pleading and fear, Harry stood and drew the steak knife along with his wand.

BOOM!

Harry opened the door and walked forwards, Neville and Ron looked at him with wide eyes and both the wand and the knife with fear.

BOOM!

Harry cracked his neck and looked at the door which was wide open, Harry looked at both Ron and Neville then back at Hermione with apprehension that he would have to play some very dirty tricks.

BOOM!

The Troll appeared in the doorway and bent down, it entered and Harry gazed at it “damnit, a blasted Mountain Troll larger than I have ever seen, if this is the one I think it is, then maybe...” he was cut off as the club it was holding was swung down, Harry dove backwards and watched in mild discomfort as Ron was hit in the chest and sent flying into the wall, blood oozing from somewhere on his head down his forehead and into his eyes, the Mountain Troll swung again and Neville was caught on the leg which snapped sideways, Harry shook his head and ran at the Troll with Neville and Hermione looking on in horror, Harry jumped up onto it’s back and jammed the knife into the skull, he held on as it spun around madly, trying to remove him, Harry dove off and landed on the floor, the Troll, who was still standing, raised it’s club and Harry aimed his wand at the floor “Reducto Maximus” he roared and the floor exploded upwards sending the Troll back a few meters, Harry grumbled slightly and waved his wand “Accio knife” he said calmly but with a hint of annoyance and the knife flew out leaving a large gash, Harry shook his head and as the knife came at him, he banished it at the Troll’s throat and it dug deeply into the skin, piercing the tough tissue and lodging itself up to the tip of the handle, Harry cracked his neck again and walked forward to the still Troll and pointed his wand at its chest where the heart was and said “Reducto” a small silver light erupted from his wand and went straight through the chest and out the back, splattering blood onto the wall, Harry looked at the standing corpse and shook his head “how this thing got in, I will never know” he said with a glint of amusement as he knew how it got in, Harry moved to Ron and checked him before he muttered “Locomotor Corpus” Ron lifted up on a stretcher and Harry looked at Neville before muttering “idiots, the lot of you” he shook his head and looked at Hermione who was bleeding on the forehead from a deep cut by the tile shards that flew everywhere when he stunned the Troll, Harry walked over and wiped his hand over her gash causing it to pump a little more blood out, Harry frowned “now, what was that Healing Charm again?” he muttered to himself, he pointed his wand at Hermione’s gash and drew it along the length leaving a very thin and near unnoticeable scar that you would not know it was there unless you were searching for it, a small streak of eyebrow missing because of the scar.

The teachers burst in while Harry was looking at Neville's knee, which had been snapped, and McGonagall was pale "what happened here?" Neville scowled "Potter lured me and Ron up here under the lie that we tackle the Troll to get points for Gryffindor and he attacked us as we entered, broke my knee and nearly killed Ron, hurt Granger and killed the Troll himself" Harry chuckled mirthlessly and asked "want to confirm that under Veritaserum Longbottom?" Neville paled and shook his head "why should I when it is the truth?" McGonagall looked at Harry and asked "Mr Potter, care to explain your side of the story?" Harry inclined his head "certainly, would you like the long version or the short and abbreviated version?" McGonagall frowned "you can give me the short version now and write it out on a sheet of parchment when you are in the Gryffindor Common Room" Harry nodded and said "this morning, Neville and Ron called Hermione a Mudblood Know-It-All and she ran here, at the Halloween feast, I asked Lavender where she was as I hadn't seen her all day, she tells me what happened, I get angry, Quirrel comes in, tells us about the Troll, realise Hermione doesn't know on the way there, come after her, find her crying, attempt to console her quickly so we can get out, Longbottom and Weasley come in, insult us without knowing we were here, we hear the footsteps of the Troll, I come out, Weasley is struck in the chest with the club, Neville's knee is broken by the Club, I attack the Troll with a steak knife from the Great Hall which I jammed in it's head and banished it into it's throat, send a Reductor Curse at it's chest to kill it and tend to their wounds" Neville shook in fury and said icily "don't take credit for what I did Potter, I killed the Troll" McGonagall looked at Snape who shook his head and said "Potter is telling the truth Minerva" McGonagall gave a glare at Neville and said "fifty point from Gryffindor from both you and Mr Weasley, Mr Longbottom, you will also be serving one months detention for endangering peoples lives and lying to a Professor" Harry smiled down at Hermione who shook in fear at being expelled and he hugged her in his arms "Hermione, relax, listen, I dealt with the Troll and you are safe" she nodded slowly and McGonagall smiled "for friendship to another student, even in the face of serious injury, fifty points to Gryffindor, for taking care of a full grown Mountain Troll by yourself and administering medical aid to the students Mr Potter, one hundred points to Gryffindor, now, head up to the Gryffindor Tower, I think it would be wise to relax from this ordeal" Harry nodded and led Hermione up to the Gryffindor Tower.

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Authors Note: Love it? Hate it? Got suggestions?

All Reviews are read and respected.

Special Authors Note:

People may be questioning about Harry's abilities, well, I am going to explain it here.

Harry Potter, after Dumbledore's death, started delving into the Dark Arts and through connections like Dumbledore's memories, Moody's affiliation and knowledge of the Dark Arts and insight to Voldemort's resurrection, Harry began trying to find ways to boost his power through alternate means.

When he was brewing a Blood Replenishing Potion while he was on a Horcrux hunt, he accidentally spilt some Phoenix tears into it and when he took it, his wounds were healed, he recreated the steps and experimented with other animals blood and found, while experimenting on random Death Eaters, that it could be incorporated into the blood and the effects adapted to the body in the duration of the Potion, he began experimenting on how to work a Permanent Sticking Potion into the modified Blood Replenishing Potions while training to become an Animagus, and through no fault of his own while experimenting, found that he could take on the bodies of the beings he took blood from.

As he began his experimenting, Voldemort was becoming aware that his Death Eaters were being sent back as deformed, drooling husks that were as good as dead, he started to find out what was happening and when he found out Harry, he tried it on himself but it did not work because the concentration of magic in his blood through the Rituals was too high.

When Harry takes on the body of the being, his latent abilities, which are always active, are kicked into overdrive, as yet, he has control over most of his abilities, but he has trouble with many of them like the Dementor effect that sucks all the happy emotions away, also, when Harry was experimenting, it unlocked the power of the prophecy inside of him (I haven't decided what it is yet, any suggestions?) and he was becoming more focussed on his spell casting in the Dark Arts and Defence Against the Dark Arts, he became faster because of his enhancements as a Vampyr and the

enhancements as a Werewolf and a Vampire came, he became more powerful during the Full Moon and required less sleep.

So far, I have placed all the different types of Dragons into his blood system, and because he is male, he has a larger body and more powerful body and flames, this is for magical resistance, for sharper reaction time, larger magical pathways and sharper senses.

The Dementor was used to increase magical resistance and to disable opponents while strengthening and widening the magical pathways.

The Phoenix tears are obvious, an automatic healing trait that he could manipulate into being stalled for a time.

The Phoenix blood is because the magic courses through the entire being which means he could magically enhance his body and provided a more stable magical conduit with which to perform more complex and high powered spells faster and an alternate mode of transportation.

Nymphadora Tonks is obvious, though there were three reasons for her blood, one, to move around easier and go unhindered and unnoticed through the crowds, to infiltrate Voldemort's Death Eater camps and lastly, to royally piss him off by becoming Dumbledore.

The Thestral is so he could sense death and act quickly, but also so he fly around without being seen by Muggles when he needed to escape a messy situation.

The Veela, which he had large troubles finding an actual Full Blooded Veela as they had gone into hiding, was so he could use the sexual aura to disable the growing female number of Death Eaters within Voldemort's ranks and, as a result, became a fire elemental in his human or Veela body.

The Dark Elf is said to be able to travel by shadow, in the Grindewald vault, there was a full vial of Dark Elf blood under heavy Time Freezing Charms, the also have extremely sharp intelligence and mental abilities and can wield destructive powers like fire which

strengthened his base abilities, also, he gained a large amount of muscle strength, a high reflex reaction time, a sharper mind and better senses.

The High Elf blood was found in the Ravenclaw vaults along with Wood Elf blood, with the High Elf, he became mentally sharper, his magic expanded and saturated into his body to such a degree that he could actively use Wandless magic with a great deal of proficiency and an attuning quality to nature and magical beings, also becoming able to manipulate the base elements of Earth, Fire, Water and Wind to suit his purposes.

The Wood Elf blood was found in the Potter vault and was used to strengthen base ties of controlling the elements to a degree where it could be near always controlled, it also allowed him to become attuned better with nature and add onto the Dark Elf and High Elf physical and mental attributes.

The Unicorn blood was so he could not be tainted by his power or his ability, it was used so he could stay sane with his power and not become a more dangerous Voldemort, it also provided him with an innate ability to sense magic.

Those are the reasons for the blood Potions enhancements, next are the family lines, I won't be going into too much detail, but I will be going into the explanation.

Lily Frances Potter ne Grindewald, if she is a Witch, then how come Petunia or her son is not magical? Simple reason, she was adopted. With Lily, I decided that because of her thirst for knowledge which has been stated in the books by the Professors, she should have been a Ravenclaw, so for all intents and purposes, she is, anyway, with Grindewald, the only way I can see him putting up such a large fight against Dumbledore is if he was Ravenclaw's Heir, thus passing it down to Lily who is the Granddaughter of Xavier Grindewald, Dark Lord of Albus Dumbledore's time, James Potter, Marauder and friend to Sirius Black, in my opinion, it requires cunning, sneakiness and a fair amount of thinking before you act to do the pranks they supposedly pulled on a grand scale, and because Harry pulled out Gryffindor's sword which Dumbledore said could "only be pulled out

by a true Gryffindor”, I would think that somewhere along the lines, the Gryffindor line married into the Slytherin line and, because Tom Riddle officially died on that fateful night on Halloween officially, all proceeds go to Harry, so James would have to be a perfect blend of Slytherin and Gryffindor which, combined with Potter stubbornness, Ravenclaw’s thirst for knowledge and Grindewald brutality would make for a pretty well rounded persona.

Sirius Black, died Fifth Year and named Harry his Heir, enough said.

As for the note and his accepting it though not believing in it, he lost everything, he had nothing to fight for any more, his fiancé and unborn child were killed, his one time friends either betrayed him or were murdered, what did he have to lose by taking a chance? Nothing in my opinion really.

I hope this explains a bit.

Keep reading!

Seth O. Blade.

25/08/06

Chapter Six:

Secrets revealed. Quidditch. Trouble.

To make a beautiful rose, sometimes you have to shovel some shit.

Famous Muggle Quote from Author Unknown

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Harry twirled his wand absently as he watched the Slytherin's train for Quidditch, it was raining at the moment and Harry wished more than once that he could just buy a designer broom and shove it right up the Slytherin's royal asses, but sadly, he had been caught attempting to do that three times to numerous players on the Slytherin Quidditch team and had received detention with Snape and a fifty point removal from Gryffindor, on the plus side of things, two of the players weren't going to be playing because of practice injuries that they would not elaborate on to anyone.

"What are you doing here Potter?" came a snide and cold tone.

Harry leaned his head backwards to look behind him and he twiddled his wand "nothing much Longbottom, just waiting for an opportunity to shove a wand down one of the players throats or seriously incapacitate them" Harry said with an airy tone.

Neville sneered then drew his wand and roared "Expelliarmus!" Harry's wand flew down and over the railing to the floor below and Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Not so tough without your wand Potter, are you? Now then, I suggest you drop out of the Quidditch team and tell them to place me as the Seeker" sneered Neville hatefully,

Harry raised his eyebrow and lifted his head to look at the Slytherin's "I don't think so Longbottom, I am quite happy as Seeker for the Quidditch team thank you very much"

Neville sneered and said in an angry tone “are you refusing to get off the team Potter? Because of you, I have detention with Snape and Filch for the next two weeks and because of you, Ron isn’t going to be able to complete the school year and is in St Mungo’s, now then, I suggest you drop out and give me that spot or I will be forced to injure you so much, you won’t be able to complete your Hogwarts education”

Harry leaned his head back and the wand was pointed right between his eyes, Harry looked at it and frowned “nice wand you have there, what is the wood and core?”

Neville frowned and said “Ash and Phoenix feather, it is a feather from Dumbledore’s Phoenix Fawkes, it was specially made for me after you broke mine with the Troll incident you caused”

Harry snapped his hand out and snatched the wand away and said lazily “Accio Harry Potter’s wand”

The light brown wand flew into the air and Harry caught it in mid air then tossed the Ash wand of Neville’s backwards into the back of the stands, Harry leaned his head back and pointed his wand right between Neville’s eyes “so Longbottom, you were saying?”

Neville made to grab his wand but Harry swiped it out of the way and waited, Neville paled and scampered away in fear, Harry lowered the wand and sighed before rubbing the bridge of his nose, looked at the team one last time before picking up his bag and walking down to the pitch for the Gryffindor Quidditch practices.

Harry sneered as Neville walked down with Dumbledore and he mentally groaned at the sheer stupidity of it all, Dumbledore came to a stop right in front of Harry and looked at him, his eyes twinkling brightly, Harry looked at Dumbledore and did a surface scan that showed he did not keep his mental shields up around him, Harry pulled out and waited as he felt a brush of Legimancy, Harry averted his eyes and narrowed his eyes at Neville, spun on his heel and stalked off, he smirked when he noticed Dumbledore following and

slowly made his way towards the Forbidden Forest, just as Dumbledore sped up to stop him, Harry gave a sharp whistle and stood there calmly, Dumbledore froze when a small baby Unicorn came out slowly, Harry bent down and a larger, pure white Unicorn appeared from the fringes of the forest, Harry took out a gilded silver knife and held it in his left hand and a clear crystal phial in his right, the larger Unicorn neighed and Harry gave a small whinny of a whistle and tapped the phial with the dagger and the large Unicorn hesitantly stepped forwards and kneeled down at his side, Harry placed his hand on the Unicorn's neck and rubbed it before he made a quick jab into the flank of the Unicorn and collected some blood, the Unicorn whimpering slightly, Harry rubbed the Unicorn as he collected the blood, when the phial was full, Harry clicked his tongue sharply and it stood up and brayed loudly, Harry took up another three phials, one with a shimmering liquid inside, he dripped some onto the wound and it started to quickly heal up, Harry plucked a few hairs from the tail of the Unicorn and slapped the flank making it whinny then charge into the forest, Harry looked at the younger Unicorn and plucked a few hairs from the tail before rubbing its neck then slapping the flank, placing the hairs into the phials and corking them, he looked at Dumbledore who was wide eyed.

"I have an affinity with Light and Dark creatures, they know I respect them and listen to my call when I need them" Harry said while he pocketed the four phials and patted his robes with a smug look on his face.

Neville's face twisted in jealousy and rage and he took a step forwards and made an attempt to draw his wand, Harry shook his head in disgust and looked at Dumbledore "may I have a permission slip to enter the Forbidden Forest sir?"

Dumbledore's brow creased in concentration then he said, "I am afraid that you would need your parent or guardians permission to do that"

Harry looked at Neville who was smirking evilly and Harry drew his wand idly and twirled it in his fingers which caused Neville to flinch back "I believe that, since I am, by Muggle rights, legally my own guardian, I can sign for myself, oh yes" he said as Dumbledore

opened his mouth to argue “I also rescinded my citizenship to the British Ministry of Magic and placed it with the American Ministry of Magic at the age of seven sir, they are much more acceptable when it comes to Muggle laws”

Dumbledore blinked rapidly then said in a kind grandfatherly tone “Harry my boy, don’t you think you would be better off with some Wizarding parents who would be able to help you blend into the Wizarding World properly?”

Harry felt a very strong Compulsion Charm slam into his Occlumency shields and Harry inwardly seethed but outside his shields, his thoughts became solemn “I don’t know sir, I mean, I have much more independence than many my own age,” he said softly.

Harry felt another Compulsion Charm slam into his shields “Harry my boy, it would be in your best interests to have a home and a family to come home to”

Harry mentally shouted within his shields “I don’t know sir, I mean, I did survive quite well by doing odd jobs, besides, I can’t rescind my American Ministry of Magic citizenship, I have it until I am fifteen then I become a citizen of the British Ministry until I fill out forms to stay with them and with the Muggle government, I have to prove to them yearly that I can look after myself which I do quite nicely”

Harry felt two more Compulsion Charms slam into his shields which would have likely buckled had he not taken precautions, Harry solidified the shields heavily and said “excuse me sir, you have given me quite a lot to think about”

Harry walked off and was inwardly roaring in rage ‘did Dumbledore do this to me when I was younger? Did he actually scan my mind continuously and send Compulsions at me? I am so going to murder that smarmy prick when the time comes!’

Harry strode through the halls and eventually came to the Potions Lab; Harry shook his head at some of the pranks he planned on doing specifically for the Slytherin’s and he smirked with a pure evil

glint in his eyes that promised pain and humiliation, suddenly, memories of his life gone by flashed before his eyes.

Begin Flashback

Harry bent down to the lifeless body of his lover, best friend, fiancé and confidant, he held Hermione Granger in his arms and wept softly as he clasped her close to his body, he looked up to see Cho standing there with a pleased look on her face.

“You should have made love to me Harry, been with me, loved me, had you done this then none of this would have happened” she said with a seductive growl.

Harry stood up and growled before advancing on her and clasping his hands around her neck and squeezed tightly “you have no right to say that you whore” he whispered darkly “no right, she was always better and you could never take it”

Harry dropped her to the ground and pulled out his wand.

“Avada Kedavra” Harry whispered and Cho fell dead, Harry bent back down and picked up Hermione in his arms, tears flowing down his cheeks in sorrow.

(Scene change)

Harry looked at Hermione and bent down on one knee while pulling out his mother's engagement ring, he shakily held it up and whispered “Hermione Granger, will you marry me?”

She gasped silently and nodded before raising her shaky hand for the ring to be placed on her finger, Harry placed it on and they embraced in the moonlit sands of Brazil.

(Scene change)

Harry stumbled into Hermione's apartment, broken, battered, bruised and bloody, his footprints of blood showing where he had been, Hermione screeched and made her way quickly to him, she pulled his

arm over her shoulder and led him inside, just as she was about to speak, Harry muttered "it was an ambush, Neville and Luna were caught in the crossfire and were tortured"

Hermione froze, after a minute of silence, she asked softly "who did it?"

"You should know him, tall, lanky, blonde hair, face like a ferret, hold the infamous title of a bouncing rodent"

Hermione scowled slightly and said in a growl "Malfoy"

Harry nodded and coughed up a bit of blood before clasping his side.

(Scene change)

Harry looked down at Hermione in all her naked glory and kissed her lips softly "Hermione, I never noticed before, but you have really nice eyes"

She scowled at him and said in a whiny tone "you only just noticed?"

Harry shook his head "no, I was talking about before we hooked up together"

She smiled and kissed him with fervour then gripped his bum and pulled him closer "you are mine now Potter, nobody can have you"

Harry grinned and kissed her with passion for a sleepless night together.

End Flashback

Harry groaned softly and opened his eyes to be greeted by the face of Hermione, Harry sat up and pulled her close, shivering slightly.

She looked at him worriedly and asked, "Harry, what's wrong? You were calling out my name, you are lucky the twins were about to pull a prank or Snape would have given you detention"

Harry nodded slightly and pulled her close to him and whispered “I have something to tell you Hermione, I...”

The Potions Lab door slammed open and Snape stormed in “what are you two doing in here?” he hissed menacingly.

Harry looked up and frowned “well sir, I was brewing a Potion when I collapsed for some unknown reason, I was just about to ask Hermione to help me up to get to the Hospital Wing”

Snape looked like he was sucking on a lemon as he tried to find a way out of it then finally sneered and said “thirty points from Gryffindor for breaking into a classroom out of school hours”

Harry raised an eyebrow and looked at his wristwatch “I still think it is within school hours sir, and this is a place where all extra curricular Potions activities are supposed to be done, correct?”

Snape gave a feral growl and hissed “get out, out, out now!”

Harry looked at Snape with slightly widened eyes before he stood and walked out while dragging Hermione with him, he came to a small alcove in an abandoned part of the dungeons that nobody had been past in the last decade if the dust and cobwebs were anything to go by, Harry pushed Hermione against the wall and held her hands above her head with one hand and stroked her face with his other, he kissed her lips softly then pulled back “I have something to tell you” he whispered softly.

Hermione’s brow creased and she kissed his lips again with a fervour that Harry had seen only a few times “Harry, I have something to tell you as well” she said softly.

Harry let go of her hands and moved his body closer to hers, he leaned his head on her shoulder and said “I don’t know how to tell you this Hermione, but...”

“You are from the future about nine years from now and I was pregnant and engaged to you in that time after nearly seven years of friendship?” Hermione questioned with a small smirk on her lips.

Harry nodded and frowned at her deeply then he pulled back “you knew? You knew and you didn’t tell me?” he asked with wide eyes.

Hermione grinned at him “I knew who you were when we met in Diagon Alley, oh, by the way, Destiny says that I should tell you to be more covert when you act, you usually rush into things” she said with a smug tone.

Harry frowned then his eyes widened to the size of dinner plates and whispered “Hermione? Love, is that you?” she nodded and kissed him.

Harry held her in his arms “how did you...” she silenced him and placed her hand on his chest, he looked at her eyes and lost himself inside them.

Time passed, whether it was a few minutes or a few hours, both of them could not tell, Hermione looked up and said “when Cho used the Killing Curse, I was on my way to the Afterworld and was stopped by Destiny, he said that you had not reached yours and that you would need my help, he gave me a choice, if I was to go to the Afterworld, I was going to be waiting for a long time before I got back with you, but if I took the alternative, which was to go back in time to when I was one, I would be able to be with you again”

Harry moved to a seat and sat down, Harry looked at Hermione and sighed, “So, after all this time, you were playing around with me?”

She shook her head and moved closer then sat on his lap to look him in the eyes “Harry, I didn’t know if it was you or if I had to wait for a few years more, you were supposed to come and take me away from my parents”

Harry thought for a few minutes before looking into her eyes “how long has it been since I met you in Diagon Alley that you have been here?” Harry asked with a hint of understanding.

Hermione frowned and counted for a bit “nearly nine years to the date I think, I arrived on the first of August when you and your parents were attacked by Voldemort”

Harry smirked, gave a few chuckles then fell into full blown laughter, Hermione looked at him, incensed that Harry wasn't telling her anything, she punched him on the shoulder and Harry gave a small yelp in surprise “Harry, tell me what is so funny” she demanded.

Harry smirked “Hermione, I arrived when I was about six, tell me, out of that time, how many years do you think I thought you were dead before I came here?”

Hermione frowned “I don't know Harry, I wasn't told anything beyond the fact that I would see you again soon”

Harry smirked again and said, “What is the magical properties of the number of three Hermione?”

Hermione recited quickly “it is an unequal number as well as a prime and the first prime number, it holds magical properties and the number three was used as the base number for the Time Turner, Floo powder and...” she trailed off and Harry smirked.

“And if you multiply the prime by its base opposite, what do you get?” Harry questioned with a smug air about him.

Hermione glared at him and said, “Harry, if what you think has happened...”

Harry held her hands in his “Hermione, we have effectively killed our past and set a new future to work with” he stated with a calm as if talking about the weather.

Hermione shifted slightly “but what about...”

Harry stopped her at that “yes, I know, I am keeping things as close as possible while staying out of Dumbledore's reach, I learnt that he is carving Neville into the weapon now that I am out of his clutches and plans on sending him after the stone”

“But Harry...” Hermione started but stopped when Harry pulled out the real stone.

“I found out that Dumbledore used the real stone and was planning on keeping it for himself once Neville or myself went after it, I just conjured a replica and sent it back into the mirror to find a way to mould one of us into a weapon he can control”

“But that means...”

“That he had the real Philosophers Stone inside the Mirror of Erised, planned to live a near immortal life, mould either myself or Neville into a weapon to fight Voldemort, break us down and have us under his will in any way possible to control us, use illegal means if need be and manipulate things as he wants? Yes, I suppose he is doing that” Harry answered for her with a small smile.

Hermione laid her head on his shoulder and leaned into his arms “Harry, you don’t know how lonely it has been without you” she whispered in his ear.

Harry held her for a long time before answering “Hermione, I was always there, I was always watching you and making sure you were safe, I made it a point in my life to be with you for at least an hour a day”

Hermione went wide-eyed and stared at him “yeah, I did” Harry answered her unspoken question.

Hermione hugged him tightly and kissed him with fervour before relaxing into his arms.

(Scene break)

November came and with it, a blistering cold that Harry, who would be found muttering dangerously under his breath about Neville being an ignorant bastard and an arrogant prick which many people agreed with but would not do so openly because he was Dumbledore’s favourite student, other than him, everyone was nervous about what

broom Harry was riding and how he flew in a real match against Slytherin who was known for their dirty playing and brutal tactics that often times had one of the opposing team members in the Hospital Wing.

“Hey Potter!” Neville called out mockingly “I hope you have a good broom besides that rickety old Shooting Star you always ride from the school sheds, I myself have a Cleansweep Seven, the second best broom on the market”

Harry sniggered with Hermione who was holding in a string of giggles “Longbottom, you are probably the most arrogant, pig headed, egotistical morons I have ever met in my entire life, I could outrun you on one of the oldest school brooms even if you had a Nimbus 2000”

Everyone within hearing distance laughed loudly and Neville turned a dark magenta colour in his anger “SHUT UP POTTER! DIFFINDO!” Neville roared in fury and rage.

Harry drew his wand and deflected it with an almost lazy slash of his wand as he held Hermione’s waist lovingly, the spell slammed into the wall and created a huge score of stone to be removed, Harry flicked his wand slightly and Neville flew into the air, landing five meters away then skidding for another ten, Harry looked up as McGonagall came running down the corridor and waited to be berated but watched amazingly as she flew past him and started berating Neville “guess you can get at least one stroke of luck Harry” Hermione commented.

Harry looked at her and kissed her cheek softly making her cheeks burn and the girls around him scowl disgustedly, their eyes alight with jealousy “I already had my good luck enough for the year with you Hermione” he murmured lovingly.

Her cheeks burned even more and she let out a small nervous titter of a giggle, Harry looked at her before kissing her lips fully and pulling her close earning envious sighs from the girls watching them, Harry broke the kiss and ran his tongue along his lips “mmm, tastes like cherries and honey” Hermione broke from her glee and punched him in his shoulder earning a yelp from him.

By the time the Quidditch match day had arrived, Neville had gone from abusing him publicly to ambushing him in the corridors and flinging spells at him left and right in an attempt to take his position on the team, Hermione, being the vindictive woman she was, had employed the Weasley twins with a number of Galleons for products and services to make Neville's life a living hell and it was a common thing to see him waltzing around in a pink robe with the Hufflepuff symbol on his jacket making cawing sounds as the morning mail came in and randomly bursting into song throughout the day, on one occasion, he had been chased all over the castle by twenty suits of armour that announced their undying love for him and proposing to him, there was even one time when he had been stuffed into a ballerina costume and made to dance ballet with Filch who wore a pair of tights and they did the most impossible things like the splits, Neville had to be in the Hospital Wing for a week because of that, whether from humiliation or injury was anyone's guess.

On the day of the match, Harry was stabbing his bacon absently with his knife and was looking dreamily at Hermione who was reading a book "Harry, you have to eat" came Seamus' voice.

Harry looked around at Seamus and frowned "don' wanna" he said childishly.

Hermione rolled her eyes in frustration and huffed indignantly "Harry, eat or you won't be getting any snogging sessions from me for a week"

Harry raised an eyebrow and she blushed "I-I-I mean... uh... oh, just eat some food Harry" she said indignantly.

Harry chuckled, picked up a few pieces of bacon and walked out, Neville looked up from his food and grinned maliciously before walking out, wand in hand and a plot in his mind to get revenge on Harry for Cursing him so much over the past month.

Harry walked onto the Quidditch pitch with a piece of bacon hanging from his mouth as he looked around, he sensed Neville behind him but made no movement other than doing what he was doing, as

Neville raised his wand, Harry ate the last bit of bacon and said "I wouldn't do that if I were you Longbottom, you have no chance of beating me, before that spell you have in mind leaves your wand, I will jump to the left in which you will send some arcane schoolboy spell at me which I will shield against, run towards you, punch you in the gut then kick you in the head and you will be the one to get detention and points taken off, not me"

Neville sneered darkly "what's your game Potter? How come you are so bloody special? I am Dumbledore's Apprentice and you are just some Mudblood loving ignorant fool who has a Mudblood plaything"

Harry raised his eyebrow "Hermione may be a Mudblood, but she is my Mudblood, you harm her in any way, and I mean any way, and you will find yourself speaking a few octaves higher than you are now worm"

Neville sneered then gave a malicious grin while pulling out a small sphere "at least I got you calling her a Mudblood on a Recording Sphere, what now Potter? Will you lose your filthy Mudblood girlfriend or give me the Seeker position?"

Harry turned and smirked when he saw a livid Hermione standing behind him "well, I would absolutely love to keep my girlfriend" Neville smirked in victory but Harry shook his head "but I would also suggest you start running for your life"

Neville looked at him questioningly and Harry pointed behind him where a red faced Hermione was standing, Neville flinched, dropped the orb and ran away in fear, Harry laughed to himself and walked over, he sent a Blasting Curse at the orb which shattered and looked at Hermione lovingly "you really are scary when you do that you know?" he said with amusement laced in his tone.

Hermione grinned and pulled him into a deep kiss before pulling away "Harry, while I think your methods of trying to straighten out Dumbledore and Neville are admirable, you need to stop Neville from going into the Third Floor corridor, he has found out about Fluffy and has connected it with the attempted break in at Gringotts"

Harry looked at her with a thoughtful expression and mentally cursed himself “well, I know that Neville would, being the overconfident lummoX he is, attempt to do anything in exchange for trying to take back the spotlight, Dumbledore has never taken on an Apprentice and he was more famous than I was during the time I hid in Diagon Alley”

Hermione sat down on the grass and held up a flask of Pumpkin Juice “for the match, I remembered how dry it was today and how thirsty you were”

Harry took it and thanked her before tying the leather strap around his chest letting it hang loosely at his side, he frowned then held it up and looked at it then looked at her, silently questioning her as to what it was.

“I told my parents about you since I was three and grandfather said that he would gladly give you his flask and his acceptance if you were the one to capture my heart, it is his old Marine Corps flask”

Harry dropped it to his side and knelt down to kiss her lips, she moaned softly and pulled him into the ground, rolled him onto his back and straddled him “now what are you going to do Mr Potter” she questioned with an air of superiority.

“I hope nothing too extravagant as the rest of the Professors and the students will be here at any moment” came a sarcastic voice that Harry and Hermione both dreaded, they turned to see Snape with Malfoy and Longbottom beside him, both sneering hatefully at him.

“Ahh, but Professor, I thought that this would be the perfect time to baptise the grounds” Harry said in an all too happy tone that was far too innocent to be anything but condescending.

“Baptise Potter? Whatever are you spouting on about?” Snape said with a hate filled voice.

“Well, baptism means...” Hermione started but was shut up when Harry pinched her thigh causing to yelp.

“What I am trying to say sir,” Harry said the last word in sarcasm “is that we would never think of doing anything on the pitch”

Hermione nearly gagged at that because their first time was on the Quidditch Pitch, Harry glared at her and she glared back before it became a staring contest, Snape coughed and they both looked at him with a glare then turned back to stare at each other, Snape scowled and swept away with Malfoy trailing behind, Neville took one last look at them, sneered and stalked off, after five minutes, both Harry and Hermione burst into laughter and held each other to steady themselves as they stood.

“Harry, you had best get ready for the match, it is nearly time”

“Yeah, I know”

“So, are you going to let Snape call off the Life Debt he owes your father?”

“No, I am going to make him suffer for a while”

“Harry...”

“I know, I know”

“Good”

“Demanding wench”

“What was that Harry?”

“Nothing dear” Harry mumbled,

Hermione kissed him lightly “I love you Harry” she said softly.

Harry kissed her in reply “I love you Hermione”

They parted and Harry strode into the Gryffindor locker room, every person on the team looked up at him and Harry raised an eyebrow “what’s the matter?” Harry asked.

Fred and George moved aside to show a broken Nimbus 2000 on the floor “Neville Longbottom came in and searched your locker, took your Quidditch gear, slashed your Quidditch robes and broke your broom” Wood said softly.

Harry burst out laughing and they all looked at him like he was insane, Harry, deciding to take pity on them, moved to his locker and lifted up the floor to reveal a small hole where all his things were stored “I conjured a replica broom and the robes, the gear was second hand stuff from Diagon that had lost their Charms and are now only useful as memorabilia”

Fred and George laughed hysterically, Wood looked like he was having all his birthday’s and Christmas rolled into one and the three Chasers, Alicia, Katie and Angelina were laughing at the twins as they danced.

As Harry strode onto the pitch, Wood placed his hand on Harry’s shoulder “listen Harry, just stay above the game and search for the Snitch, don’t bother with anything but the Snitch, you got it?”

Harry shrugged in a non-committal manner and glanced up at the stands to see Neville fuming and complaining to anyone who would listen (which was nobody) that Harry didn’t deserve to be on the Quidditch team, he glanced over the teachers stands and saw Quirrel looking at him intently and he mentally sighed ‘this is going to be a blast’ he thought tiredly.

In the centre of the pitch, Harry straddled his broom and waited for a few seconds before relaxing his muscles, Hooch blew the whistle and Harry shot into the air like a rocket, with all the speed he could muster on his Nimbus, he barrel rolled through the mess of Chasers which were already fighting over the Quaffle and kicked it to Angelina who caught it and flew down the pitch, with that, the Chasers charged down the pitch and Harry quickly glanced around, not seeing the Snitch, he rocketed upwards and the opposing Seeker, Alex Jenkins, shot after him, keeping at a reasonable pace for Jenkins to follow, Harry arced downwards and urged Jenkins to follow teasingly, doing this, Harry grinned and shot towards the floor with Jenkins close

behind, Harry barrel rolled for effect and just before he hit the floor in the middle of a barrel roll, he shot across the pitch in a Sloth Grip roll to watch Jenkins slam into the ground with a sickening CRUNCH!

Harry rolled back onto his broom and shot down the length of the pitch before shooting into the air for the circling tactic the Wood had suggested, after a bit of searching, Harry just stopped and lazily watched the game.

For about half an hour, Harry had to constantly dispel the Jinxes placed on the broom by Quirrel each time it gave a wrong twitch in any way, it was during one of the Jinxes that Harry saw the Snitch, Harry frowned slightly 'either I dispel the Jinx or get the Snitch and break a few bones from the thirty foot fall' Harry thought to himself before letting the Jinx take effect.

The broom started bucking then he stood and jumped from the broom into a free fall and was closely followed by Jenkins who was pale, Harry closed his hand around the Snitch half way and quickly spun his robes around in an attempt to use the loose bits of fabric to slow his descent, Harry slammed into the floor and broke his left leg and right wrist but the Snitch was still firmly in his hand, Fred and George flew down and hovered over him as he rolled onto his back and coughed slightly "Merlin Harry" George said in wonder "you must have some skill to do something like that"

"Yeah Harry," Fred said in agreement "did you do that purposefully to throw off Jenkins?"

Harry shook his head and closed his eyes to sleep while hearing Fred give an exasperated "he catches the Snitch, breaks his leg and wrist and he wants to sleep!"

Harry was lifted up and taken to the Hospital Wing as Neville came up and said to Fred who was holding the broom "I'll take the broom up to his room, least I can do for Harry winning the match" Fred shook his head and walked off, not noticing the rage filled gleam in Neville's eyes.

(Scene Break)

Harry looked at Neville curiously as he opened his presents and noticed a brown package on the floor, Neville scooped it up and sneered at Harry “looks like you got no presents Potter”

Harry shrugged and held up a single platinum band ring and said “I have all I need in my heart Longbottom, I, unlike you, have the true gift of Christmas”

Neville stared at him dumbly “presents are all that matter”

Harry rolled his eyes and shook his head as he stood up, while standing, Harry noticed a glimmer in the package and waited there “not going to open your present Longbottom?” Harry questioned while inwardly thinking ‘if that old fool gave him my fathers Invisibility Cloak...’

Neville gave a vicious sneer and said scathingly “maybe I want to save it for later Potter, it is none of your business what I do with it, I might even want to throw it out”

Harry rolled his eyes “what, you, an arrogant and greedy ponce, throw out something free? You must be mad, you could no more throw something out of yours even if I were to pay you five hundred Galleons, you are just a git with no brains, I can tell what that is you know”

Neville looked at him and asked resolutely “and what is it Potter?”

Harry smirked and said “I told the twins to give you a little Christmas cheer, I suppose that, since that is the only present left and it is in brown paper, there are a few... surprises in there”

Neville threw it at Harry and his face twisted in rage and loathing “I want no more trouble with you Potter, you should respect your betters” he gathered his presents and left with Harry holding onto the package.

As Neville left the Common Room, Harry opened the package and glared at it 'this is my fathers Invisibility Cloak, that manipulative bastard of an old man' he pulled out the note and read it silently:

Dear Neville,

This Invisibility Cloak should rightfully belong to Harry Potter but I am giving it to you, as you seem more worthy to have it, use it wisely.

A friend.

Harry seethed and promptly gave a low growl within his throat before wrapping it up and taking it to his trunk, Harry passed Neville along the way and smirked evilly "hello Longbottom, I would suggest that you stay away from the treacle tarts, the stuffed turkey and the sausages, they can cause indigestion you know" Harry then walked up leaving a bewildered Neville Longbottom behind.

Harry stopped at his trunk and unlocked it quickly, looking through it, Harry pulled out a Sneakoscope and a Foe Glass, setting them aside, Harry rummaged through the bottom and pulled out his Invisibility Cloak, comparing the two, he switched them around and wrapped up the cloak in the paper then, with a wave of his wand, changed the plain brown paper into festive Muggle wrapping, he set it aside and shoved the new cloak into the trunk for use at a later time, Harry then closed the trunk and locked it heavily, standing up, Harry picked up the Sneakoscope and the Foe Glass and pocketed them while tossing the package onto his bed, looking at the letter, he tore it up and smirked 'when Neville sees the package, he will take it and Dumbledore will never know the difference' he chuckled softly and made his way down to the Great Hall for lunch.

Harry passed Dumbledore and Neville on the way down the steps and saw Dumbledore was looking very irate, Neville looking flushed and embarrassed, Harry laughed openly at him as he made his way down and ducked a flying mince pie that Neville had in his hand, walking down, Harry entered the Great Hall and looked at the people who were talking to each other, finding nobody around worth speaking to, Harry sat down at the far end of the table and watched what was happening with the children, absently wondering how many

of them would die if Harry didn't fight the war and left Voldemort to take over.

Shaking himself from these thoughts, Harry pulled a fruit pudding towards himself and spooned some onto his plate while watching the twins reactions, noticing their glimmering eyes, Harry shoved it aside for now and saw disappointment written across their faces, Harry shook his head and pulled out his wand, casting a Detection Charm, Harry saw traces of Potion laced within the pudding, Harry shook his head and laid his head on the table, he looked at Cho and Susan Bones who were talking animatedly together and Cho noticed him looking at her, blushed, turned away, told Susan and giggled lightly, Susan looked at him and Harry had the faint suspicion that, despite Amelia being her aunt and raising her, it just drove her to become a Death Eater out of spite, he wondered if she was harbouring darkness within her right now.

Cho walked over and sat next to him in his line of sight and asked flirtatiously "like what you see Harry?"

Harry looked at her and said, "Indeed, it is... acceptable"

Cho looked at him with a hurt expression "just acceptable?"

Harry closed his eyes "I am taken Cho, surely you have seen me and Hermione Granger together"

Cho nodded but had a sparkle of lust and greed in her eyes as she placed her hand on his forearm "well, if you ever decide to break up with her, I am always here if you need me"

Harry creased his brow but nodded and turned his head to face the Head Table where McGonagall was drunkenly stumbling around in her Tabby Cat Animagus form, Harry looked at the twins who grinned at him, Harry smirked and stood up while removing Cho's hand from his arm and stalked out of the Great Hall to the Owlery to send Hermione a message.

On Harry's way up the stairs to the Owlery, Harry noticed a flutter of displaced air and stopped, Harry closed his eyes and expanded his

senses to hear a fast beating heart, Harry, who could find no other reason beyond that Neville had taken the old Invisibility Cloak he had laid out for the taking, opened his eyes and looked directly at the place where Neville's heart was beating faster and faster, Harry bent down and pulled out a handful of pebbles and set them onto the floor, thinking for a moment, Harry raised his wand and waved it slightly, sending spells at the pebbles, they grew miniature arms and legs and stood in a military formation, Harry pocketed his wand and whispered "go find the Weasley twins, look identical and have red hair with freckles, annoy them until you drop" they saluted and scuttled off with Harry smirking slightly at the pitter patter of little stone feet, Harry stood up and moved past Neville on his way to the tower, noticing that Neville was following him.

Reaching the Owlery, Harry wrote a few quick letters to the store owners at Diagon Alley and Tom the barkeep, Harry tied these to four separate school owls and watched them leave, turning around, Harry saw Dumbledore standing in the doorway "Merry Christmas sir, did you receive any good presents?"

Dumbledore's eyes narrowed slightly, and, if you were not knowledgeable about Dumbledore's expressions, you would easily overlook it "quite so Mr Potter, have you thought about the subject we discussed a few months ago?" he asked in a false grandfatherly tone.

Harry nodded "I have decided against it sir, I mean, nobody would really want to go out of their way to help an orphan child these days, and quite frankly, I would prefer to live by myself or someone I can relate to"

A Compulsion Charm hit his mental shields and Dumbledore said "how about Mr Longbottom then? I have seen you get along with him from time to time"

Harry mentally rolled his eyes and said, "I will think about that sir, I suppose it does warrant some looking into"

Another Compulsion Charm hit his shields and Harry blinked slightly "well then Mr Potter, I do hope you make a wise choice, Mr

Longbottom and his grandmother would really help you out and be quite good for you”

Harry nodded in false acceptance and Dumbledore smiled cheerfully, and, with another Compulsion Charm, said in the same grandfatherly tone “I do hope you chose your friends wisely Mr Potter, Mr Weasley, Mr Longbottom and Miss Bones make excellent friends, Miss Granger however... I believe you should separate yourself from her for your own good”

Harry nodded and walked past Dumbledore “have a good day sir, and a Merry Christmas to you”

Dumbledore chuckled and said “and a Merry Christmas to you too Mr Potter”

Harry walked down the steps and felt a hand push him in the lower back sending him down the steps and into the floor, groggily, Harry opened his eyes as he propped himself up on the wall as Neville removed the Invisibility Cloak “next time Potter, you are dead” a fist slammed into his jaw and he fell to the side before a foot came to his chest, another came to his gut and Harry wheezed heavily as Neville walked off laughing.

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Authors Note: Love it? Hate it? Got suggestions?

All Reviews are read and respected.

Hope you all like this chapter.

Next Chapter: Neville discovers the Mirror of Erised and Harry finds out what he wants!

Next post up soon,

Seth O. Blade.

Chapter Seven:

Finding the mirror. Manipulations. Escaping with Norbert.

To find a hero, first you have to find yourself.

Author Unknown.

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Harry watched as Neville swept out of the bedroom with his old Invisibility Cloak on, he got out of bed and quickly made his way down the steps, passing Neville on the way out, Harry smirked slightly as he went down the steps, thinking how to best annoy Neville bloody Longbottom, slinking out of the portrait hole, making sure Neville could follow him, taking the quickest possible route down to the Library, Harry slid through the corridors with Neville following closely behind, slipping past the few Prefects and Professors that passed by, making sure that Neville was close and could see him clearly.

Slipping into the Library was relatively easy despite the mass amounts of Prefects and Professors swarming the halls like rats, though Harry was forced on more than one occasion to use a small Banishing Charm on some small stones he kept in his pocket for just such an occasion thanks to Neville's stupidity and clumsiness, keeping his wand out, Harry slipped past the small barrier of the Restricted Section and looked through the books, noting that there was quite a few Dark Arts books that were probably biased accounts of the spells seeing as this was Dumbledore who controlled the school, taking out a scroll on enchanting objects with Dark Magic or spells that could hide the user, he unravelled it and noticed it was written in Ancient Sumerian, reading the first few sentences, he snorted in disgust, rolled it up and placed it back into its shelf, taking out another scroll, he found it to be written in Ancient Macedonian, only able to read a few words, knowing that it was a useless piece of parchment on enchanting objects with a Love Spell on the object, he rolled it back up and set it inside the shelf, running his finger along the spines of a few books, he came to Moste Potente Potions and

smiled slightly “yes, Potions, having this book to read from would be... advantageous”

Neville whipped off his Invisibility Cloak and sneered “what are you doing out of bed Potter?”

Harry spun around, seemingly surprised, and answered, “just looking around for some extra curricular study”

Neville looked at him with a stupid expression on his face “why would you want to study any more than you need to?” he questioned.

Harry snorted and turned back to the book “if you don’t already know, then you really are more of a moron than I thought you to be”

Neville gave a growl and said scathingly “I study only what I need to and what Dumbledore teaches me, unlike you, I have training from a Master Duellist”

Harry shrugged “I could honestly care less Longbottom, now piss off, I have things to do and you are hindering my progress” he said with a bite of coldness coming out.

Neville smiled nastily “is this about you never being able to beat me Potter?”

Harry snorted again at the sheer idiocy of Neville and how moronic he got with the teaching of Dumbledore, it was truly quite pathetic, turning the corner, Harry looked at the shelf and found one book he wanted as it was written in Parseltoung, looking at the author, he had a sudden sharp intake of breath, written on the cover was the name, clear as day in Parseltoung, was the name Salazar Slytherin, Neville came over and looked at the book and sneered “how can you read that scribble? It is nothing but stupid lines, dots and swirls”

Harry waved his hand absently and picked it up reverently, he held it with a light hand and cracked open the cover to see the words ‘Parselmagic: The divine art of offensive magic at it’s finest’ Harry traced his fingers over the hand written words and smiled slightly then turned the page to see a series of incantations that he had never

heard of before, turning the page, there was even more and Harry frowned in a confused manner, Neville smirked “can’t read it, can you Potter?”

Harry looked at him and narrowed his eyes, looking down, he gave a small frown as he focussed on the words which became clearer with each passing moment he read it, he stared at it with wide eyes when he saw the Death Curse, the original Killing Curse that not only killed the person, but completely and utterly destroyed the person mentally and physically while tearing the soul from the body, it was cast with an incantation similar to ‘Avada Kedavra’ but it had several additives that a non-Parseltong would not be able to cast without at least a few years training, he waved his hand in the prescribed manner and hissed under his breath so Neville couldn’t hear “Ubsavadra Ksadvras”

A small sound was heard and Harry closed the small leather bound book, Neville glanced at the Library door and quickly covered himself.

“Your on your own Potter” he said scathingly and quickly walked out.

Harry waited and pocketed the book quickly then Disillusioned himself as Filch came around the corner “students are out of bed my sweet” Filch said to Mrs Norris who was looking directly at Harry.

Harry gazed at the cat and it turned to leave, a small glimmer of something in her eyes as she left, Harry could have sworn it was understanding and mischief, he shook his head with a smirk and walked quietly out of the Library, Harry strode down through the halls and passed the room where the Mirror of Erised was placed, deciding to go on a chance, he looked inside and saw Neville gazing at the mirror with Dumbledore sitting on the table with a smug and victorious look on his face, invisible to anyone who could not see magic or use Legimancy, Harry took a few minutes to look inside, noticing that, though Dumbledore had looked into the mirror, he was more intent of looking at Neville with a glimmer of victory in his eyes, Harry shook his head sadly and walked away, thinking of the possibilities that awaited the near future.

(Scene Break)

Harry, through the past months, that Neville had gotten quieter even when term started, he was seen in the Library buried in books and Harry had thought that he was actually studying for once but, when he decided to have a look when Neville had fallen asleep on a Sunday afternoon, saw that he had books and journals on people of modern history, in front of him was a small piece parchment with a scribbled 'Nicholas Flamel, who is he?' and it had several suggestions like a Potions Master or several other things which were, while inventive, were slightly ludicrous, Harry decided to have pity when he noticed the dark circles around his eyes and pulled out a Chocolate Frog card of Dumbledore and, with a quick Sleeping Charm on Neville to make sure he stayed asleep and a Disillusionment Charm on himself, he spelled the card to stick under the name of Nicholas Flamel, got the book out concerning Nicholas Flamel, opened it and set it aside and on top of another opened book, Harry stood back and muttered softly "Enervate"

After a few seconds, Neville shot up with a start and looked around quickly before sighing deeply "who the hell is Nicholas Flamel?" he muttered to himself.

Harry rolled his eyes as he rolled up the parchment and stuffed it into his bag, Harry gave an aggravated growl and said in a hissing tone while mimicking his voice with the Metamorphmagus abilities he had "search the parchment again, the answer is there"

Neville looked around quickly and shook his head "I must be going crazy, hearing voices is not healthy"

Harry rolled his eyes and said in a soft whisper in his own voice "search the parchment again you idiot, the answer is there"

Neville frowned the pulled out his wand and said "Accio Invisibility Cloak"

Harry raised his eyebrow and said again in a whisper "look at the parchment you idiot, the answer is right there, surely you aren't that dense"

Neville blinked then shook his head “great, not only am I hearing voices, but the voice I hear is that bastard Harry Potter’s voice”

Harry gave a small grumble “listen Longbottom, if you don’t look at the book, you are simply an idiot and a fool” then, as an afterthought, he sent up a Silencing Ward and screamed “READ THE BLOODY PARCHMENT YOU IDIOT!”

Neville quickly did it and looked at it with wide eyes “Nicholas Flamel, I’ve found him” he whispered to himself.

“Now, look at the book in front of you and we can all go home all happy and dandy, me personally, I can’t stand being your voice of wisdom, you insufferable ponce” Harry said in an exasperated tone.

Neville pulled the closest book to him and Harry rolled his eyes “wrong book idiot, you won’t find him there, he is not from this century, nothing there but wannabe punks like yourself”

Neville looked over the books in front of him and saw the paragraph on Nicholas Flamel, reading through it, his eyes went wide and Harry took down the Silencing Ward, Neville read through it and stood up quickly “that’s who Nicholas Flamel is?” he said loudly.

Harry rolled his eyes and walked out silently, inwardly laughing at Neville’s blatant and obvious stupidity, thinking about the series of events that had passed originally, Harry decided to head down to Hagrid’s Hut for a little chat and see Norbert hatch from his egg, determined to get Hagrid to letting the annoyingly cute Dragon Norbert go to Romania and the Dragon Reserve to Charlie Weasley who was the man who supplied the Dragon Blood of mature Dragons to him in the first place, plus, he really needed to thank the red haired man for helping him despite his not knowing why he would be thanked.

Down at the hut, Harry looked at the Dragon that was being cooed at by Hagrid, Harry gave a small snort and said “Hagrid, you have to give him up, he is not exactly your garden variety pet, you can’t keep him, though I do think he has some uses before we send him off”

Hagrid looked at him with wide eyes and hugged Norbert close “you won’ hurt ‘im will yeh?”

Harry pulled out a small box and tapped it with his wand letting it enlarge, summoning a table with a wordless and absent wave of his wand, he set it down and pulled out a series of tubes and small bottles which he set aside, he pulled out a few corks and set them into a small conjured wicker basket which he set them into, Harry closed the box and Hagrid was looking at him with a scared look on his face, Harry smiled slightly “oh, I won’t be hurting him, see, I want you to do something for me which you cannot tell anyone about yet, it is kind of a secret project that I am doing in Potions that Snape will demand I stop if he finds out”

Hagrid looked at him closely as he relaxed “yeh won’ be doin’ nuthin harmful to Norbert will yeh?”

Harry shook his head and held Norbert in his arms, stroking the scales softly “what I need you to do is milk his venom every six hours, if he is milked until he can go with Charlie to Romania, he will be more placid, the venom has much more potency as it grows and it is a useful ingredient in Potions that many do not get to brew, I want to try them”

Hagrid looked at Norbert who gave a small growl and playfully nipped at Harry’s fingers and followed them with his eyes as they were out of his reach to be bitten “well, if yeh ain’ gonna hurt ‘im, I s’pose I coul’ do this fer yeh Harry”

Harry handed over the items and let Norbert go “milk him every six to seven hours, eight at the most, make sure he doesn’t eat anything but bugs for the moment as he can unwillingly release poison and swallow it”

Hagrid nodded “I s’pose since its Charlie, I coul’ have him go tah Romania, I shoul’ be happy he gets tah be with his kind shouldn’ I?”

Harry nodded, stood up and patted him on the shoulder “it’ll be okay Hagrid, I am sure that Norbert will like it there, and, if I can manage it,

I will arrange for you to be able to go visit him during the Summer Holidays”

Hagrid nodded then pushed him backwards as he took the tubes and the other items “yeh shoul’ be havin’ fun Harry, go talk with Hermione, she’s been down here talkin’ about you neglectin’ her”

Harry patted him one last time and spelled the curtains shut then walked out without a word knowing that Hagrid would get the venom which would be vital in his modified Wolfsbane Potion that he was going to send Remus anonymously, he thought on that and thought that he should really ‘meet’ him by ‘accident’ during the Summer holidays, that also brought on thoughts about Sirius and what he should do about that, Pettigrew would be coming back with Ron next year, but that also meant that the ignorant pansy Lockheart would be teaching, that brought on thoughts of starting the D.A. early and making it an official club, Dumbledore would likely approve of it if only to train up his weapon Neville, and since it was no particular secret that both he and Hermione were the most skilled Defence students in two hundred years even before they came back in time, they would only ‘get better’ in this time line, that brought on a few thoughts on Dumbledore, Harry knew that Dumbledore was planning something big because he had not been seen for the last few weeks at dinner and it disturbed him greatly, it was also a bit disconcerting that Dumbledore could be trying to place him in care of an adoptive parent under his thumb which meant that Harry would have to find some way to counter the attack against him, he knew several loopholes he could manipulate in the Muggle laws concerning his position and his position in the Wizarding World was not as secure as he would like, Dumbledore need only contest it as his magical guardian and he could get placed with another family but Dumbledore would lose his guardianship over him, this led onto the thought of which families he would be thrown into, if he got adopted into the Muggle world, he would assume that it was with someone who was with a child in the Wizarding World or was a family that stayed in the Muggle world because they detest the Wizarding World, if it was a Wizarding family, it would most likely be the Weasley’s, the Bones’, the Diggory’s or any other Order of the Phoenix member who was totally devoted to him, but the most probable choice would be the Longbottom’s and he knew that h would be in deep shit there because the Longbottom’s

were a devoted family to the Light which would have nothing to do with the Dark Arts and those that did were disowned almost immediately when caught, that was probably why he wanted Harry to go to the Longbottom's, because, if Harry was caught doing anything Dark, he would be thrown out and Dumbledore could adopt him and pick up the pieces, this posed even bigger problems because he had a huge library of books containing the darkest of the Dark Arts and Black Magic, he knew Dumbledore was planning something, but what, he no idea but he knew he had to counter it any which way possible.

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Authors Note: Love it? Hate it? Got suggestions?

All Reviews are read and respected.

Chapter Eight:

Finding out about Dumbledore's plans. Detention with Hagrid.

There is no good or evil, there is only power and those too weak to seek it.

Lord Voldemort: Book One; Harry Potter.

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Harry curiously walked the shadows in Dumbledore's office when he saw Fudge walk through the Great Hall, hitching a ride on the two Auror's shadows as they passed by to see what the Minister of Magic was doing at the school "Cornelius, I need you to tell the American Ministry that they have to refuse Harry Potter's citizenry to the American Magical world and say that he has a new adoptive parent in the magical world and the Muggle world"

Fudge looked at him curiously and said, "While you know I am always willing to help you, I must ask, why do you want to control him so much?"

"Cornelius, it is for the greater good, I can assure you that Harry Potter will receive the utmost care in the families I have chosen for him, it will secure his lifestyle and help him live his life to the fullest" Dumbledore said in that infuriatingly false grandfatherly tone.

Fudge thought for a second while shifting uncertainly "I would have to speak to Harry Potter and..." he started.

"Mr Potter has already agreed to be adopted into a family of my choosing, he has also accepted that he would prefer to live with Muggles during his stay over the holidays away from Hogwarts" Dumbledore said with, in Harry's opinion, that stupid and annoying twinkle in his eyes.

Harry didn't have to listen any more and quickly exited the office and went own to the Great Hall, shifting into solid form as he came to the doors and pushing them open, looking around quickly, Harry found

Hermione and walked hurriedly towards her, he sat down next to her and whispered "Hermione, Dumbledore has started to make a move against me, he has told Fudge that I agreed to be adopted by a Muggle or Wizarding family of his choosing, he will most likely send me to Longbottom Manor with Neville and wait until I make one screw up so he can get his hands on me, I need to ask your parents if they would adopt me, I can go to Gringotts and have them forge papers saying that, without Sirius's willing consent without persuasion, I would not be able to get magically adopted by anyone, can you get your parents to adopt me in a period of a week?"

Hermione frowned slightly and pulled out some parchment, Harry, understanding what she wanted, looked around quickly and dropped a fork under the table, transformed into a large black Phoenix with blood red eyes and plucked a tail feather out before quickly transforming again and handing her the feather as she finished the letter, she sealed the parchment with a small bit of wax and Harry pressed the Potter Family Crest onto the wax, held it for a moment then placed the feather onto it, Hermione set it onto the bench and closed his eyes to concentrate, he pictured Hermione's parents, specifically her father as he had contacts within the justice department and felt a small brush of heat against his hand, Harry looked down and smirked slightly before Hermione pulled out another piece of parchment and handed him her Phoenix feather quill, Harry took it and wrote a quick note before sealing it with all six crests on the opening which would make it a higher priority than many other different letters and possibly go straight to the Head Goblin or even the Manager of the British branch of Gringotts, taking a breath, Harry held up his fingers to his lips and let out a shrill blasting whistle that shattered a few goblets in that instant, Hedwig came flying down and circled for a bit before landing on the table in front of him, Harry raised an eyebrow and muttered "take this letter to Gringotts, no lower than the Head Goblin, wait for a reply, if they tell you to go away, peck and scratch them until they get the point, if you don't do this, I will Transfigure you into a Mouse for a week"

Hedwig's eyes widened and Harry tied the letter to her leg and she flew off with speed he had never seen before, sighing softly, Harry looked at Hermione and smiled at her softly and kissed her on the lips before a flush of heat alerted them to his received letter, Harry

groaned softly and looked down where his letter was waiting from the Grangers, not bothering to open it, Harry stuffed it into Hermione's robes while coping a feel of her bum as he moved his hand along her lower back where she occasionally got back pains "mmm, just to the left Harry" Hermione moaned softly.

Harry rubbed tentatively and smiled at her lovingly "so Hermione, I was wondering, since we have Wednesday afternoons off, do you wanna go down to the lake for some snogging?"

She laughed softly and nodded as he relieved some muscles in her back from their tensions "you got good Potter" she commented lightly.

Harry smiled as he continued rubbing "maybe so love, but you forget, I had to study healing, I had to learn muscle groups left right and centre, plus, it helps that I can change into a girl and know that girls have similar back problems, though with you, I should be more careful, you carry that god awful book bag of yours"

Hermione slapped him lightly on the shoulder and leaned on him "Harry, if my parents adopt you, that means that legally, I am your sister"

"Legally, yes, but in the morals of Muggle society, it may be wrong in a sense, but in the Wizarding World, people could care less if you went and knocked up your own mother or even your own daughter, there is too much inbreeding to really have any of those morals any more, besides, we are not related by blood, so we can bonk till we drop" Harry smiled at her as he said this causing her to blush madly.

Harry held her hand as he stopped rubbing her back eliciting a disappointed moan from Hermione, he leaned his head on her shoulder as he looked at the book she had in front of her which lay forgotten "Wards dear? Aren't you a little, you know... ambitious?"

She nodded and growled "I am determined to be able to cast a Ward by the end of the summer and nothing is going to stop me"

Harry chuckled "let's see your Rune book then Hermione" he said lightly, Hermione looked at him sharply, Rune Books being a very personal thing for a person, Harry having three and under heavy enchantments and not showing anyone, not even herself, the contents of the books.

"Harry, why do you..." she started but was interrupted by Harry who pulled out a black leather bound book with a lightning bolt in the top left hand corner, a small pair of symbols on the clasp that stopped anyone but him from opening it and in the middle of the book was a trident shape on top of the Norse Rune Feriwhaz, Hermione looked at it and Harry touched the lightning bolt then the Norse Rune which glowed and the lock unclasped itself, Hermione made to grasp it but he moved it away.

Harry looked at Hermione with a steady look in his eyes and she sighed, "guess I won't win, will I?" she questioned.

Harry shook his head and said smugly "a Potter always wins in the end"

Hermione raised an eyebrow and Harry hugged her tightly and whispered, "I won the love of my life in the game of chance that is life haven't I?"

She nodded and pulled out her book and set it on the table, Harry looked at the blank cover and clasp which either meant she had placed nothing inside it or she used the Brinwhar Rune to hide the castings of Runes from sight, Harry placed his hand over Hermione's and she greedily took his and opened it to a series of complex calculations with Arithmancy, Runes, Charms, Defence and Black Magic that many people would be hard pressed to understand, Harry meanwhile was trying to crack open the book before he gave an exasperated sigh and said "this is useless" Harry pulled out his wand and cast a silent Unlocking Charm.

The lock snapped open and Harry smirked at Hermione's wide eyes "one thing you learn from being an active partner of Weasley's Wizard Wheezes is that you start to think outside the box, I just thought you would use something more complex, knowing you"

She smirked slightly “that is why nobody but me could have opened the diary before you”

Harry nodded and they both read each other's work, suggesting corrections and generally living in peace for a while, however brief the moment was, it was a time to relax and act like they once did back when they had no troubles in the last time period.

(Scene Break)

Having convinced Neville to help him with Norbert and bring his Invisibility Cloak, the purpose of having given it to him done, Harry had taken it back when Neville had left it in the Astronomy Tower, despite him, Malfoy and Neville having to do a detention in the Forbidden Forest with Hagrid, which he knew because of the letter he had gotten that morning and it was the exact same day that he had done it so as to keep things together, gaining thirty six phials of Norwegian Ridgeback venom which was going at four hundred Galleons an ounce, he could use those phials alone to retire on despite his massive fortunes in the crystals that situated in his invisible rings, it would basically ensure a full life with himself and Hermione and he would hardly need to touch his Family Vaults or his Trust Fund, he looked at the bane of his problems, Neville Longbottom, and frowned slightly, turning to Malfoy, he grimaced slightly when he saw that he was shaking slightly which meant that he was terrified, smirking to himself, Harry watched Neville and Malfoy glare at each other hatefully then turn away with a huff, Harry sighed and looked at the area around him, manipulating both his Metamorphmagus abilities and the Vampyr blood to see perfectly within the night world of the Forbidden Forest as if it were day time, Harry took off his glasses, Hagrid looked at him curiously and Harry said by way of explanation “I have near perfect eyesight during the night time and I only have trouble with close distances which is what the glasses are for”

They all accepted this and Harry folded the glasses into his pocket and patted them, looking through the trees, Harry spotted the trail of blood, but he had smelled it first “I think you will find a trail of blood about three hundred metres ahead”

Harry stopped and sniffed the air “also, you will find more than one Unicorn has been injured this night” Harry gave a sharp and shrill whistle that pierced the night air and, after a few seconds, Harry let out a series of whistles in the sounds of a Songbird, he stopped after thirty seconds and waited calmly.

After two minutes of impatient waiting, Malfoy moaned, “what are we waiting here for Potter? We should go find whatever this thing is, kill it and be done with it”

Harry opened his eyes from his searching the forest with his senses, magical, mental and normal “shut it Malfoy, never disturb the peace of the forest, it will get you killed” he murmured quietly earning an impatient snort from Neville and Malfoy.

Another minute passed and a soft twang of a bow string that no human would have ever heard echoed in Harry’s ears and he opened his eyes to see a black arrow, he calculated the trajectory and pushed Malfoy to the side without a word, the arrow landing where his head was just seconds ago, Harry turned and yanked it from the tree he was leaning on and took the brown parchment off and read aloud “humans, you have come into the forest, disturbing the peace, you call us by our ways for help, tell us why we should help you”

Harry snorted slightly and looked into the sky “Mars is bright this night” Harry called out “and Venus has been bright alongside Mars which has not happened in many years, Jupiter is fading and Pluto is coming into dominance, Charon is also bright this night as well which is quite unusual, betrayal is in the air and darkness stinks the area around us like a foul corroding stench”

A pair of Centaurs came trotting out and Harry greeted them by going down on one knee “thank you honourable Centaur, I ask for your forgiveness in my calling you, but I must ask, have you word of what causes death to those of the silver blood?” Harry looked up and saw Bane with Firenze who he did not want to see.

Bane looked into the sky “Mars is unusually bright, is it not human?”

Harry looked up as he stood “yes, very bright tonight, but with Jupiter fading and Pluto coming into dominance, there is a darkness looming ahead, one which Venus and Mercury have seen many times before”

Bane and Firenze gave him a surprised look as did Hagrid “tell me young human” said Bane “how is it you know of such things?”

Harry thought for a moment before casting a look at the three that had accompanied him “ahh, I see, well, may we perhaps join you in the hunt for this being you quarry for?” Firenze asked, getting the idea that Harry did not want to speak in the open.

Harry bowed his head and walked off with Bane, Hagrid taking Neville and Malfoy along the trail, once out of the way, Harry changed into his Unicorn body and trotted the ground, grinding his hooves into the ground before changing back “I am of the Silver Blooded ones Centaurs, I know your ways because of the Firenze, he has taught me the ways of the Centaur”

Bane looked at Firenze with a scathing glare “is this human’s statement true Firenze?” he asked in a hot tone.

Firenze shook his head while looking at Harry “no, indeed not, I have heard of Mr Potter, but I have never seen him before now”

Harry smiled slightly and said “I am not talking about the before, I am talking about the after, the time yet to come”

Both Bane and Firenze stopped dead in their tracks and looked at him with wide eyes “I only ask that you keep this from the hearing of others Master Centaurs, I have much to gain and even more to lose should I slip one way or the other off the sharp sword I tread” Harry said softly, looking at the Centaurs, he knew that he had impressed them greatly ‘good, one species down, another four hundred odd species left to go’ he thought bitterly.

Turning to leave, Bane placed his hand on Harry’s shoulder “should ever you need help from the Centaur tribe of this forest, just call out to us, we shall hear and come to your aid” Harry nodded and the two Centaur walked off and he heard a scream, Harry rolled his eyes and

changed into his Unicorn self then started running at full speed to where he found only darkness.

Harry reared up and let his inner light of the Unicorn come out, making the dark cloaked figure of Quirrel screech in rage and run away, Harry looked at Neville who was unconscious, Harry snorted and raised up on his hind legs then came down with a large thump and shattered his left leg, hoping that he could finally beat some sense into him, Harry cantered away and transformed when he was sure nobody was around, he watched Hagrid walk up and give a horrified look at him before picking him up bodily and running in the direction of the castle, Harry made sure to silently run ahead, killing a few creatures that were going to attack Hagrid, he didn't really care about Neville honestly, the ponce was a sure fire Death Eater in the making, Harry knew that Neville was about to turn over to the Death Eaters before he was tortured and killed with Luna Lovegood who was trying to talk him out of it, he shook his head from those thoughts and frowned slightly "next year is when Ginny gets Tommy's old diary" he muttered with disdain "and I have to go through the halls with those lost little sheep saying I am evil and the Heir of... wait a minute, I am the Heir of Slytherin, wow, I guess they were all right, I may have to hand them credit for being so observant"

Harry chuckled slightly and watched as Hagrid left the forest, Quirrel following behind, dark cloak swirling around behind him, gliding against the floor in a majestic manner 'I wonder how Snape and Voldemort actually do that, I always did want to know, even Malfoy has part of it down' he thought with a laugh before heading up to the castle, not noticing a pair of cold red eyes watching him from the shadows.

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Authors Note: Love it? Hate it? Got suggestions?

All Reviews are read and respected.

Chapter Nine:

Pain. Trap doors.

Only by travelling in darkness, can you reach the dawn.

Marcus Aurelius.

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Harry could not place it, but the pains in his scar were worse than he had ever remembered it, it was like a white hot poker being stabbed into his skull, grinding into the bone as it was broken down into dust then reformed and completing the process over and over again, his skull felt like it was split in to and Hermione was looking nervous because of the exams despite her having gotten a hundred and fifty percent last time, this time though, Harry had taken precautions and detached his mind from the mind numbing pain, of course, once he let the barrier break, the pain would come back ten fold and most likely start to bleed, but he was willing to lose a little blood in order to do his exams properly this time, also, one thing he had noticed, while Quirrel was still stuttering like a blundering fool, he seemed more sunken and defeated, almost as if he was expecting to die, this brought on a few questions about the infiltration of the chambers and to the mirror by Quirrel, after a very quick surface scan, he had found that Voldemort had set up a trap for Neville, not believing that Harry was the child of the Prophecy and that it was Neville instead 'phase one complete, make Voldemort look the other way' Harry thought in victory.

The last exam finished and Harry was getting to the point where he snapped at Hermione five times in irritation, bringing four Sixth Year girls to tears, a couple of Fifth Years had nervous breakdowns and he had sent anyone lower than Third Year running for the hills in his dark mood, all in all, Harry was getting aggravated as he stalked down to the Great Hall, watching Neville scamper off and Malfoy piss his pants as they tried to escape his moody ways, Harry sat down gruffly and a potato exploded as pain lanced through his scar, he let out a silent gasp and quickly attached himself to the pain and it nearly overwhelmed him, the scar opening and blood streaming from it down

his face, Harry grimaced and clasped his hand to his forehead in the useless attempt to numb the pain while stumbling from the empty room he was in, taking a few ragged breaths, he heard a few voices around him thanks to the peripheral Legimancy he had that was going haywire, it was worse than before, never had he felt this much pain before the Third Task, it was more than he could bare and he was pissed off, grunting softly, Harry took a few steps forwards and slammed into a running Neville who was coming around the corner, Harry was sent flying to the floor and he couldn't move, he was paralysed in pain, he groaned softly and said through gritted teeth "Longbottom, if you have self decency, you will help me up to the Hospital Wing right now"

Neville looked at him suspiciously and said with a sneer plastering his face "why should I help you Potter? You would never help me any more than you would help Malfoy"

Harry clasped his head as another wave of pain ran through his scar making the blood pump out quicker, Harry also felt an overwhelming sense of glee rush through his entire body, his eyes grew dimmer and he said in a harsh tone "please, for the love of all that is merciful, GET HELP THEN!" he screamed the last bit as another rush of pain surged through his head and he curled into a ball as blood pooled onto the floor.

Neville looked at him and ran off, Harry shuddered on the floor as the pain started to fade, but it was still surging through his head, Harry immediately realised that he had bled on the floor and pulled out his Holly wand shakily and whispered shakily "Scourgify" while faintly hearing rushed footsteps from more than one person.

(Scene Break)

Cold hands, cold bitter air, white hot sand blasting across his every being, pain surging through his head, liquid ice pouring down his mouth and his throat contracting against it.

Fear.

Fury.

Glee.

Happiness.

Sadness.

Chaos.

Order.

Blood.

Death.

Destruction.

Hope.

Harry groaned as he sat up and looked around, his eyes piercing the dark room he was in, he frowned and looked at his watch 'still another hour and a half before Quirrel makes the attempt on the stone, still have enough time to get my lazy ass out of bed and beat Quirrel down at his own game, oh yes, I will murder that asshole for causing me so much pain' he thought bitterly.

Harry Wandlessly summoned his wand from the matrons desk and transfigured his clothes from the simple Gryffindor robes into a dark robe that radiated darkness, bitterness, hate and loathing for everything around him, he smirked slightly at that bit, it as good to convey emotions into the item you Transfigured, something he had learnt while battling with the Dementors who ran at the sight of him, pushing himself out of bed, Harry stretched his muscles lightly and sheathed his wand, he checked his body quickly and his mind which had suffered several attacks in the past three hours and found traces of Veritaserum in his body, he sighed heavily and knew that Dumbledore had done it, it was Snape's personal brew, much more effective than the Ministry crap that he brewed constantly 'of course Snape would be happy to use up that stuff on me, the greasy little bat' Harry strode out of the Hospital Wing, his robe flying in the non-

existent wind, he faintly heard a small pitter patter of feet and turned the corner to see Neville running down the steps with Dean and Seamus, Harry mentally shook his head and followed after them.

Watching Neville nearly get eaten alive brought back a few memories of his own, thinking for a moment, Harry smirked as he strode forwards and sent a powerful Stunner at Fluffy making him slam against the wall, Harry heard screaming and faintly muffled voices, shaking his head, Harry cast a quick Disillusionment Charm on himself and dove down through the trap door, he quickly cast a powerful jet of flames from his wand and saw Neville and the other two fall through, he cancelled the spell and made a cushion of air on the floor and waited, he knew the tasks by heart, having gone over them in his head, he landed with a slight ripple of air and promptly fell on the floor, giving a small grunt, he stood and walked to the open door where he heard soft flutters of wings “the winged bloody keys” Harry muttered softly.

Harry made his way in and looked around quietly, he smirked when he saw Neville fall down from the broom as he threw the golden key at Dean who caught it, Harry raised an eyebrow as they all quickly made their way inside to the chess room, Harry sighed greatly and made his way inside, his heart flipped when he saw Hermione come in, he dispelled his Disillusionment Charm and looked at her “what are you doing here Harry? You should be in the Hospital Wing”

Harry placed his finger on his lips and, when he noticed her shiver, he quickly wiped away the negative emotions from his robe and kissed her lips softly “well, I am here to help Neville and possibly piss off old Tommy boy, love, you don’t have to...”

She silenced him with a passionate kiss and Transfigured her robes and looked at him closely “Harry, do you have enough of that Potion and ingredients to give me some?”

Harry frowned slightly and looked at her closely and she smirked “I want to be able to have babies with you Potter, and as you are no longer human, you have to have someone who has the same genetic strands as yourself”

Harry nodded and sighed "I was wondering when you would find that out" he said softly.

Hermione hugged him and said "well, are you going to do anything concerning Voldemort yet?"

Harry smirked and changed into his Dementor body, darkness seeped off him and the air chilled, frost at his feet and his skin a pale white, his eyes completely white and his lips a pale blue, Hermione shivered in his arms and Harry kissed her lips softly while making sure not to breathe inwards so he didn't take her soul from her, pulling back, he smiled at the blue lip formation on her own that made it look like lipstick "are you going to follow me my dear Dark Queen?" he said in a deep and rattling voice.

She shivered and nodded then took his hand, Harry raised a pale, white haired eyebrow and said "you must first show that you have no fear of me Hermione, secondly, when we face old Tommy, you had best leave me to do the talking, I have more power than any Dementor will ever have, at the moment, it is suppressed down to the bear minimal"

Hermione looked at him with wide eyes and he nodded before he stretched out to his full seven and a half feet tall stance, he strode forwards while his shoes vanished leaving the pale skinned feet to leave crystalline ice formations where his feet touched, a heavy white mist forming off his body, Hermione blinked then followed after him.

Harry waved his wand at the fire as Neville vanished through it and walked forwards with Hermione, he looked at her and he smiled thinly and said in the rattling tone with his breath creating shudders of mist "you should be able to go through Hermione"

Hermione nodded and walked forwards, Harry looked at the fire on either side and shook his head before schooling his face at a shrill scream and walking forwards through the flames.

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Authors note: Love it? Hate it? Got any Suggestions?

All reviews are read and respected.

Chapter Ten:

The Dark Lord Voldemort's folly. Bad meetings.

"Absolute power corrupts absolutely"

Unknown.

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Harry's breath rattled in the air as he made his way through the flames, his robe becoming burnt, he stepped out and his colourless eyes pierced the area, Hermione was on the floor just in front of him, he bent down and checked her pulse to find a weak pulse, he gave a rattling breath of a sigh as he breathed in some of the warm air around him into her body creating a thicker fog around him and knew that she was going to live, Harry stood as Neville was thrown to the floor and gave a deep rattling intake of breath for effect, Neville and Quirrel looked at him, Neville in fear because Harry's haunted pale white eyes were viewable as was his face which bore no resemblance to his own, Quirrel was wide eyed because he had never seen a Dementor that willingly showed it's face nor had such clarity for the mortal body, Harry let a deep rattling laugh echo through the room and said in the deep rattling voice that was frosty and almost dead like "so, we have an arrogant little boy who has skills, a little girl who tries so hard to be better than others and a husk of a man who's life hangs by a thread only because a leech resides in his soul, what will happen next?"

Quirrel looked at him closely and said, "You are sworn to Voldemort, kneel before your master"

Harry felt a slight push against his will to kneel down and pay reverence to him, but Harry simply squashed it and stood there firmly "a Dementor I may be, but not one that you know of, I am no more of service to the leech in your head as I am to the Ministry, I serve myself, I am here only to view proceedings, you may carry on as if I were not here, I will not intervene"

Quirrel suddenly looked livid and shouted "YOUR KIND SWORE TO THE DARK LORD THAT YOUR KIND WOULD ALWAYS SERVE HIM!"

Harry waved his pale hand dismissively "that is neither here nor there, and I think you are misinformed, my predecessors never knew what to make of me, so I am neither a Dementor or human, I am not even a half breed dog like your..."

"Let me speak to him" came a raspy voice.

"But Master, you are not strong enough to..." Quirrel started.

"I am strong enough for this" came the voice.

Quirrel whimpered and Harry raised his eyebrow as Quirrel undid his foul smelling turban and let it fall to the floor, Harry, who knew what was happening, watched as Quirrel turned and Voldemort was etched on the back of Quirrel's head like a deformed leech or parasite "so, who are you and what are you?" Voldemort questioned idly.

Harry bit back a laugh and said in the dead voice "I am an offshoot cousin of the Dementor, but I am neither Dementor nor anything else, I am me"

Voldemort's left 'eye' twitched "and how did you become... you?" he questioned again.

Harry smiled thinly "I became me through evolution, I am me because I chose to change, have you noticed how the air is much more chilled than you would get for one of my cousins?"

Voldemort gave an impatient noise "yes, I have noticed that, I have also noticed that you exert much more control over your abilities than your counterparts"

Harry gave a small inclination of his head "indeed I do, but my abilities are not that which is in question, but the outcome of this little... adventure"

Voldemort's head turned to Neville "I was expecting the Potter child, but this... I was not expecting the Longbottom fool to come"

Harry shook his head "Neville Longbottom would be the most obvious choice, after all, he is Dumbledore's little weapon against you, the Potter child is just a pawn, a decoy to deflect his most powerful piece, his king"

Voldemort thought for a moment before saying "yes, it all makes sense now, Potter cannot defeat me, he is remedial at best, but Longbottom... he is different, he has power"

Harry smirked inwardly 'this is too good, spout off a few lies, make them sound as convincing as possible, boost Longbottom's ego by saying he is the one who stopped Voldemort, and hey presto, everything falls into place and hopefully Dumbledore will stop his little crusade to reign me in' noticing the deadly quiet except for his rattling breath, the wheezing of Voldemort, the nervous beating of Neville's heart and Quirrel's stiff breaths, Harry gave a deep sigh and moved to the side "I am not a part in this, I am here, like I have done for many years, to watch how events play out"

Voldemort looked at him with a calculating look and Harry smirked before turning human and keeping a still physical form of the grey hair and pale eyes that had a slight tinge of mahogany brown "how many years have you watched things happen?" Voldemort asked slowly.

Harry thought for a moment and felt the brushes of Legimancy against his mind, he spouted off fake images of battles and wars, Grindewald's face and a few faint pictures of other things, memorable periods of time down to a picture of Gryffindor himself with Ravenclaw that he had seen in the Ravenclaw vaults "I would have to say that I have been wandering around this planet for close to five thousand years nearly" he lied easily.

Voldemort's eyes widened slightly and Harry smiled slightly "so, you have developed more powers than..." he trailed off with realisation.

Harry smirked, he had fed him the lie that he was seeing the First Dementor in the flesh, so to speak, he inclined his head and said "Gladius Herule, at your service" he said calmly as he stated the First Dementor's name.

Voldemort's eyes widened comically and Harry waved his hand to conjure a black mahogany chair, he sat down and steeped his fingers calmly "please, go on, I assume this whole scenario needs to go ahead, besides, I have other things I need to do, there is a potential uprising of Werewolves in Scandinavia and I would like to be there to see it if you please, so hurry up and continue" he said as if the potential end of the world was a common place occurrence which made Neville fearful and Voldemort severely unnerved.

Harry leaned forwards and watched intently, his head on his hands, elbows digging into his knees, he had what Neville would later refer to as an excited and expectant gleam in his eyes "please, continue with your little activity, oh, and I would ask that you not harm that little girl over there by the fire, she is under my protection, you all understand?"

Voldemort's eyes widened and the head moved, Neville sneered but gave a nod all the same "so boy" Voldemort started "it would seem that Dumbledore has you as his little weapon, not Potter, it would seem as if I was mistaken in who the Prophecy talked about"

Harry inwardly cheered 'I win! I have it all done! Nobody will be looking my way when I work to take down the fool that is Tom Riddle! What idiots! And Neville will tell Dumbledore about that bit and everything will be set into place, Dumbledore will ignore me in favour of crafting Neville into the ultimate weapon, am I brilliant or what?' he thought gleefully.

Neville flew forwards to Voldemort and Harry closed his eyes slightly to sense Hermione's life energy and frowned slightly, while stable, it was weak and very low, still, he had to play the part, knowing that Hermione would be safe from Voldemort and Neville, he turned his attention back to the two ignorant people before him "what do you see boy?" questioned Quirrel, Harry smirked when he saw his duplicate drop into Neville's pocket.

"I-I-I see myself beating Potter and becoming Head Boy, Quidditch Captain, holding the House Cup and the Quidditch Cup high, I see... I see myself being approached by Madame Bones to become an Auror like my..." he was stopped as he was thrown aside.

"Fool boy, I need the stone," mumbled Quirrel.

"The boy lies!" Voldemort said loudly.

Quirrel turned to Neville while drawing his wand "Accio stone!" he cried out loudly.

Harry watched his copy fly out and land into Quirrel's outstretched hand, at that, Harry stood abruptly and clapped his hands slightly "bravo, I must now make haste to my next destination, this has been most amusing" at that, he vanished in a gust of frigid air.

Quirrel turned to Voldemort while Harry quickly made his way to Hermione and gripped her tightly in his arms, calling out his magic to heal her as he looked at her face with worry "so, Neville Longbottom, I think that it is time to say goodbye, Avada Ked..." he was stopped by a blast of light that slammed into his back and sent him flying.

Dumbledore stepped out from the flames and took no notice of Hermione but gazed intently at Neville then looking at Voldemort "hello Tom, so nice to see you again"

Voldemort roared in rage and completely took over Quirrel's body and waved the wand quickly while sending a steel spike from his wand at Dumbledore who side stepped it with a quickness that never ceased to amaze anyone and sent a Blasting Hex at the stone which was blasted into a million pieces, Voldemort howled in fury and sent a spell at Neville, Dumbledore waved his wand quietly and the spell was deflected into Quirrel's body which was decimated by flames and left a burnt and mangled skeletal corpse with blackened bones "Neville, I think it is time to leave" Dumbledore said quietly.

Neville nodded and stood up quietly, Dumbledore waved his wand at the flames which were dispelled and he made his way out, Neville

passed by Hermione without a look then froze as he remembered what Harry, pretending to be the First Dementor, had said "Professor, we need to take Granger to the Hospital Wing"

Dumbledore gave a heavy sigh "must we? She is Potter's little whore, surely we can leave her be and let her die down here, it would save me all the more time and much trouble"

Neville nodded slowly and said "this guy, Gladius Herule, he said she was under his protection, I don't think we should do anything to anger him sir"

Dumbledore froze at the name and whispered harshly "what was that name?"

Neville blinked "I think it was Gladius Herule sir, the guy said that you were using Potter as your pawn as well sir, that you were protecting me, your king or something like that, and the Dark Lord said that it all made sense, like I was some sort of weapon or something and that Potter was useless, that I proved to be the real threat to him, said I had more power than Potter did"

Dumbledore's eyes were twinkling as he levitated Hermione's limp body but Harry, he was shaking in pure rage and fury, taking control of his emotions, Harry used one of the Dementors powers and vanished into the shadows only to appear on his bed in the Hospital Wing, he closed his eyes as he changed back into his human body, his clothes forming back into his school robes, he waited for a few minutes before he saw Dumbledore walk in with Hermione, Madame Pomfrey bustled in and Harry heard her have a sharp intake of breath as she looked at Hermione float in with Neville walking over shakily "good evening Poppy, I was hoping you could give Mr Longbottom something for the Dementor effect"

Harry scowled at that, Hermione was on the verge of losing her magic and her life and Dumbledore was more concerned about Neville?

That arrogant prick!

Harry felt the unnatural rage of his Veela self build up, wanting for revenge, begging to be let free, he absently noted that the room was heating up but he paid only attention to Hermione, his eyes intently on her, an unnatural rage built up, wanting to rip Dumbledore to shreds, to tear him to pieces, he let out a small moan as he looked at her, a pining moan and got up, he felt his body shift slightly and gave in to the feelings, he turned into his Veela body and immediately shifted into his Avian form, wings sprouting from his back as he screeched and charged at Dumbledore who looked scared and quickly moved to the side as a fireball was thrown at him, Pomfrey quickly took hold of the spell and watched in an amused fashion as Harry chased Dumbledore out of the Hospital Wing.

Harry chased Dumbledore down the corridors, fireballs being flung left, right and centre, pure anger coursing through his body, not really hearing the logical part of his brain that cursed his hitting puberty only a few weeks ago, after he threw one past McGonagall who was shocked to see a male Veela throwing fireballs at the Headmaster who was running for his life, scorch marks scattering the walls, floor and random pieces of decoration, he started closing in the distance and sent a fireball at the back of Dumbledore's head causing him to fly across the floor, Harry quickly charged up towards him and twisted him around, held up his left hand which had a huge fireball flaming dangerously bright, people were watching him as he struggled to get control, the fireball vanished after a minute and he quickly stood then ran to the Hospital Wing, passing singed students who backed away at his furious expression, his Avian Form of his Veela body still active in his anger, some suits that had not been totally blasted to pieces were backing away from him with their useless swords at the ready, Harry blasted apart the doors to the Hospital Wing and grabbed Madame Pomfrey by the collar of her robes and screeched loudly while pointing at Hermione, she nodded fearfully and Harry let her go, looking at Hermione intently with a small look of hope glimmering in the avian eyes that shone in the light as Poppy Pomfrey started healing Hermione quickly.

(Scene Break)

Harry gazed at Neville as he was seated in the Hospital bed surrounded by people, Hermione, who was talking to her parents who

had just arrived and had yet to speak to Harry, scowled in the direction of Neville and muttered “arrogant, smarmy git” Harry choked back a laugh and looked at her with a raised eyebrow, she looked at him defensively and asked in an offended tone “what? He is an arrogant, smarmy git”

Harry rolled his eyes and muttered so only she could hear “you forgot ignorant and blind”

Hermione choked back the laugh this time and looked at her parents who were watching in amusement “mum, dad, this is Harry”

Their faces hardened at that and they looked at him, Harry stiffened his body at a muttered “stupid Mudblood and her filthy Muggle parents” from Neville.

Harry stood up and drew his wand and said in an icy tone “excuse me Hermione, I have vermin to slaughter”

Neville looked truly fearful when Harry made his way over and pushed a Third Year girl away with little trouble, Harry let out a small growl and hissed dangerously “do not insult my mate or I will find a way to Transfigure you into a rat to feed to my snake”

Neville paled dramatically and stuttered out “y-y-y-you’ll be thrown out of school”

Harry gave a small flick of his wand turning the Chocolate Frog in his hand into a Viper that hissed and spat dangerously, he leaned down while pushing away a Sixth Year boy and said in an icy tone “I do not really care if I get thrown out of the school, I will protect my mate until the very end, you understand me you petty human?”

Neville nodded quickly and Harry smirked before flicking his wand viciously, turning the Viper into a jellybean, Harry took it from Neville’s stunned grip and popped it into his mouth, he smirked one last time before turning and walking back to Hermione’s bed “Harry, you didn’t have to do that, and what is this mate thing?” she asked.

Harry shrugged as he sat down and folded his arms, his wand laying precariously on his forearm while still clasped in his hand, wary that Neville still had his wand with him and it could cause a Priori Incantatum effect like Voldemort's wand "I do what I need to, and as for you being my mate, ever wonder why you don't go all giggly around me while the other girls swoon and quiver at my presence?"

Hermione nodded and frowned then her eyes lit up in understanding "Harry..." she breathed loudly.

Harry smiled slightly and waved his hand "anyway, I suppose we should be introducing me to your parents who could be my potential guardians if Dumbledore wants to do anything" turning to the two adults who were eyeing him speculatively, Harry bowed his head while waving his wand in a an unobtrusive manner "Mr Granger, Mrs Granger, it is a pleasure to finally meet you, I am Lord Harry James Black-Grindewald-Ravenclaw-Slytherin-Gryffindor-Potter, Master of Magic, Hybrid Mage, Order of Merlin First Class, Boy-Who-Lived, International Confederation of Wizards member and holder of six Wizengamont seats in the British Ministry of Magic, fiancé of Hermione Granger and Chosen One to defeat the Dark Lord" he said in an imperious and aristocratic tone and smirked at Hermione's wide eyes "what? Did you thought that I would go all those years in Diagon Alley and living by myself without studying?"

Hermione gave a small laugh and said "no, I just thought that you managed to pull the wool over Dumbledore's eyes too well"

Harry shrugged and looked at the two adults, Hermione smiled slightly "mum, dad, this is my boyfriend, Harry Potter, remember how I told you about him?"

They nodded warily and Harry scanned their minds, finding out why they were so wary, Harry stated calmly "I am not the type of person to discriminate against Muggleborn's at all, I admire them in fact" he stated calmly.

They looked at Hermione who smiled warmly at Harry "Harry, this is my mother Emily Granger and my father Tom Granger"

Harry looked at her and gave a small laugh, he broke into low chuckles then broke into full laughter, Harry carried on like this for about five minutes before calming down enough to take a breath, wheezing slightly, Harry looked at the disdainful looks Hermione's parents were giving him and the scorn filled look that Hermione was shooting, Harry wiped the tears out of his eyes and said "sorry, when you mentioned the name Tom, it brought back so many fond memories of me taunting an insane Dark Lord to the point of his utter annoyance and frustration, simply memorable, highly amusing to see someone so powerful to froth at the mouth and sputter absolute nonsense"

Hermione cracked a grin "you were busy in the three year separation I see"

Harry shrugged "that is neither here nor there, what matters is I am with you, simple really"

Emily forced a smile and Harry looked at her eyes while penetrating her mind, as she stretched out a hand, Harry looked at it and frowned slightly before shaking his head "I am sorry Mrs Granger, but I cannot accept your hand"

She pulled back her hand, startled, and Mr Granger looked severely pissed, Hermione laid a hand on his knee and said "mum, dad, he has a reason for it, let him explain"

They calmed down and Harry looked at them "see, there is a small ability called Legimancy, it is the ability to look into peoples minds and read surface thoughts and read memories, eye contact is not necessary for reading surface thoughts, I need only be within range, eye contact allows me to go far deeper than just surface thoughts, reading the most recent memories and even some of the darker memories locked away, with my wand, I could have unlimited access to your minds and search around at will, with physical contact, I would most likely live your memories as if I were you should I not actively turn it off, and as I want to keep it active at the moment due to certain... parties present in the room, I cannot shake your hand, maybe when we are alone, we can have a more intimate contact, but that is in the future"

Mr Granger looked at him closely and asked in a neutral tone “what are your intentions with my daughter?”

Harry raised an eyebrow and looked at Hermione who shrugged, Harry looked at him and said “simple really, I plan on making her into something similar to myself through a series of Potions that will alter her genetically, physically, mentally and magically, I then plan to ask her for her hand in marriage and, if she accepts, intend to have a few dozen children which will be provided for and spend the rest of our lives together as mates should”

Mr Granger raised his own eyebrow “mates? You make it seem as if you are not human”

Harry shook his head “far from it, I am not human, I have not been since I was seventeen when Hermione lost her life, I have not been human for nearly a decade”

Mr Granger looked at him closely “and you plan on turning her into something like yourself?”

Harry shrugged “it is up to her really, but I know she wants children and, because I no longer can have children within any other species of the world as my genetics do not allow it, I have to make myself another person of the same species to have children, therefore, she will have a largely elongated life and still be able to have children with myself”

“How long is largely elongated?” Mrs Granger asked curiously.

Harry frowned, doing mental calculations in his head, after coming up with an answer, he smiled slightly “I would have to say anywhere between five hundred and two thousand years old, give or take a few hundred years”

Hermione gaped at him openly “how long was that?” she asked.

Harry grinned “well, seeing as how the Phoenix blood is inside me, I can safely assume that I would have a larger portion of immortality

than I would have had usually, I would have said, without my modifications, that I would have lived to be about three hundred years old, with the total modifications I have made, I would say, without unnatural causes doing me in, I would live to be about one or two thousand years old, thank the Phoenix blood on that, same as with any other people who may manage to duplicate my findings which will not happen as it is a very complex theorem that, quite easily said, is difficult for anyone else, and it is quite permanent as well”

Hermione raised her eyebrow and Harry sighed, “yes Hermione?” he questioned.

Hermione glared at him “you weren’t going to tell me this any time soon were you?”

Harry shrugged his shoulders lightly “I would have thought that you would have figured it out before the end of the year when I planned on getting my phials of Potions ready and mix them for you, besides that, it helps with your mental acuity and stability in the absence of specific sacrificial rituals which damage the soul and corrupt people to the point where you are a carbon copy Voldemort”

Hermione nodded in understanding and, seeing the confused looks on her parents face, explained to them “when you use a sacrificial ritual like Voldemort has done, you sacrifice a part of yourself to achieve what Harry has done in less than one tenth the time and without any serious changes to his physical, mental or magical purity and it will not corrupt him as anything else would have, he took steps by equalising the Dark creatures and Light creatures to become balanced, though why he used the Dementor and Veela blood, I will never know”

Harry smirked wickedly “so I could subdue the opponents easily, there were more female Death Eaters coming in and I had the idea that, since I had the Dementor blood already infused within me and the men were more severely affected than the women were at the Dementor aura, I had to find a way to incapacitate the females which is where seduction of the Veela Charm comes into affect”

Hermione sighed, “I see” she said with a tint of jealousy in her voice.

Harry noticed this and was immediately by her side and holding her in his arms “Hermione, I would always remain faithful to you”

Hermione relaxed into his arms and Harry kissed her cheek softly before looking at Mr and Mrs Granger who were eyeing him apprehensively, he frowned slightly and let go of Hermione “I must leave Hermione, I think that your parents disapprove of me, I do not wish for myself to end up as I did with Professor Dumbledore, I am sorry, truly, I am” he waved his wand quietly and took one last look at Hermione before striding out with an aristocratic grace.

(Scene Break)

Harry filled out his form to remove himself from Hogwarts and finished it off with a quick loop, looking at it closely, he sighed softly and ran his hand over the print to make it magically binding so Dumbledore could not escape it, as he was out of care from any guardians at the moment, it could not be changed and Harry could leave Hogwarts at any time he wished to do so, he looked around the Library and frowned as girls were looking at him with loving eyes, Harry shook it off easily and rubbed the bridge of his nose tiredly as Dumbledore came walking forwards, he looked up again and said politely “hello Professor”

Dumbledore smiled slightly, a glint of knowing and victory in his eyes “Mr Potter, I assume you have heard the news?”

Harry shook his head as he looked at Dumbledore “can’t say I have Professor, please enlighten me”

Harry absently noted that Dumbledore’s eyes narrowed only slightly “well, I am to take you to a hearing concerning your guardianship and housing until you come of age”

Harry frowned slightly, narrowed his eyes at a thought then placed a passive mask on his face “I assume you have also heard my news as well?”

Dumbledore shook his head and Harry smiled “as I am without guardianship both magically and non-magically, I am allowed to make my own decisions, and it just so happens that I have signed a magically binding contract for my withdrawal from Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry should any change in my current living and guardianship situations occur and I was to be transferred to a school of my choice which is non-negotiable, I do think that I have also placed a clause or two concerning my housing and guardianship requirements in another binding contract written and signed in blood and sealed magically, I suppose they may hinder the hearing a fair bit, sometimes the most inconvenient things happen at the most inconvenient of times, won’t you agree Professor?”

Dumbledore nodded with a smile “indeed, that is most inconvenient” Dumbledore sent a Compulsion Charm at him and Harry absorbed it “but I am sure we can forget about it just this once, don’t you agree?”

Harry frowned “I shall have to think about it Professor, if you will excuse me, I am having trouble keeping my anger in check around you and am quite irritated at the moment, and as amusing as it is to chase after you while flinging fireballs at our head, I would prefer to not run the risk of injuring the students, and this is the last day the library is open and I was going to check out a few books for reading”

Dumbledore frowned as Harry packed everything up and tried as a last resort “but Mr Potter, would you not like to live with someone to call family?”

Harry turned around swiftly, a cold gleam in his eyes as he stated coldly “I want no family that knows nothing about me, I want nothing to do with people I know nothing about”

Dumbledore flinched back as Harry started to slowly gain his avian eyes and quickly cast a series of Calming and Cheering Charms at Harry who stepped to the side as the flew at him, slamming into the wall behind him, Harry held up his hand and a dark red fireball appeared in his hand “move away or die” he said in a cold voice.

Dumbledore turned and started to run and Harry gave a vicious smirk as he sent the fireball at the back of his head making him fly the last

ten metres, through the doors and down the hallway before landing on the floor and sliding along the stone for a few seconds before the doors closed, Harry relaxed and smirked inwardly 'I am so getting the hang of this whole Veela transformation thing, even the Veela charm is beginning to fade slowly, I might even be able to use it liberally and have lots more control before I start Veela puberty, that is going to be fun' he thought the last bit sarcastically before turning his attention to the books he wanted to read, he looked at the stack and frowned before copying down the names on a piece of parchment and banishing them back into their places with a flick of the wand in his hand, taking a breath of reverence for peace, he calmly walked out and settled for walking placidly down to the Entrance Hall where he was going to pick up his trunk and go back to the Leaky Cauldron for a good holiday away from barmy old coots, insane Dark Lords, stupid children, arrogant little twits and boy crazy, jealous girls who followed him everywhere.

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Authors Note: Love it? Hate it? Got suggestions?

All Reviews are read and respected.

Sorry for the long update time, I had am having a few troubles with my computer and have to use a friends computer until the virus that I got is wiped from the system.

Maybe I need a new computer.

Anyway, hope you like it, the immortality bit was a joke that I placed in, honestly though, it seems more likely that he has achieved a highly elongated life span, though I have no real idea what is happening with that bit, all I know is that Hermione cannot have children until she has those Potions that Harry made.

Keep on reading!

Seth O. Blade.

Year Two of New Beginnings.

Chapter One:

Playful chances with playful girls.

“When people find, in hearts desire, a love that cannot be denied, they had best hold on, lest that love slip through their fingers”

Personal Quote.

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Harry yawned loudly as he stretched, taking a small amount of time to accustom himself to the feeling in his muscles, he looked at his side where Hermione was laid, her arm over his chest with a pleased smile on her face, Harry brushed some of the hair back behind her ear and smiled softly, taking a few moments to study her face, he looked on her small button nose and her soft red lips, her sharp features that were now accentuated because of the Potions she had taken were making her fill out into her body much more than she was previously, Harry snickered slightly as he saw her eyes flicker from side to side as she moaned softly “Harry...”

Taking great care not to wake her, he slipped out from under her and looked down at his naked body in disdain, shifting back to his actual body with hardened muscles and pale skin, he flexed quietly then slipped into a pair of tight running pants and headed don to make a quick breakfast in the kitchen, he opened the door to see Mr and Mrs Granger preparing coffee for work, they smiled slightly and he bowed his head “Tom, Emily” he greeted neutrally while pulling out his custom wand and Conjuring a mug of coffee and a bowl of grey slop which looked like something just killed.

He sat at the table and looked up at the window, waving his hand as Hedwig arrived with another owl, looking at Hedwig, he held up a treat as he untied the letter, she nipped his ear affectionately and he sighed, taking the Daily Prophet from the owl, Harry paid it and unfurled the paper, he read the headline and raised an eyebrow at some of the articles but disregarded them, setting it aside for now, he

started eating his food quickly with his coffee, when finished, he made it all vanish with a flick of his wand and stood up “I will be gone for the morning exercise, if Hermione awakes before I return, please tell her that I left the Prophet out for her, she may wish to read article five and nine, new revisions on Potions that have been revised”

They nodded and Harry walked out, feeling the sun beat down upon his skin, he fought the urge to hiss loudly and curse enough to make a drunken sailor on shore leave to blush, he stretched his limbs and started his run, many neighbourhood girls who had seen him running, standing on the footpaths to watch him pass, he shook his head when he saw that many of them were (physically) older than he was, he started off with a quick jog, quickly turning into a full powered run as he ran along the cement, his shoes pounding against the floor as he ran to the park at the end of the street.

Taking his position quietly, he settled into a fighting position and held himself there, girls watching him with lustful looks and the boys looking on in envy and jealousy, Harry quickly launched himself into a quick kata, striking at multiple imaginary people and hitting the vital areas and places that caused maximum damage with little effort, taking into stride a flurry of punches, he struck out his hand then bent down quickly to do a spinning handstand kick, fluidly moving down to a low sweeping kick, he shot up with a flurry of kicks and punches that left them all in awe.

Hermione looked on with a smile as she watched Harry, his form was so beautiful that even the masters would have trouble finding anything but beauty in the movements, it was like watching a dance that brought tears to your eyes when watching, when Harry finished, she walked over and tossed him a towel, Harry caught it on reflex and draped it over his shoulders “her Hermione, when did you wake up?” he questioned as sweat beaded down his forehead and chest.

Hermione walked forwards and ran her hand along his muscled chest “Harry, I woke about two minutes after you left the bed, I got lonely and cold”

Harry kissed her lips lightly and asked, “Did you do those exercises I told you about?”

She blushed and shook her head “no Harry” she mumbled softly “I was hoping we could...” she blushed a dark crimson and Harry threw his towel at her head causing her to gag.

Harry shook his head and looked around at the crowd “hmm, seems slightly larger this morning” he muttered to himself then looked at Hermione “get into position, we are going to get you up and ready for training”

Hermione’s eyes widened and she gave a small nod, stripping her dress down to a sports bra and a pair of sports shorts, Harry raised his eyebrow and she shrugged “I always wear them, much more liberating, and plus, you cannot get hauled off for indecent exposure”

Harry shrugged and settled into a defensive position, Hermione raised an eyebrow and Harry snickered “I learnt a few things my love, I learnt a lot” he said smugly.

Hermione shook her head and started walking forwards, Harry shifted his weight backwards and Hermione charged, Harry rolled to the side and dodged her as she charged past him, taking on his offensive position, he fell backwards onto the floor and thrust off with his hands, feet slamming into her gut sending her flying, she grunted in pain and looked up at him “nice hit Harry, but are you sure that was wise?”

Harry raised an eyebrow and smirked as she charged at him, Harry stepped to the side and grabbed her by the shoulders and gave her a kiss on the cheek “we have the Weasley’s today love, I have to go over to see that certain... things happen”

Hermione nodded slowly and elbowed him in the stomach, Harry fell to his knees and Hermione smirked before placing a foot on his shoulder, pushing forwards, he fell to the floor and Harry was looking up with a hint of mirth “you always win” he said in a wheezing voice.

Hermione smirked evilly and placed her foot on his chest, leaning down and smiling at him, she whispered in a mischevious tone “remember our first bet when we started this little game a few years back?”

Harry's cheeks became slightly pink and he looked at the floor before pulling her to the floor and laying on top of her he trailed a kiss up her jaw line and smirked as she relaxed before he shot up like an arrow, pulling her up, Hermione giving a disappointed groan "tease" she muttered sourly.

Harry grinned at her and slapped her butt lightly "I know I am, but you love it like that sweets"

She nodded and hugged him tightly before pushing him to the floor harshly "no cuddles for you tonight" she reprimanded, bent down, grabbed her dress and stomped off.

Harry shook his head and looked at the towel, he smiled slightly and reached down to his wrist where his wand holster was hidden, his custom wand inside, he looked warily at the people who were watching him and he wrapped the towel around his shoulders before bursting off into a full run through the bushes, when he got to a dense part of the bushes, he Apparated with a small, inaudible whisper of wind and appeared in his room at the Leaky Cauldron.

After a long shower and tying his hair back into a ponytail, Harry dressed and headed out to Diagon Alley, looking down at the Holly wand in his hand, he raised it and tapped the bricks to allow him passage, the 'door' opened for him and Harry walked forwards, absently noting the masses of girls swarming the area near Flourish and Blot's, Harry changed into his Veela body and noticed that his hair had a silver streak running through the sides, he brushed the loose strands behind his ears and walked forwards, girls immediately stopped mooning over a picture of Lockheart and snapped their heads towards him, Harry raised a pale grey eyebrow and moved through the masses of women to get his books, noting that the people were all watching him, Harry felt an unnatural urge to show off and bask in the admiration of the women but squashed it mercilessly, moving into the isles, he pulled out all the books for school and set them aside, he looked up as he saw someone standing over him and frowned as he looked up at Draco Malfoy, a boy who he so desperately wanted to paste the floor with "Malfoy" he said coolly.

Malfoy raised his eyebrow "Potter, what happened to you?"

"I started hitting Veela puberty you moron, what did you think it was? Old age?"

"I would have preferred that" Malfoy sneered.

Harry shook his head quietly and muttered "vain ponce"

Picking up the books from the floor, he started to move forwards but was stopped by Malfoy's arm which was stretched out "Potter, I suggest you don't go to Hogwarts this year, something... interesting is going to happen at Hogwarts that you do not want to be a part of"

Harry shifted the books into a neat pile and held his left hand under the books, removing his right hand from the pile, Harry placed his hand on Malfoy's wrist and smiled wickedly before squeezing tightly causing a crunching sound as he shattered the wrist bones, Harry removed his hand to reveal a dark purple, near black, hand print on the wrist, Harry smiled as Malfoy dropped to the floor and said in a conversational tone "I think you fail to realise this Malfoy, but during my Veela puberty, I have a heightened emotional range, anger is increased ten fold as is many other things, but physically, my strength far exceeds any normal human anatomy"

Malfoy whimpered and Harry grabbed his head softly and pushed him aside, Harry made his way to the counter and set the books down quietly, the man, Harvey, behind the counter stared at him and gave a waning smile "is that all Mr Potter?" he questioned.

Harry nodded his head "yes Harvey, that will be all thank you, any more recent books on the subjects I gave you?"

Harvey nodded and pulled out three large leather bound books, Harry looked them over and pulled out a small sack of Galleons and set them on the table "whatever is left, let the books for the young Miss Granger from last year be paid from the remnants, if there is still some left, let the Weasley's use the remnants"

Harvey nodded and wrapped up the books quickly, picking up the two packages, he shrunk them with a tap of his wand and pocketed them quietly, an owl flew in and Harry looked up at its yellow eyes as it held out its leg, Harry, sensing the magic on the letter, disregarded it and walked off without a sound, strolling past a blonde haired girl, Harry entered Madame Malkin's and frowned as he looked around at the First Years all waiting and read, Harry gave a guttural snarl and left the shop, knocking down the blonde haired girl, Harry stumbled and fell forwards, his face slamming into the floor, breaking his nose and cracking his right cheek bone, Harry cursed profusely in twelve different languages before sitting up and looking at his nose with crossed eyes, he growled and placed his hand on it, closing his eyes, he jerked it to the side to straighten it and a cracking sound was heard, Harry gave a slight wince in pain but was otherwise unresponsive, he looked at the girl while drawing his wand, preparing to send a multitude of foul Hexes and Jinxes at the girl before he stopped, looking into the light silvery grey eyes of the girl(is this even right?), was Luna Lovegood.

Luna stared into the emerald green eyes of the person who barged into her and smiled softly and said in her airy voice "hello Harry Potter, or is it something else? I can never tell, though James Evans was a nice name"

Harry stared at her "how did you..."

"It is all very interesting you know, you have the most unusual energy around you"

"Look, whoever you are, I suggest you shut up before I shove a wand so far up..."

"Is that any way to treat a friend?" Luna asked airily.

Harry brow creased slightly "I have no idea what the hell you are talking about or who the hell you are, now, if you don't mind, I am in a hurry, I need to..."

"No you aren't" she said with a confident voice that demanded no reaction, her face slackened from the hard look she had adopted

back to the absent face she usually wore “you can spend time with me, you have enough time before Lockheart and the Weasley’s arrive”

Harry opened his mouth then snapped it shut at her giggle, he thought for a few minutes before saying cautiously “what do you know?”

Luna smiled absently and said with a clairvoyant air “everything, nothing, something, you never can tell, can you?”

Harry gave a snarl, his anger rising to dangerous peaks “tell me what you know” he hissed in a dangerously low tone.

Luna raised her eyebrows “I thought you were my friend, I must be mistaken, it is a shame really, I was hoping you would keep me company with Ginny Weasley”

Harry raised his eyebrows at that ‘this girl was always odd’ he thought to himself ‘but this is odd, even for her, wonder what is with her’, snapping himself from his thoughts, he gave a piercing look at her and penetrated her meagre mental shields, he rummaged around the mesh of mangled memories that flew around haphazardly and found a small girl crying on the floor, holding herself tightly before he head threw itself back and in a husky voice, said “the Chosen shall come, on the day of his twentieth, he shall come back to his fifth to make amends to that which was broken before, he shall come down with knowledge of his twenty to his six and shall rise up, greater and more ferocious than his other, the Chosen is coming”

The girl slumped to the floor and the memory faded, Harry attacked deeper, finding more memories of a young woman with a fat man, he pulled out and looked at her closely “you know about me” he hissed.

Luna, for her part, looked at her nails absently as if one of the most dangerous people on the planet was not pissed off at her “I know many things, see much that others cannot, you do not belong here, I should report you to the proper authorities”

Harry gave a dry laugh “they could not hold me as much as they could control the weather indefinitely”

Luna looked at her nails one more time then picked up her wand from her ear and said “maybe, Legimens”

Harry felt her attack his mind and let her sift through his false memories, she pulled out then rammed straight through the wall that was his false memories and slammed against his shields which stayed strong, she backed out all the way then slammed against the shields that kept strong, pulling out, she smiled at him and said “you got better Harry”

Harry shook his head slightly “there is no way that they would allow you to come back,” he muttered “not insane women like you”

Luna gave a smile “whoever said I came back? I was always here, I am just a little girl”

Harry frowned and looked into her eyes and noticed them shimmer for a bit before returning to their normal distant self “you know Harry, using the blood of your enemy is wrong, especially with all those Rituals done by blood, they can be harmful”

Harry raised an eyebrow “so, you are a Seer then?” he murmured to himself.

She shrugged and stood up, dusted off her robes and picked up her things “maybe yes, maybe no, who can tell these days?”

She turned around and skipped away leaving a very confused Harry Potter behind, contemplating on how best to murder manipulative and arrogant people, shaking his head, he stood and picked up his things and looked at his watch, frowning, he made his way towards the ice cream parlour where he would be able to watch the Weasley’s come in and he could play ignorant, knowing that Percy, Ron and Molly were supposed to watch him, taking a seat, he pulled out his homework and looked through the scrolls of parchment he had written on.

One hour later, Harry heard Molly's voice and packed up his things, pulling out three Galleons, Harry tossed them into the ice cream bowl and left as Floean Fortescue took the bowl with a small smile, drawing up his hood of his dark black robe, he walked quickly forwards, knowing that Molly Weasley would be following behind quickly with Ron and Percy, taking the quickest way possible, he made his way into the shadows of Gringotts where he quickly pulled down his hood, his silver hair glimmering in the darkness, he spun around and saw Percy and Ron both hide away while Molly took Ginny and the twins into the bank, Harry smirked evilly and said to himself "let's see what Longbottom will do with a huge Anaconda as my little pet"

Harry heard a gasp and smirked inwardly 'idiots, they cannot hide as well as they think they can, neither can they act stealthily either' turning around quickly, Harry pulled out his wand quietly and looked around before pulling his hood up and holding his wand to his face, concentrating, Harry murmured softly "Umbra Coelesca" a shadow flew out of his wand and covered his face completely, pocketing his wand, he walked out quietly, his robes being pulled closer to his body as he walked down Knockturn Alley with a few graceful steps, making sure that Percy and Ron could follow behind him.

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Authors note: Love it? Hate it? Got any Suggestions?

All reviews are read and respected.

Sorry about that, my computer crashed and I had to go over to my sisters place to post this, I may have some delay in posting, but I will do my best to keep posting as quickly as possible.

As for my past chapters, my sister is going to be looking through them and fixing them up as best she can, though she really isn't a Harry Potter fan, anyway, here is the new chapter, I hope you like it!

Keep reading!

Seth O. Blade.

Year Two: Chapter Two.

Willing Darkness. Challenging Fights. Boring Professors.

“Darkness is only to be overcome by Light”

Dick Garson: Fields of Lilies.

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Harry quickly walked through Diagon Alley with Percy and Ron following him curiously, Harry smirked at some of the things around and often times had to beat back a few Hags or whoring Witches, he even found a Veela girl down there trying to seduce men before she could run off with their money ‘an interesting way to work your talents he thought in amusement as he walked down to the deepest reaches of Knockturn Alley where even Lucius Malfoy himself feared to walk.

Reaching a small pub called the Dragons Claw, he stepped inside and let his Veela Charm flare to it’s peak which made the waitress, a ragged and inappropriately dressed ten year old to look at him dreamily, Harry gave a frown at that and walked to the man behind the pub, the girl following behind like a lost puppy, stopping at the counter, Harry looked into the mans eyes and hissed dangerously “where is the Werewolf leader Fenrir Greyback?”

The man pointed carelessly to the corner and Harry nodded, walking over, Harry watched as Ron and Percy made their ways to a table close to the group of Werewolves, making his presence known, Harry slammed his fist into the side of one of the Werewolves heads then slammed his head into the chest of one that tried to get up before kicking Fenrir Greyback in the stomach as he stood making him sit back down “I want to talk” he said in a serious tone.

Fenrir looked at him and snarled, “Why should I listen to a Wizard?”

Harry simply drew his wand and hissed in Parseltongue
Ssserpensssortia

A huge black Copperhead snake shot from his wand and he hissed again circle the Werewolf and intimidate him, try not to kill him

The snake circled and probed itself up on its tail, fangs bared, hissing and spitting menacingly, Harry smirked and said in a conversational tone “so, does this mean we can talk Werewolf?”

Fenrir nodded, afraid of what was going to happen, Harry looked at a female Werewolf and kicked her off the chair without much hesitation and took her chair “I am looking for a few things which you are going to help me find, is that understood?”

He nodded fearfully while glancing around in terror, hoping for some help, Harry smirked as the male Werewolf he took down earlier tried to attack and placed his wand on the chin as he was on his knees, one hand planted on the floor and one hand raised in a claw strike, Harry still facing Fenrir “I suggest you lower that hand unless you want your head blown off and plastering the ceiling”

Harry balled up his fist and gave a small punch to where he thought the nose was and heard a sickening crunch, looking at Fenrir, he smirked and said idly “I need some blood from your most powerful Werewolves, a Pensieve and four size ten cauldrons worth of Veritaserum”

Fenrir blinked “that’s an impossible thing to ask, nobody can...”

Harry conjured a silver dagger in his pocket Wandlessly and quickly slashed it out and nicked Fenrir’s forearm making him howl in agony, Harry placed the dagger calmly on the table and said “now, about that order”

Fenrir nodded slowly and said “we will get it for you”

Harry smirked and crossed his arms “well, I will be waiting here, oh, and in case you have second thoughts...” Harry held his hand out to the female Werewolf and she flew to his hand, his fingers curled around her neck and she gave a strangled choke “I will be holding onto this while you gather everything, and yes, I do know that you

savour your kin and would never do anything that makes their lives forfeit to humans or anyone else but your own kind”

Fenrir growled “I will get your things human” he stood and walked out with the other two men following behind quickly.

Harry looked at the woman and tossed her to the small corner seat and watched her cower under his gaze “sit” he barked harshly and she quickly sat in the seat.

Looking around quietly, he frowned as the little girl was kneeling at his side like an obedient little puppy; Harry rubbed her head softly and asked, “What is your name young one?”

She smiled dreamily “Francine Marquis”

Harry looked up at the counter where the man was watching curiously, he looked down at the girl “have you received your Hogwarts letter yet?”

She nodded and pulled it out “but I cannot afford to go” she said in the dreamy tone he was used to girls using when he had flared up his Veela Charm.

Harry took it and looked through the complete set of things then said, “you will come with me, and you are going to Hogwarts”

Harry then turned off his Veela Charm and held the silver dagger as the female Werewolf tried to escape “don’t try it lady, I am far more adept at killing your kind than you are with mine” he said matter-of-factly.

The girl looked pleased for a second then frowned “I don’t want to cause any trouble Mr, I just want to...”

“Nonsense” Harry said harshly “I have too much money and you need an education, you are coming with me, and that is not up for discussion, is that understood?”

She nodded fearfully and the female Werewolf tried to escape but was stopped as the long blade of the dagger slashed at her calf making her fall to the floor “I said to not try it, I am far better at handling these types of situations despite my small build”

The female Werewolf blinked back tears and asked, “Why can’t you just let me leave?”

Harry frowned at her and changed his appearance to someone far older and removed his hood eliciting a silent gasp from Ron and Percy “I am going to pay for your tuition, no arguments, understood?”

She nodded and fell silent, Harry pulled the hood up again and let the disguise fall, taking a look at the Werewolf female, he frowned slightly and sniffed the blood on the floor from his spot, noting the tinge of Potion in her blood, taking a look in her eyes, he noticed a desperate pleading look in her eyes and he snorted with disdain “bloody Mind Controlling Potions” he muttered softly.

Taking out his wand, he flicked it casually at the female Werewolf with a Charm he had found from a few years ago that was used in the Holy Crusade to interrogate prisoners quickly and efficiently by making a flesh wound and removing Potions from the blood before it was healed and another Potion was introduced making an effective torture technique because it felt like every vein was on fire as the system was purged of the Potion, looking at her as her screams reverberated through the pub, Harry gazed around and saw the horrified faces of many people “this never happened, understood?”

The talking increased and was above the screams of the woman as her system was purged, he looked to his side and noted that Percy and Ron were a pale green as they watched him, Harry snickered lightly and the screams stopped as the Werewolf’s system was purged from the Potion, placing his wand under her chin, she looked up defiantly and spat in his face, Harry raised his eyebrow and backhanded her to the floor with ease, he stood up and towered over her whimpering form and gripped her wrists, jerking her up harshly, he pushed her to the wall and hissed in a dangerous tone “I am not someone you wish to mess with, bitch”

She flinched horribly and seemed to shrink down in fear; Harry thrust her into the chair and barked harshly “stay!”

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Two and a half hours later, Fenrir appeared and looked worse for wear, sitting down, he placed the Pensieve on the table with four phials of crimson liquid and four huge canisters of clear liquid, Harry nodded slightly and said with a harsh voice “if I find out you have wronged me, I will make the Dark Lord look like a nice old lady who hands out cookies in her free time”

That made Fenrir nervous and he nodded frantically “y-y-yes sir” he stuttered in fear.

Harry waved his wand quickly and Fenrir was dressed in a pink frilly robe with white polka dots and his hair was dyed a fluorescent pink, Fenrir laughed nervously and said “good one sir”

Harry rolled his eyes, not that they could see his face, and looked at the female Werewolf, taking in her frightened appearance, he frowned slightly and stood up, picking up the ten year old girl with him, setting her onto his waist, he picked up the Pensieve with the contents and shrunk it Wandlessly when he placed it under his robes, stuffing it into his pockets, bowing his head, he turned and left the pub without a word.

Walking along the paths of Knockturn Alley with Francine in his arms, her head on his shoulder, he noticed that the few people who knew who he was, as James Evans, held back those that were thinking him an easier target because of his carrying a child, shrugging off the feeling of being watched, which he knew he was by the entire population of Knockturn Alley and two traitorous little twits, mind you, he was still going to stuff around with their minds, seemingly doing random acts of goodness then going all insane by torturing helpless beings on the street, passing a rapist who was about to take a thirty something looking year old woman, Harry waved his wand absently causing the man to fall down and shriek in agony as a vice like object appeared on his testicles and tightened, Harry then waved his wand again causing a Severing Charm to make one new eunuch in the

world, he snickered at the agonised screams of the man as his sausage and meatballs fell to the floor then he waved his wand once more and placed a simple Compression Charm used to stop paper from flying everywhere on the tender fleshy substance which promptly flattened out into a paper thin representation of what it once was, snickering again, he started walking to the exit of Knockturn Alley.

Coming out of Knockturn Alley, he saw Hermione giving him a look as she passed by and he snickered softly once more, setting the girl on the floor, he handed her a small bag that had a few Charms on it and said "in here is fifty thousand Galleons, that should be enough for you to go to school with, do me a favour though, do not go into Slytherin, I would hate to see you turn out all snobby and secretive"

She nodded and took the bag with a small smile; she looked at him and asked hesitantly "what House are you in?"

Harry smiled and bent down onto one knee and removed his hood, showing his real face "I am in Gryffindor"

She gasped and looked at him with wide eyes, Harry bent close and kissed her cheek softly while sending a small Resistance Charm Wandlessly at her to withstand Dementor effects and Veela Charm, he pulled back and smiled at her blush "now then, you go place some of that into a new vault, if the Goblins in the bank are rude to them, tell them that James Evans will be speaking to them real soon, they will be nice to you then"

She nodded and skipped away with a large and happy smile on her face, Harry stood and removed his cloak quickly, rolling it up, he joined a few buttons and it folded itself into a perfect bag, he sheathed his wand and looked at the huge crowds at Flourish and Blot's, he snickered and looked at Hermione who was coming down with the Weasley's and her parents, Harry walked over and greeted Hermione with a soft kiss on the lips, earning a glare from Ron who suddenly appeared and a small pout from Ginny who was hoping to get close to him, Harry looked at them closely and noticed two things, 1) Ron was still hostile towards him and 2) Ginny had a possessive

aura about her with him, Harry gave a mental shrug and embraced Hermione in his arms “how was your Summer love?”

Hermione let out a small giggle and kissed his lips before saying “it was okay, I got a few visits from someone I care deeply about, and the kiss that you just gave me made me even more happy”

Harry smiled and rubbed her back slightly then broke away at a cough from Mrs Weasley, Hermione had the decency to blush while Harry stared at her unabashedly, Molly squirmed slightly under his piercing green eyes and muttered “we have to get going, books to buy” Harry raised his eyebrow and linked his hand with Hermione’s, smiling at her, he walked to the book store with a goofy look on his face causing Hermione to laugh as they walked to the book store.

Settling himself into a chair, Harry pulled out Salazar Slytherin’s book and flipped to the page on the spell for gutting living beings and making their intestines wrap around their throats to strangle them slowly, he looked at the drawing of a disfigured body of a man who was struggling to remove his own intestines from his neck by trying to rip them off, he snickered at that “Salazar really did have a sadistic mind” he muttered in a dark tone.

Harry felt a pair of hands circle his arms and looked up to see Lockheart beaming at him, Harry frowned and stood up with unnatural grace and gripped an arm calmly and squeezed with moderate strength, crushing the muscles under his hand and making the hand unclench, Harry then batted away the last hand with a swift poke in a nerve cluster on the wrist making Lockheart grimace in pain, had Harry not known that Lockheart was too much of an idiot and a coward, he would have congratulated the great ponce, he snickered at the sight of using the Curse on Lockheart but frowned ‘I might get found out for doing such a thing’ he thought with an insane sense of glee.

Lockheart dragged him to the table where he was signing autographs and Hermione walked into view, Harry looked at her and smiled slightly before ripping his eyes away from her and looking up at Lockheart to see him gazing at her from time to time while all the time addressing the crowd about his acceptance of the Defence job, when

his eyes settled on Hermione and had what Harry knew was a sparkle of lust, he snapped, a towering rage emerged inside him and he immediately held a fireball in his left hand and gave a feral growl as he transformed into the avian body, he gave a shrill screech and Lockheart swiftly turned to him and looked at him in dawning horror, Harry beat his massive wings and Lockheart, along with everyone but Hermione, ran out of the store, Harry chased after Lockheart down the street and threw fireballs at him with a repetitive ease, some singeing the hem of the bright green robes, one flying over his head and one brushing past his left leg 'sadly' he thought with pure anger 'I can't kill him, but I can mutilate him!' he sent another fireball at him and snarled angrily as it missed.

Charging forwards, Harry bared down on him with a malicious glint in his eyes as he threw a great big fireball at Lockheart's head which connected and left the man bald, he stopped and beat his wings in mid air before throwing back his hand like a baseball pitcher and throwing a huge fireball at Lockheart's back which slammed into his back, Harry drew back both hands to throw a pair of them when twenty cracks of Apparation surrounded him and a collective yell of "STUPEFY!" was heard.

Harry let the spells hit, bouncing off of him as he gave a mad howl and threw both of them at Lockheart who was sitting there 'cowering like a... there is no accurate way to actually describe it really' that thought was dominant in Harry's mind as he calmed down, falling to the floor in apparent exhaustion, his breath heavy, he stood up, having fallen on his knees, and walked over to Lockheart, a still flaming ball of fire in his left hand, sinking down closer to Lockheart, he picked the once blonde haired man by the collar of his robes and hissed "never look at my mate like that again, understand?"

Lockheart nodded furiously and the fireball died down, he turned on his heel and walked back to where Hermione was standing, looking at him with a raised eyebrow, closing the last few steps of the distance, Harry encircled Hermione in his arms and nuzzled his head into her neck softly, she wrapped her arms around his waist and whispered "what was that about Harry?"

Harry's eyes glazed over in fury but he contained it quickly "smarmy git looked at you like you were some object" he mumbled softly.

Hermione backed away and, with an evil glint in her eyes, drew her wand quietly and sent a large Transfiguration Charm at Lockheart as he was trying to grow his hair making his robes vanish and, in their place, a pair of frilly white lingerie and his scalp, which had started to grow hair, became completely bald again, his teeth blackened and a few fell out, his nose crooked and his eyebrows huge and very bushy in a very una-brow fashion, Hermione snickered and nuzzled into Harry's chest, savouring the warmth of his arms encircling her, the security and protection of his entire being making her feel loved, stroking his back a few times, she calmed him down enough for him to mumble a "sorry Hermione" and grip her tighter making her feel completely and utterly safe.

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Authors note: Love it? Hate it? Got any Suggestions?

All reviews are read and respected.

I have been reading a few notes from other stories to try and get the Second Year down, for me, this is a very difficult year to write because of so many things, unfortunately, Gilderoy Lockheart had to be a prissy ponce who is so vain and arrogant that it would be a surprise that he managed to get his huge ego down enough to actually become a teacher in Hogwarts.

Some serious Lockheart, Snape, Malfoy, Dumbledore, Ginny and Ron bashing coming up!

Ginny is now officially a manipulative witch (for lack of being able to say expletives) and was promised to Harry as a toy to marry.

Ron is now promised to have Hermione as a gift from Dumbledore to befriend Harry.

Neville is still an arrogant ponce and so far up his ass that he can never see the light of day.

Snape is still a snarky git. Enough said there.

Lockheart. Two words. Severe mutilation.

I have no idea about what to do with Hagrid, I may make him Dumbledore's little scapegoat and such, but I really want to keep him good.

Tell me what you think.

KEEP READING!

Seth O. Blade.

Year Two of New Beginnings:

Chapter Three:

Trains. OUCH! Mommy!

“Care not for others, but indulge yourself in fantastic gluttony”

King Henry V: While he was drunk.

.....

Harry stuffed his trunk into the small shelf above his seat in the cabin and sat down gruffly, pulling out a Dark Arts book written by his Great Grandfather Grindewald, he sighed slightly, looked at the train station where Ron and Ginny were talking with Percy, scanning their minds quickly, Harry scowled and was repulsed with what he found, not only were Ron and Ginny supposed to separate him and Hermione, but were to somehow force an Imperio Potion onto both himself and Hermione to bend to Dumbledore's wishes, Harry, frowning slightly at the news, looked at the book and tossed it angrily at the opposite seat heatedly “I hate Dumbledore” he muttered darkly.

The door opened and Hermione came in, looking at him, she smiled and sat beside him, Harry leaned his head into her lap and sighed as she ran her hand through his hair, a new hobby that Hermione had come up with to calm him down “Harry, what's the matter?”

Harry explained it to her quietly and when he finished, he noticed that the temperature of the cabin had dropped down to a frosty level, magic crackled in the air and Harry simply looked into her blackened eyes and smiled softly “leave it Hermione, we can get them later, besides, Dumbledore will get a series of prankings coming his way quite soon”

Hermione laughed softly and relaxed, leaning down, she kissed him lightly on the lips and sighed as she pulled out her wand and expanded the room to double the size, the seat becoming the size of a double bed, she laid down and Harry circled an arm around her

waist, the other under her head to act as a pillow, he smiled at her with a long and loving look and said softly "hello my betrothed"

"Just because I am your fiancé does not mean that you are allowed to treat me like your House-Elf" she said with a serious tone.

Harry blinked then rolled her around so he had pinned her down on the seat/bed, his hands holding her wrists down, preventing her arms from moving, her body under his entire bodily weight, preventing her escape, she was totally at his mercy, Harry bent down and planted a kiss on her forehead, he trailed down her cheek as the train shoved off from the station, he trailed her jaw line with his lips, softly planting them down with the slightest of touches like a soft feather brushing against her skin "Harry..." she moaned softly.

Harry smiled as he trailed up against the side of her lips, she tried to turn her head to kiss him but was stopped when he pulled back, she resumed her position, Harry bent down and she bucked her head up, kissing his lips deeply, she pulled back with a slight smirk and Harry gave a puppy dog look that made her moan inwardly "Harry, you know I can't stand that look" she whined softly.

Harry pouted, his upper lip trembling violently, Hermione sighed and relaxed letting Harry smirk in victory "Hermione, love, you are under my complete control, you can never escape me" he gave a maniacal and evil sounding laugh before dropping his head down and pressing his lips against hers, kissing her deeply, Hermione parted her lips unconsciously and Harry poked his tongue out experimentally, Hermione's tongue darted out and tangled with his, Harry let go of her wrists and wrapped his arms around her back, pulling her in deeper.

Ten minutes later, they broke apart, not in the least bit fazed as the door was slammed open revealing a very irate Neville Longbottom, a pissed off looking Ron Weasley and his little tart of a sister Ginny Weasley who was looking on in jealousy, Harry raised his eyebrow at them, still on top of Hermione who snuggled into his arms and closed her eyes but kept her wand out and hidden between them "so, the Mudblood and Potty Potter are hoping to make lots of little bush haired freaks are they?" Neville sneered.

Harry raised his eyebrow "well, at least my children will come out looking better than a mentally retarded lard ball with an attitude problem and their heads stuck so far up their asses that they will never see the light of day" Harry said in a cool tone.

Ron gave a feral growl "watch your mouth Potter, I was taught by Dumbledore during the summer while you walked around Knockturn Alley and sat on your lazy ass"

Ginny looked at Harry with a surprised look and he distinctly gave a narrow eyed glare at her then sneered at two of the five stooges (Malfoy, Snape, Dumbledore, Lockheart, Ron and Neville) "I think you would never know how to wave your wand even if it was stuck up your ass and you were under the Imperius and told to do the Flamenco"

Hermione burst out laughing at that and, at the confused looks of the three Purebloods, said with barely contained laughter "it is a very fast dance made to use the hips a lot"

Harry sniggered at their confused looks and waved his wand quickly causing Ginny to start dancing the Flamenco, Ron and Neville glowered at him and dragged a still dancing Ginny away, Harry sniggered and lay back down "Harry, what was that Curse? It wasn't the Imperius was it?" Hermione scolded lightly.

Harry shook his head and turned his back to her "nah, I used a variation of the Imperio that was redesigned to have a continual use and would only be removed with a Counter-Curse which only I know, funny little thing is that it will read, not as an Unforgivable, but as a random variety of certain... spells used in the bedroom"

Hermione blushed furiously and asked hesitantly "how do you those spells Harry?"

Harry smirked "I went through your old Witch Weekly magazines and even the more selective magazines you had hidden under your bed, what was it again? Playwitch Monthly?"

Hermione reddened to a dark crimson that far surpassed the famous Weasley hair, she mumbled something but it was inaudible, Harry quirked an eyebrow and asked in a mocking polite tone “what was that dear?”

Hermione looked up and said quickly “I was practicing those spells so I could use them on our wedding night”

Harry quirked his eyebrows again, slightly confused (hey, he is still a guy at heart, totally clueless), Hermione gave an exasperated sigh “I said ‘I was practicing those spells so I could use them on our wedding night’” she mumbled darkly.

Harry sniggered and pulled her closer to him “I could care less about what spells you use, I prefer the good old wholesome Muggle way to things” he said with a brilliant smile making her blush.

Harry smiled at her and lost himself in thought, thinking about Lockheart and his attack:

Flashback:

Harry separated from Hermione and looked at the Auror’s who were looking at him in astonishment, Harry frowned slightly as they raised their wands from their shocked state and levelled them at him “state your name and what you are” said the lead Auror.

Harry raised his eyebrow and buried his head into Hermione’s chest, Hermione ran her hands through his hair and said aloud “his name is Harry Potter and he is a male Veela, Lockheart insulted me, his Life Mate, and he reacted as any Veela would, attacking the threat to his other half”

The Auror’s stared at him and he peeked up from his spot and gave a dark glare at them “so what?” he snapped out as he stood, baring down on them “I am a Veela, I have a sexual aura, big deal, now, are you going to do anything or be the insipid morons you always are and stare at me like I am gods gift to the earth?”

Twenty wands levelled at him and the Head Auror stated calmly "you are coming with us Mr Potter"

Harry clenched his fist, magic crackling along the surface of his fist, begging to escape "no, I don't think I will" he growled out in a gravelly tone.

Just as the Auror's made to attack, three people appeared with a crack right between them, one of them being Dumbledore, another being Fudge, Harry raised his eyebrow and relaxed as he looked at the third member, a tall and lanky man who had a Ministry symbol on his arm "STOP THIS AT ONCE!" Dumbledore roared making everyone (besides Harry and Hermione) flinch.

Harry looked at him closely and muttered "show-off"

Dumbledore turned to him and said, "you must keep your anger under control Mr Potter, and we cannot have you attacking everyone you..."

Harry waved his wand deftly causing Dumbledore to continue speaking without sound, Harry turned back to Hermione and smiled softly "hey love, I will meet you back at your parents house okay? I have to go with these nice Ministry gentlemen and register as a Veela"

Hermione nodded with a smile and kissed his lips softly "okay Harry, come back safe will you?"

Harry kissed her and smiled "sure thing babe"

She slapped his arm and snarled, "you know I hate those types of names"

Harry sniggered and walked over to Fudge with a nod and looked at the other man and said "Care and Control of Magical Creatures Department? My, aren't I special? Oh well, let's go"

Harry gripped his arm and they vanished with a crack leaving Dumbledore with Hermione and Fudge along with twenty stunned

Auror's and a petrified puddle that was formerly known as Gilderoy Lockheart.

End Flashback

Harry cuddled closer to Hermione and fell asleep in her arms, enjoying her soothing presence and calming nature.

(One Hour later)

The door slammed open and Harry looked up to see Neville, Ron and Percy standing there, Percy looked at them both and scowled "Potter, did you use the Imperius on my sister?"

Harry wiped the sleep out of his eyes tiredly with a balled fist and yawned loudly, stretching his arms, he slipped away from Hermione and walked to the door, pushing Percy and Neville outside, he scowled as Ron made to go inside and grabbed him by the collar of his robes and threw him out, stepping out himself, Harry closed the door and waved his wand at the door causing a shimmering shield to appear over it, turning to the three idiots behind him, Harry sighed "and why would you think I used the Imperius Curse?"

Percy frowned and asked quickly "what is the incantation for the Imperius?"

"Imperio" Harry answered automatically.

Percy waved his wand at Harry and he was bound in thick steel ropes and his wand fell to the floor, Ron picked it up and held it in his hands with a white knuckled hold "I will have you put in Azkaban for this Potter" Ron scowled.

Harry shook his head and twisted his arms slightly, dislocating his left shoulder and slipping out of the ropes, snapping his hand out, he gripped the wand and stuffed it into his pocket, looking at them closely, knowing that there was fear in their eyes, he sneered callously and hissed "you have no proof that I cast the Imperius Curse"

Neville sneered and brought out his wand before calling out “Accio Harry Potter’s wand”

His Holly wand flew from his pocket and Neville caught it quickly, taking it into his hands, he snapped it quickly before Harry could do anything and Percy sent a Body-Binding Curse at him, Harry dove to the floor and rolled as a Stunner flew at him, rocketing out from his position, he gripped Percy’s and Neville’s wands and tossed them behind his shoulders, Ron shakily raised his wand and Harry quickly poked a nerve cluster in Ron’s wrist making the defective wand fall to the floor, Harry placed his foot on it and rolled it behind him as Neville made to grab it and tilted his head to the side as Percy made to punch him “you won’t win” Harry said conversationally.

Taking Ron’s fist as it was aimed at his head, he snapped the wrist quickly and kneed Neville in the gut before spinning around and kicking Percy in the head, dropping him to the floor, Harry bent down and picked up the broken pieces of his wand and frowned before removing the feather and tossing the wood shards to the floor, making sure nobody was watching, Harry Wandlessly summoned the wands and pocketed them, looking at Neville, he kicked him in the ribs as he attempted to get up and said in an icy tone “never do that again or I will make what I did to Lockheart look like a merciful act” looking at them one last time, he sniffed and turned back to the cabin and walked into the cabin, his phoenix feather still in hand from his wand.

.....

Walking quickly over to McGonagall in the Great Hall, he looked at Neville, Ron and Percy who were hurriedly making their way over to her, smirking, he turned to McGonagall and said “Professor, Mistery Longbottom, Weasley, Weasley and Miss Weasley attacked me while I was in my cabin with my fiancé, Miss Granger, and we were enjoying some peaceful time together and they verbally assaulted us, I had told them to leave but they declined, instead attempting to enrage me and my mate, after one of them made a comment about Miss Granger’s heritage, I used a Curse on Miss Weasley who was the one with the raised wand, they made further attempts about an

hour later by accusing me of using the Imperius Curse, this done by..."

"LIES!" Percy roared loudly.

Harry sighed and continued "Percy Weasley accused me of using the Imperius Curse and..."

"ALL LIES!" Percy roared again while moving closer "he used the Imperius Curse on my sister and was the first to insult Mr Longbottom, my brother and my sister"

Harry shook his head "anyway," Harry continued under the inquisitive gaze of McGonagall "they attacked me about an hour later, Mr Percival Weasley using an Incarcerous Charm on me and took my wand, I managed to escape and took my wand back, Mr Longbottom used a Summoning Charm on my wand and snapped it, I was then privy to having three wands in my face, I removed the wands and tossed them behind me, Ronald Weasley then attempted to use his wand but I disabled him by attacking his wrist making him drop his wand, I then removed the wand from Mr Longbottom as he made to use it, I then was attacked by all three students and I proceeded to... calm them down using alternate means"

McGonagall frowned "alternate means, Mr Potter?"

Harry grinned in the faces of the three crimson faced students "I attacked, in defence I assure you, and incapacitated them, I then picked up my broken wand and removed the core, discarding the casing as it was no use, and picked up the three wands used by Mr Longbottom and the two Weasley's present"

McGonagall was about to demand that the three say their parts when Dumbledore came walking over "good evening Mr Potter, lovely evening isn't it?" he questioned.

Harry rolled his eyes and said "yeah, because if I am proven right, I have legal right to snap three wands and a fourth if things come out right, yes, quite a pleasant evening indeed"

Dumbledore looked at him curiously and probed his mind, transferring the entire scene to the front of his mind as he thought about it, he knew Dumbledore would either expel the four of them or go against him and suspend him in which Harry could take the Prophecy as quick as possible and replace it with something stupid "I see" Dumbledore stated calmly, turning to Neville and the other three, he said "I am afraid I will have to side with Mr Potter on this, I am also afraid that Mr Potter has a right to snap your wands or place a punishment of his choice upon you"

Harry pulled out the three wands and looked them over, noting the anxious looks on the four faces, he handed them back and said "my punishment is this, they will be stripped of all official titles and be disallowed to any House team like Quidditch for their remainder of schooling here at Hogwarts, furthermore, they may not be awarded any titles such as Prefect or Head Boy, may not enter any other house teams and will serve one months detention with Mr Filch and another month of detention with Professor Snape, after that, if they have not said a sincere apology, I say they have one hundred points from their respective houses" the Professors and the three people gape at him.

"Each," Harry continued smugly "and they receive a further three months of detention to be equally split with the Gamekeeper and Keeper of Keys, Rubeus Hagrid, Professor Snape and Mr Filch, the Caretaker, and they must do all detentions without their wands or any magic, they have to do it Muggle style"

Neville, Percy and Ron sputtered indignantly and Harry smugly looked at Dumbledore who nodded his ascent "that is an acceptable punishment, Mr Weasley, your Prefect badge if you will"

Percy scowled darkly and handed over the badge to Dumbledore then stomped off angrily, Harry smugly turned to the two remaining children who were glaring at him with fury and rage blazing in their eyes, Harry smirked in an arrogant manner and said "you had best go along little kiddies, children need their food"

They scowled and stormed off while Harry just rocked back and forth on the balls of his feet “Mr Potter, isn’t that punishment a little harsh?” Dumbledore asked slowly.

Harry shook his head and waved his hand in an absent manner “nah, they deserve it, and I will accept their apologies when and if they are sincere”

“And how will you know that they are sincere?” Dumbledore asked curiously.

Harry sighed “I am a Veela, I can sense emotions, things like sincerity and anger are the easiest to acknowledge and will know when it is false”

Dumbledore frowned and walked off without another word, Harry looked at McGonagall and held up the Phoenix feather “I need to go into the Forbidden Forest, I need your permission, give it to me” he said in a monotone voice devoid of emotion.

McGonagall frowned “you may go with Hagrid when he has the time”

Harry shook his head “need to leave tonight on the Full Moon, much more potent to pick out ingredients for the wand, besides, it is not that incredibly hard to make, I examined the wand making process and found it quite easy and to my tastes”

McGonagall gave an impatient look “you may leave tonight, I will get Hagrid to escort you there”

Harry bowed at his hips stiffly and McGonagall walked away quickly into the Great Hall.

.....

Harry looked at Hagrid as they passed through the bushes, cuts flecking their skin, Harry’s healing quicker than Hagrid’s but still slow enough, passing Hagrid a phial of silvery liquid, Harry smiled “Phoenix tears, helps heal the wounds and clears any poison in your system”

Hagrid took it and placed it into his coat, looking at Harry he smiled widely “yah seem tah have enough brains, why d’ yeh need me ter help yah ou’?”

Harry shrugged “McGonagall wanted me to go with you, I am quite fine going by myself, but she is worried about my safety”

Hagrid smiled widely again “good woman, that Professor McGonagall”

Harry nodded and bent down to pick up a black branch, testing it out, he gave a few experimental swings and tossed it aside with a snort, moving forwards, he came to a large tree he knew that Aragog resided in, Hagrid placed his huge hand on Harry’s shoulder and said “Harry, yeh can’ go in there”

Harry sighed and said stubbornly “I can go in there if I need to”

Hagrid frowned “are yeh sure yeh need ta go in there?”

Harry shrugged “can’t hurt can it?”

Making his way forwards, he came to see Aragog clicking his pincers angrily, Harry waved the feather quietly causing a calming sensation to flow through the lair in the form of a deep Phoenix song, making his way forwards, Harry picked up bits of wood and looked around then started collecting the small bits of Acromantula webbing, smirking, he held an empty phial under Aragog and drained it quickly.

Corking the phial when it was filled, he held it up to the light and sighed softly before shrinking it and stuffing it into his pockets, walking out, he waved the feather quickly causing a small blinding light to erupt from the entire thing causing the spiders to scatter away quickly, Harry smirked “sometimes, passive magic is way better than aggressive magic, so useful”

Looking at Hagrid, he started guiding him towards the castle once more, shuddering slightly as a wave of coldness washed over him,

making him wonder if he should have used more Heating Charms on himself.

.....

Authors note: Love it? Hate it? Got any Suggestions?

All reviews are read and respected.

Okay, now then, I know this seems a little rushed, but that is because I have no books to work from, but anyway, besides that, I was planning on more flashbacks next chapter, sort of a recap into the past life he had, maybe looking into the history of how Harry became so powerful, I know, it's not original, but in every Time Travel fiction, Harry is either Uber powerful, Uber knowledgeable or just plain full of angst or depression, and as Harry is not super powerful like other stories, just powerful, and knowledgeable in certain areas, does not mean he is knowledgeable in others, I will be delving deeper into this, but, yeah, don't knock it quite so much, I am trying.

As to some errors with spelling and grammar, I don't actually speak English as a native language; I was raised in Germany, unfortunately for me, anyway, hope you guys like this chapter, I wanted so badly to make Neville do the Tango with his wand shoved right up there, but hey, we can't have everything, now can we?

Hope you like and keep reading.

Seth O. Blade.

Year Two:

Chapter Four:

Dumb Professors. Slutty redheads.

“Though shalt not commit adultery”

One of the Lord God’s Commandments: The Holy Bible (New Genesis)

.....

(Warning: Coming scene is full of graphic violence, please enjoy.)

Harry sat down for lunch, looking at his timetable, smirking about his first ever lesson with Lockheart, oh yes, Harry was going to really enjoy this, checking his new wand made from the magical Weeping Willow that was made from Aragog’s lair, he waved it slightly causing gold and black sparks to erupt from his wand tip, smirking evilly, Harry grabbed a few sausages and walked out happily, one hanging from the side of his mouth as he walked, a stupid grin on his face and evil plots forming in his mind.

Pushing his way into the classroom, Harry spotted Lockheart grinning at all the girls lovingly, snarling angrily, Harry sat down in front and smirked when he noticed Lockheart pale, the Charms that Hermione and himself had placed on Lockheart having faded and his smarmy good looks had once again been restored, noticing the cage, Harry waved his wand silently letting the draped cloth fall to the floor as a blast of wind issued through the newly opened window, Harry gave a demonically insane grin and waved his wand again causing the window to slam shut as Lockheart made to close it, Harry waved his wand again causing Lockheart to slide along the floor and his feet to rise over his head as he fell backwards, falling flat on his back with a sickening crunch as his head connected to the stone floor, the girls in the classroom besides Hermione who was sniggering, gave loud gasps and rushed over to see if he was alright “I am quite fine ladies, I was merely checking to see if you were all alert and ready for any situation that may have presented itself”

Harry cast a glare at Lockheart and waved his wand causing the floor to frost over as a wave of water washed over the floor and chilled into ice with a cold blast of air, waving his wand again, Harry watched as Lockheart span around as he slammed into the wall, his forearm snapping in two places earning a girly shriek of pain, Harry waved his wand again causing Lockheart to spin around madly as he came sailing towards the desks, Harry smirked and flicked his wand causing the arrogant git to fly into the air and slam into the wall with a sickening crunch as a few ribs were broken, Harry frowned slightly as Lockheart was still conscious, flicking his wand again, he was thrown across the room and slammed head first into the opposite wall before falling on his ass to the floor with a dizzy look on his face, waving again, Lockheart was immediately slammed into the ceiling head first and another sickening crunch was heard, waving his wand one more time, Lockheart fell to the floor on his legs causing a leg to shatter and one to snap and be bent awkwardly, Harry wiped his wand quickly and looked on innocently as Hermione glared at him “Harry, what did you do?” she asked scathingly.

Harry blinked and said in an innocent tone “I did nothing Hermione, honestly”

Hermione looked at him sceptically “honest, I didn’t do anything, there is a curse on the position, didn’t you know that?”

She looks at him with a scathing glare but drops the subject and looks at Lockheart before pulling out her own wand and flicking it causing little mice Transfigured from pieces of parchment that scampered up his robes causing the dizzied man to squeal like a girl and bat his robes helplessly in fear, Harry cast her a glare “so my sweet, I thought you were against such tormenting”

Hermione shook her head with a vicious gleam in her eyes that made Harry shudder subconsciously “no Harry, I want to make him suffer for the way he looked at me, I am going to make the git squirm and paranoid before the month is out”

Harry grimaced and made a mental note to never piss his fiancé off ever, grimacing slightly once more as Lockheart’s knee gave a small

crunching sound as it connected to a desk while he tried to escape from the office, Harry gazed at Hermione who looked him in the eyes and smirked before handing her wand to him to be erased, Harry took it and quickly erased the spells on the wand, making sure that only the base spells that were done during the end of year exams, he handed the wand back and wiped his wand quickly before performing a few Transfiguration Charms that were studied previously, smirking at Hermione, he whispered softly “how long do you think it will go on before Lockheart resigns or is forced out when everyone finds out he is a fraud?”

“I would say about two months, maybe less, all I know is that today’s lesson was the most informative lesson besides the Unforgivable lessons we had in Fourth Year,” she whispered just as softly back.

Harry grinned at her and whispered “but what about Sixth Year? That was informative, Snape was reasonably good despite his onslaught of being a total prick and a moron”

Hermione sniggered and looked at the class as they crowded Lockheart, laughing as he beat himself mercilessly as the mice escaped from the robes and scampered off quickly “five Galleons that Mrs Norris has one of them in her teeth before dinner”

Hermione smirked slightly “five Galleons says she has one during dinner”

Harry looked at Lockheart’s beaten form where a small trickle of blood was trailing down his forehead “two Galleons says he faints because of his blood, two Galleons more says someone has to tell him”

Hermione frowned then smirked “two Galleons says he pisses his robes when he finds the blood and two on Neville fainting as he points it out”

Harry watched the scene with Hermione, both hoping they are right when Lavender points out “sir, you are bleeding, on your forehead sir”

Hermione grumbles and hands over two Galleons, Lockheart wipes his brow, looks at it, squeals and faints while pissing his robes, Harry and Hermione look at each other and Hermione says “tie, we can’t split that”

Harry raises his eyebrow and she looks at him with a victorious smirk “spoilt little princess” Harry mumbles darkly.

Hermione nods happily and says “and don’t you forget it Mr Potter”

Harry grins lopsidedly “why would I? I do most of the spoiling”

Hermione smirks evilly and pats his hand softly “and you do a good job as well love, now why don’t you go back to torturing the mean Professor?”

Harry gave a dramatic sigh and flicked his wand carelessly causing Lockheart to go flying into the blackboard leaving a large body sized crack as Lockheart slid to the floor, he looked at Hermione and brought his hand down carelessly causing Lockheart to fly to the wall and Lockheart’s wrist to snap, Harry looked at Hermione with a loving expression on his face as he twirled it causing Lockheart to spin around rapidly in a circular blur, he suddenly jabbed it into the air and Lockheart’s entire body slammed into the ceiling, giving a dramatic twirl of his wrist and flicking his wand, Lockheart slammed head first into the oak door with a loud crunch or wood being split “I think you hurt the door Harry” Hermione said idly while polishing her nails on her robes.

Harry gave a small, noncommittal shrug “I was hoping to do more damage to his head with that last one, oh well”

Hermione looked at her nails and blew on them lightly “I guess there is no more classes for today, want to unleash the Cornish pixies on the school?”

Harry gave a nondescript wave of his wand and the cage burst open and the pixies flew around the room as Harry and Hermione packed quietly to leave the classroom, looking at the chaos that was spewing around the room, they both smiled and laced their hands together,

and, with a small kiss, they walked past the mutilated remains of one thick headed Professor who was simply too dumb to fall into unconsciousness.

(End violent scene, hope you enjoyed it as much as I did.)

(Scene Break)

Knowing that you have Quidditch practice first thing in the morning and knowing what can happen during a training session is one thing, but watching something else happen was another thing entirely, Harry found this out at dawn this morning and he was absolutely pissed that Dumbledore had the gall to question his place on the Quidditch team to Neville bloody Longbottom's skills which were abysmal at best.

Begin Flashback

Harry trudged out into the light and flinched slightly at the glare in his eyes, concentrating on the light, his eyes adjusted quickly and he set off towards the Quidditch pitch with his Nimbus 2000 in hand, stopping for a few seconds when he saw Neville and Dumbledore standing with McGonagall and the team, steeling himself, he went forwards and stopped besides Oliver Wood "ahh, Mr Potter, I was just talking to Mr Wood about your replacement with Mr Longbottom, he seems to have much better skills and a much better broom" Dumbledore states with a twinkle in his eyes.

Harry grins slightly and says in a borderline evil tone "Seekers duel, now"

Neville gulped pathetically and Harry grinned again "so, Longbottom can't pay up on his own bark can he?" he taunted in a babies voice.

Neville turned red and roared "I CAN BEAT YOU ANY TIME, ANY PLACE!"

Harry looked at the ball box and waved his hand "we have the balls, we have the brooms, we have the players, we have people to judge the winner, I say we do it right now"

Neville paled this time and started sputtering as Harry went to the box and opened it up, taking out the Beaters bats and the Quaffle, smirking insanely, Harry removed the Snitch and held it in his right hand "I say we get full game situations up and running, what do you say Longbottom?"

Neville paled a little more "a-a-a-afraid to fight your own battles, e-eh Potter?" he stuttered.

Harry gave a shake of his head "nah, I just happen to have much less bodily weight than you do and much less bodily mass than you do"

"I AM NOT FAT!" Neville roared loudly.

Harry waved his hand absently as if dismissing the idea "yes you are, you are the fattest Second Year in the school, hell, you can't even block a simple spell without falling on your ass"

Ron appeared from behind the stands and charged up to Harry, fist drawn back to punch him, Harry simply stepped aside as Ron made to hit him and let Ron fall over his foot making him stumble along the pitch, as Ron steadied himself, he spun and charged again, Harry stepped aside but this time held his arm out, letting Ron slam into his arm sending him ass over head as he slammed into the pitch "idiot" Harry muttered.

"Mr Potter, detention and thirty points from Gryffindor for attacking a student and your Quidditch position revoked" Dumbledore said calmly.

Harry waited for the outraged cries to subside from the team before Harry said "I am afraid that you will find, if you looked past the things you want to see, I was defending myself against bodily harm and gave him ample chance to stop himself from hurting himself, I simply held out my arm as well, he was the one who charged me, so all punishments are null and void"

Dumbledore flushed slightly and said, "I am afraid my punishment stands Mr Potter, you had retaliated and that is enough for punishment"

Harry rolled his eyes and looked at Neville's broom, a Nimbus 2001.

Harry shook his head sadly "you know, once you get on that broom, we can safely say that you will be the worst player on the team, you forgot what you did in First Year, you great lump"

Neville flushed in embarrassment as the Quidditch team laughed at him "THAT WAS LAST YEAR!" he roared.

Harry gave a slight flinch and said "I was just remembering, that was a pretty nasty fall you had, I would have thought you would have learnt your lesson that day"

Neville smirked and turned to Dumbledore "I think I want to show him how good I am on a broom" he quickly straddled his broom and Harry noticed Dumbledore wave his wand slightly at Neville, Harry frowned slightly as he looked at Dumbledore then to Neville who was smirking.

Harry straddled his own broom and let the Snitch go "first to catch the Snitch will win the match"

Neville shot after the Snitch and Harry shook his head sadly "what an idiot" he muttered to himself.

Climbing onto his broom, he lazily flew to the other side of the pitch and watched as Neville tried to frantically find the Snitch that hovered not three feet away from him, flying over casually, he snatched it out of the air and flew back while Neville, who had not seen him catch the Snitch, looked around in frantic fervour, landing besides McGonagall and Dumbledore, he calmly extended his hand and showed the Snitch in between his fingers, beating its wings frantically, Dumbledore gave him a glare and said in a warm tone that was laced with magic and power "don't you think it is wise to let Mr Longbottom to take the Seeker position Mr Potter? Allow others to play perhaps, maybe find some hidden talent"

Harry gave a mental groan while outwardly keeping an emotionless mask "I think that some other people would be far more skilful than that fat pig of a flying turd that thinks he can use a broom, I am of the

professional calibre, Neville fucking Longbottom is a Squib idiot with less brains than a lemming, in fact, I think he is a lemming seeing as how he constantly tries to get on my nerves and has had a death wish since we met”

Dumbledore frowned slightly “Mr Potter, such language is not...”

“Ahh, shove it up your ass you old goat, I hold this position for a reason, I am good, far better than anyone you can put on the field in Gryffindor House, the fact that I have the fastest broom on the market and the fact that my skills at grabbing the Snitch far outclasses that little turd who is still looking for the Snitch,” Harry spun around to look at Neville as he searched the air with desperate eyes “and he is clearly not as observant to his surroundings as a Seeker should be, and he lacks the mental capacity to do anything but bark and growl like a toothless dog”

Dumbledore gave him an icy glare but it was quickly covered with a smile and a twinkle before Dumbledore spun on his heel slowly and walked off leaving Harry behind with a smug look on his face as he watched Neville search for the Snitch.

End Flashback

Looking back, Harry could not help but wonder if Neville ever did find out that he had caught the Snitch, also, he wondered what Dumbledore was going to do about the increasingly violent attacks against him, rolling his eyes at Ginny as she sauntered over in a would be seductive manner, he looked at Hermione pleadingly and she shook her head, sniggering at his misfortune, Ginny sat down next to him and removed her cloak to reveal a slutty looking ensemble that made her look like a Veela, Harry glared at Hermione and mouthed ‘I will get you back for this woman’ before turning to Ginny “hey, what can I do you for?” he asked casually.

Ginny blushed in a sweet manner and cuddled up close to him, she rested her head on his shoulder and smiled smugly at Hermione “I just want to talk” she murmured.

Harry felt her feel out his muscles and he quickly softened them with his Metamorphmagus abilities, looking at her closely, he scanned her mind and came up with a disturbing memory.

(Memory Sequence)

Dumbledore sat down on his high backed chair and gazed at Ron and Ginny intently “what have you got on Potter that I can use against him?”

Ron shifted uncomfortably “Potter does not speak to me like you said he would, there must be something wrong with your spells and Potions, nothing works”

Ginny shifted slightly “I-I-I could... well...”

“Spit it out girl” Dumbledore barked irritably.

Ginny quailed in fear, as did Ron “well, I could... well... I could seduce him, but I...” she trailed off at that and remained quiet.

“But what Miss Weasley?” Dumbledore asked with anger lacing his words.

Ginny shifted slightly and looked at Dumbledore “I want a marriage contract with Potter, I want you to give him to me as a gift” she said with a look that meant that, if you were to disagree, you had better run.

Dumbledore raised his fingers to his temples and rubbed them deeply into the skin “fine, you get him to ally with me and you will get your contract”

Ginny rubbed her hands together and said “set it up now, if you don’t set it up now, you don’t get my help, you don’t get my help, you don’t get Potter”

Dumbledore scowled darkly at her “and who are you to think that you can order me around? I could force you to seduce him and get him into bed while I gain his favour”

Ginny paled slightly and said with finality “write up the contract now or you don’t get Potter”

Dumbledore waved his wand a golden parchment appeared “sign this and you have one year to get ready to marry Potter”

Ginny frowned and looked it over before nodding and signing the parchment, Dumbledore waved his wand and it vanished with a flash of light, Ron shifted a look at Ginny before looking at Dumbledore “what about Potter’s money that you promised me? And his magical power, you said that you were siphoning it off yet I am still no more powerful than I was when I first got here”

Dumbledore looked at him with a dark glare then said with a slightly clipped tone “Potter’s money is somehow blocked, as for his magical power, there are some difficulties with the blocks I placed on him, rest assured though, you will get your payment if you manage to befriend Potter”

Ron stood up and slapped his hands onto the desk with anger rolling off him in waves “I am a nineteenth generation Pureblood, I should be rolling in money and command an unparalleled power to those Mudblood scum, and you promised me the Mudblood Granger as a prize, to do with as I pleased, you still have not payed up anything, my family has barely enough money to buy our things let alone afford to come here, we only manage to get here because you pay the fees! I should have more money than that Half-Blood cretin Potter!”

Ginny blinked while Dumbledore looked pleased “I assure you, Potter’s money will be given to you soon, as for Potter’s magic, we cannot give it to you, it is Veela magic and...”

“What the hell does that matter?” Ron said angrily.

Dumbledore sighed and looked at him closely “you would become a Veela yourself without the transformations when angered, you would have to endure pain while your body changes to suit your new magic”

Ron smiled evilly “does that mean I can upstage perfect Potter?”

Dumbledore nodded “in a way, I suppose you could say yes, but...”

“Do it!” Ron barked with glee.

Dumbledore nodded with a serene smile “I shall make a locket for you to siphon his magic from him into you as soon as possible, he need only wear it”

Ron nodded and stood up “Headmaster” he bowed his head and strode out.

Ginny looked at Dumbledore closely and fidgeted “listen girl, I have been making plans for the perfect warrior for close to a hundred years, I made sure that certain families got together and some died so that I could make my goals complete, you had better seduce him and get him to ally with me or I will be sure that your life here is hard”

Ginny nodded “as long as I get to have Potter, I don’t care, I also want more money, if I am to seduce him, I need new clothes so I can come off as seductive”

Dumbledore nodded slowly “I shall get you more money to buy some clothes, you had better live up to your end of the bargain girl, if not...” he left the sentence unsaid, leaving it to her to fill the blank spaces.

Ginny shivered slightly “as long as I have Potter, you have your pawn”

She stood up and bowed her head before walking out quickly; Harry heard a muttered “you had better be right girl” from Dumbledore as the door closed.

(End Memory Sequence)

Harry pulled out and sniffed the air for traces of Potion like Ginny had used back in her Fifth Year to try and get him to bed her, it was a high calibre Love Potion that only Dumbledore, himself, Hermione, Snape and Voldemort himself could brew, kissing her lightly on the cheek, he pulled back and stood up “sorry Ginny, I am not interested at the

moment” he murmured while his blood seared like a roaring fire as it countered the effects of the Potion.

When the Potion effects faded, he gazed at her with a blank look while he communicated mentally with Hermione ‘Hermione, what do you think I should do? You saw the memory right?’

‘Yes Harry’ came the reply from Hermione who was looking at her homework with a troubled look on her face ‘I say you string her along, get whatever information you can from her then toss her aside’

Harry gave a mental frown while he examined Ginny with his blank face ‘Hermione, you know as well as I do that Dumbledore can forge a magical marriage because he is Head of the Wizengamot and the Weasley’s have obviously given her permission to state a marriage contract with me otherwise it would not work, I am an orphan and legally, I can only bicker about the outcome and hope for the best’

Hermione gave a mental laugh at him in sympathy ‘Harry, Dumbledore knows you are the Lord Gryffindor right? He may want to take that title by having Ginny seduce you then get her to ask you to hand over the title of Lord Gryffindor over to you once you die if you have no heirs, he will also probably place an Infertility Curse on Ginny to assure that you have no heirs to the titles and it can go to his family line’

Harry gave a visible frown and thought back irritably ‘I know that it won’t affect you, we made sure that nothing would jeopardize your having children, we fixed up several defences to stop something like that from happening after we witnessed what that asshole in the Department of Mysteries did to you, we made sure that you would be able to heal your body as well, but I would not put it up to Dumbledore to find a way around it, look up Ancient Curses for breeding and population control, do not let Dumbledore or any portraits or Professors see you’

Hermione gave a mental nod and Harry looked at Ginny with a small glimmer of love in his eyes as he pictured her to be Hermione “why do you want me Ginny?”

Ginny gave a mental squeal that made Harry mentally wince with Hermione, mentally shaking his head, he sat down and looked at her closely, placing a finger on her cheek, he removed the Potion, courtesy of a few minor Cleaning Charms that would have seemed like his magic was reacting to her body “Ginny” he breathed before leaning in to kiss her lips softly.

He ran his tongue along her lips and she opened up her mouth to kiss him while Harry raided her mind thanks to the physical connection, he found that Neville and Ron were inducted into the Order of the Phoenix and Ginny was going to be inducted this summer but it was decided against it until she married Harry so she could force him to join, Harry gave nothing away as he pulled away and stood up “Ginny” he replied in a curt tone before vanishing up the steps.

Harry flopped onto his bed and stared at the brown wood above him forming the top of the four-poster bed ‘Hermione, this is going to drive me nuts, did you see what I saw?’

‘Yes Harry, I saw it, I can’t believe that I trusted her and thought of her as my sister before, I am going to mutilate her face!’ she replied angrily.

Harry sighed deeply, taking a few breaths, he gave a small grin and made a comment ‘I wonder what would happen if I help Ginny to become smart enough to be in Third Year by next school year, should prove to be a laugh with Ron being a year below her and you can actively keep a track on her’

Harry winced at the screeching in his head and waited ‘Harry! That is ingenious! Not only does it help keep watch on her, we can spy on Dumbledore as well!’

Harry smirked and closed the link after a small ‘I know, I am brilliant’ and closed his eyes for sleep.

(Scene Break)

Strolling the halls on Halloween was not a good idea in Harry’s opinion, especially this year, looking down at the letter in his hand, he

sighed softly, Harry had sent a letter to Flamel concerning his stone which was locked in a sealed iron box within his trunk under multiple Wards, Charms and Enchantments that were layered and easy to construct but, should anyone have tried to take one thread down without the proper knowledge of the casting, then the spells would slam down like a Tetris game with dozens of blocks slamming into place making it impossible to open again, not even Voldemort, himself, Dumbledore and the Flamel's all together would be able to get through that mesh of magic if it was opened without Harry doing it willingly and with the right spoken password /rip, tear, kill, I sssmell blood!/ came the dreaded voice of the Basilisk.

Turning the corner, he saw not Ginny, but Francine holding the diary with the Basilisk by her side /Massster, there iss a human clossse to usss/

Harry shook his head slightly /kill the one who is near usss/ came the cold Parseltoung voice from Francine's mouth.

Harry quickly ran down the hall and avoided the Basilisk as it gave silent chase, Harry quickly made his way down through hidden passages, a frown on his face as he passed through a minute secret passage and smirked as he heard the Basilisk try to get in but fail miserably, making his way through the passage, he frowned slightly at the turn of events "how could Ginny be replaced by Francine?" he muttered questioningly to himself.

Going through the series of events, he noticed that he had inadvertently changed history, although Harry had only broken a few bones in Draco's arms and had given Francine a way to learn magic, Harry banged his head against the wall for being such a charity case, the factors were there!

Francine was the deciding factor!

Harry berated himself silently "what an idiot!" Harry muttered darkly.

Moving towards the Great Hall, he silently noted that Francine was walking back through the doors to the feast, Harry looked at her with

a longing look, knowing that he had to protect her, he brought her to Hogwarts, he paid for her to come, she is HIS responsibility!

Muttering about Horcrux and insane Dark Lords who are bent on world domination, Harry followed in a Third Year Slytherin and a Fifth Year Ravenclaw, noting that Francine was watching them very carefully, Harry played cool and casual and sat beside Hermione and murmured in her ear "Francine, the girl I met in Knockturn Alley, she is the vessel for the Horcrux"

Hermione looked at him closely then looked out the corner of her eyes to see Francine gazing at them intently from down the table, nodding her judgement, frowned and gave a grim nod "I think you should keep things as normal as possible to what we had before"

Harry frowned "that means that..."

Hermione gave another grim nod "yeah, I have to get petrified again"

Harry sighed wearily and shook his head "this is going to be a long year" he muttered in a dark voice, Hermione silently agreeing to his statement.

Looking up at the Head Table, Harry noted that Dumbledore was looking at Francine with a, if you asked him, disturbing twinkle in his eyes, Harry looked at Francine carefully and sighed "I have to place adoption papers in for Francine, Dumbledore is getting suspicious of who I spend time with"

Hermione looked at him with amusement "as I said back with the D.A. year, you are a hero and a people saving complex"

Harry chuckled dryly "maybe, I just happen to have a better morality than other people"

Hermione looked at him with a stone eyed glare "Harry, it is going to get you killed one day, I know you want to help people and at the moment, you cannot honestly say that we have the upper hand in the situation, at the moment, we are not in the majority and need to pick

our places wisely, same goes for the battles we are going to face, you need to be aware of what you are fighting”

Harry glared at her icily “I got along fine by myself for a decade thank you very much Hermione, I don’t need someone to mother me”

“That’s the thing Harry, I think you do, you are almost fanatical about this, you and I hardly ever talk, we don’t get enough time together and you are becoming more secluded, your spending more and more time learning from those books I told you not to read from” she hissed at him.

Harry sat up straight and dignified like the Pureblood he was and looked at her with an arched eyebrow “I am perfectly capable of looking after myself Granger” he hissed menacingly causing tears to spill from her eyes.

“You’ve changed Harry, and not for the better, I thought it was just some sort of act or illusion, but I now know I was wrong” she sobbed softly.

Harry looked at her and his eyes hardened and narrowed down to slits “I am not different Granger, I changed for the better, not for the worse, you need to learn your place when dealing with me, I am not one to be played with”

Tears spilled from her eyes and she fled the Great Hall, crying to herself, Harry relaxed his muscles and sighed deeply ‘sorry Hermione, this is better for you in the long run, I just hope you can forgive me for my actions’ sighing deeply once more, he stood up and left the Great Hall with his heavy cloak gliding along the ground as he walked.

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Authors Note: Love it? Hate it? Got suggestions?

All reviews are respected.

Well, another chapter up and ready, some of the people who have E-Mailed me are telling me to kill off Ginny, well guess what?

SHE STAYS! MUWAHAHAHA!

Anyway, this chapter is going to bring in a new side of Harry that we are all going to hate.

I am going to be keeping with the whole Harry/Hermione partnership, but I am thinking of adding another person into the mix to spice things up because many people have E-Mailed me to add Francine as his secret child lover (rolls eyes) and some have even suggested Luna, so here are the possibilities:

Luna Lovegood

Ginny Weasley

Francine Marquis

Pansy Parkinson(this was suggested most enthusiastically)

Susan Bones

Hanna Abbot

Katie Bell

Lavender Brown

O/C (not decided)

I know some of them are quite reasonable, but it is all up to you, E-mail your vote.

Hope you like the chapter.

Keep reading!

Seth O. Blade.

Year Two:

Chapter Five:

Apologies.

“Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned and heaven hath no protection of the men who are scorned”

Unknown

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Harry looked at his watch impatiently as he tapped his foot on the floor, after Sir Nicholas and Justin had fallen to the Basilisk, it was only a matter of time, looking back to his argument with Hermione because he pushed her away, Harry had been shunned by everyone in the castle because of his speaking Parseltoung during the Duelling Club in the Great Hall, Harry was simply agitated and would snap at anyone who spoke to him for elongated periods of time, Hermione was getting scarce and stayed well away from him and everyone else, Ron had tried to swoop in for the friendship that he needed from him to complete the little mission from Dumbledore but was promptly thrown into the lake and ended up with a nice red mark from landing on his stomach five meters up in the air, Ginny had swooped in as well but Harry played the love sick puppy he was supposed to and agreed to the marriage contract but said he wanted an all Muggle wedding with no magical connections, Dumbledore had been hesitant but agreed to the condition, Harry had also managed to breach Dumbledore's mind while he was relaxing his shields and found the plans on his supposed fate, when his engagement was called to the Great Hall, Hermione had fled from the Great Hall and Harry had kept up his mask of loving only Ginny but inside his heart had shattered at causing her this pain, he only needed to make his way into the Burrow to see who was trustworthy and who to avoid, so far, only Fred and George were loyal to him.

Harry grimaced slightly as the time came to three o'clock, this was the time when Hermione was supposed to be back from her holidays, looking around as the train came into the station, he watched

Hermione step out with Ernie McMillan on her arm, Harry frowned and walked up quickly causing them to freeze “what do you want Potter?” Hermione hissed menacingly.

Harry gripped her wrist and said in a dark tone “follow me Granger, now”

Hermione looked at Ernie pleadingly and he stepped up to him and raised his wand in front of Harry’s face “Potter, let go of my girlfriend right now”

Harry’s face gave a flicker of rage but was otherwise impassive “piss off McMillan, I have important business to discuss and you are not privy to this kind of information”

Ernie made to strike him but Harry simply pushed him in the chest making him fall to the floor “let it go Ernie, this is not for little children to know”

Hermione glared at him and punched his jaw with a right hook that caused him to bite his tongue and blood to splatter out of his mouth “I don’t want to go anywhere near you Potter, now let me go!”

Harry held her tight and pried her arm from Ernie’s grasp and carried her unwillingly into the Forbidden Forest “shut up Granger” Harry hissed “you would do well to stop moving or you will only make this even more difficult for yourself”

Hermione slammed her fists into his back and Harry winced but kept going as she slammed her fists into his head and every part of his body she could reach “why are you doing this Potter?” she yelled loudly.

Harry passed through the borders of the forest, not speaking; Hermione relaxed and decided to conserve her energy for later.

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Setting Hermione down in the small clearing, he Warded it quietly and looked at her closely “Granger... Hermione...” he whispered softly.

“You have no right to call me by my given name Potter, not after what you called me, not after what you did to me” she said angrily.

Harry nodded his head sadly “I know love, god, I wish I could take it back, but you needed to be pushed away, I...”

“I don’t care what you did Potter, I will never trust you again, you hear me? Never!”

“I know, but I wanted to apologise to you” he said sadly and shifted uncomfortably.

Hermione scowled “and what plausible reason would you have to call me a Mudblood and ridicule me at every turn?” she asked in a hurt tone laced with anger.

Harry shifted then looked at her eyes and dropped all his mental shields “Hermione, I love you with all my heart, I had steered the conversation on Halloween to an argument so I could do something important”

He felt Hermione scan his mind and did not slam up his shields, he actually brought down even more of his defences to allow her to sift through his memories “I did this out of love for you Hermione” he whispered and opened up their link and fed the memories of his investigations to Hermione.

(Memory Sequence)

Dumbledore paced the floor of his office and scowled “how can I gain control of Hogwarts? I know the Potter line is a descendant of Gryffindor, but I don’t know how direct, I know the Weasley’s are indirect descendants of Hufflepuff, Voldemort is Slytherin, Ravenclaw is unknown, damn them, I want Hogwarts!”

Pacing the room again, he schemed “I can always use the Potter spawn that the arrogant idiot James and the Mudblood bitch Lily gave birth to, I just need to position them into Voldemort’s waiting hands

and have them get killed off, they did say that if all of the Potters were to be killed, then everything would go to the Order”

(Memory Change)

Dumbledore smirked as he looked at the marriage contract that Harry had just signed, Harry and Ginny left the office hand in hand, a distinctive glitter of something in Harry’s eyes “good, that little Half-Blood cretin will finally die and I will own Hogwarts, all I need is to find out how to kill him without coming back to me after he makes his will and I will finally be able to rid myself of this silly grandfather act and mould the Wizarding World how I want it to be”

Dumbledore paced and looked at the portrait to the side where Ginny was walking away without Harry, he frowned slightly and looked at the door where Harry was standing “so, you thought to spy on me did you boy? Obliviate!”

Harry’s eyes glimmered slightly and he reached down to pick up his wand from the floor “bye sir, talk to you later”

(Memory Change)

Ginny stroked his hair slightly and looked at him closely “Harry, what do you think of me?”

Harry opened his eyes from her lap and looked into her eyes “why do you ask?”

Ginny frowned “I know the Love Potion isn’t working, every time I try to apply it to you, I feel magic sear across my skin, and you don’t have that glazed over look people usually do when they have a system full of Love Potion, neither do you have that lustful look in your eyes when you look at me, how do you do it?”

Harry looked at her closely and frowned “what makes you think a Love Potion won’t work on me?”

“I am using one on you and you aren’t a lost little puppy following me around” Ginny said softly.

Harry looked at her “and what is it to you if I was immune to such Potions? What if I told you that my mind is fortified enough to barricade myself against the effects?”

Ginny looked at him closely “you never had any feelings for me, did you?”

Harry sat up and crossed his arms, looking into the fire, he sighed slightly then took a deep breath at the fading fire and blew out hard causing a small jet of flames to flow from his mouth and make the fire roar to life again, Ginny jumped and backed away “how did you do that?” she asked in a scared tone.

Harry lifted his right hand from his side where he had kept it for safeties sake and muttered “Pepper-breath Charm”

Ginny looked at him cautiously before Harry grumbled and waved his wand at her with a vicious jab at the end causing Ginny to jump, Harry smirked then said “I activated the charm, now, take a deep breath within your gut, hold it and think of fire then exhale with a quick blast”

Ginny did as she was told and was surprised when a jet of fire escaped her mouth; she rubbed her throat lightly and croaked, “How can you stand it? It hurts my throat”

Harry sniggered “I made the spell and tested it” he lied, actually, it was a spell that Hermione had made during the war because when people lost their wands, most of them were defenceless.

Ginny nodded and continued rubbing her throat “you still haven’t answered my question” she croaked again.

Harry sighed and rubbed his wand between his hands before clasping the handle in both hands and rubbing the wand between his hands as if his hands were cold, a small glow appeared at the tip and faded when Harry stopped “no, I never really loved you”

Ginny nodded slowly “but why did you...”

“Go along with the Potion induced euphoria even if it did not work?”

Ginny nodded to the question “well, I knew you were spying on me for Dumbledore just as is your brother, but I found you only wanted me for me later on”

Ginny looked at him, abashed that he was so perceptive “what are you going to do to me now?” she questioned softly, a streak of fear running through her.

Harry smiled idly “I want you to help me, I want you to help be my spy on Dumbledore”

Ginny’s eyes widened largely to the point where they were as wide as dinner plates (think Anime here guys) and whispered “but he will know, he always does”

Harry nodded and smiled “if you receive training from me, you will be able to help, and maybe, just maybe, you will be able to become my friend, maybe more if my fiancé Hermione will take me back and allow you to be a part of our friendly little family”

Ginny broke down into tears and sobbed on his shoulder, dampening his robes and leaving Harry smirking slightly and thinking ‘I have won this time again Dumbledore, Harry Potter-58, Dumbledore-2’

(End Memory Sequence)

Hermione blinked in shock at him, hardly believing what she had seen “impossible” she whispered.

Harry shook his head “I had to have Dumbledore think you and I were separated and I needed a viable spy within his ranks, for that to work, you needed to be...”

“Unaware of what you were doing” Hermione finished for him, noticing his voice trailing off.

“Yeah,” Harry muttered “you have no real acting skills and you can’t lie even if I tried to force you with a spell”

Hermione ‘humphed’ at him then gave a long and drawn out sigh “Harry, what about those things you said to me? Calling me a Mudblood and other such names”

Harry grimaced darkly “Dumbledore’s idea of a joke, he wanted absolute control over me so used a few dozen Compulsion Charms and a complex Potion called Mentalis Ibillio, a Dark Potion used to bind a person to another persons way of thinking with the help of blood and magic, he planned to create a Dark Blood Ward around my magical core and suppress everything about me making me a subservient little tool”

Hermione gave a small intake of breath, normally, she would not have been surprised about thing concerning Dumbledore, but this was insane, Blood Warding people has been outlawed since before Merlin, she voiced this and Harry nodded “yeah, I figured as much, see, I think Dumbledore thinks I don’t know that his Blood Ward is tied to him, I already have one deep within me, restraining my magic, ever wondered why I can’t conjure a sword or transfigure a goat into a weapon? The Blood Ward restricts me from doing any seriously harmful magic like that, I can do other things, spells that Dumbledore does not know, spells that are harmless to a point, things that would restrict me from killing outright, I am working on it though”

Hermione felt rage bubble up but stopped as she noticed Harry’s little smirk “I did manage to move the Magic siphon away to someone else though”

Hermione frowned “who did you give it to?”

Harry gave a feral grin and twiddled his thumbs “you are never going to believe me when I say it Hermione”

“Just tell me Harry!” she said in an exasperated tone.

Harry gave another feral grin and said in a tone full of mirth "Dumbledore is siphoning his own magic to Ron and he does not know about it"

Hermione looked at him for a few seconds before bursting into laughter, Harry followed with a few chuckles of his own and said "imagine what Dumbledore would say if he found out about the treachery that I have done, the traitorous acts, oh woe is me, I think I also redirected a few Emotional Controlling Potions towards Neville who took them all from the second dosage that Dumbledore tried to give me"

Hermione's eyes widened in complete shock "you mean to say that Dumbledore is using illegal means to control you?"

Harry rolled his eyes "yes Hermione, I do think that was what I implied"

"Why do you let him do all of this?" Hermione questioned.

Harry looked at her and raised his eyebrows in surprise "well, the more he tries to control me, the more he builds up charges upon himself, the more he builds up the charges, the more control I have over him later on, it was Fifth Year where everything changed, that was where the vital piece slammed down that helped Voldemort come to power, it was Fifth Year where the pieces fell into place forming a barricade to failure"

Hermione looked at him concernedly "but you have so much power and knowledge now and..."

"And Dumbledore has political backing and enough clout to have me in Ministry courts for the next thirty years" Harry said angrily, his temper flaring as a small ring of black flames arced out and scorched the small clearing into a black circle of ash, calming down, he looked at her and said in an icy tone "Dumbledore can expel you from Hogwarts for some crooked up reason, have me incarcerated for running away and take custody of me because I am without a guardian"

Hermione flinched at his tone, knowing why he was so angry “Harry, listen to me, I understand that you have problems with Dumbledore,” Harry made to interrupt but Hermione stopped him with a pointed look “and I know that you have to do certain things to ensure that Dumbledore doesn’t hinder your progress”

Harry sighed and lowered his head “Hermione, there are things that I am supposed to do which border on mass homicide, some of the things I am going to do would be considered evil, I have to insure that Lucius Malfoy cannot move very well after I kill the Basilisk, I have to kill Barty Crouch Snr and his loathsome little Death Eater son, I have to kill Karkaroff, I have to kill that dirty little Death Eater wannabe Krum who murdered your family” Hermione stiffened at that.

Harry moved forwards and held her in his arms, her relaxing in his embrace, letting Harry continue “I have to kill Umbridge and Skeeter just after they join Voldemort before the Department of Mysteries episode, Fudge has to be killed during the whole thing lest he place those bloody restrictions up before Rufus appears as Minister, Rufus has to die simply because he is a moron, Draco dies in Sixth Year along with Snape, Slughorn can live, but I need to bribe him most profoundly, Dumbledore will die very soon, maybe at the end of Fourth Year, Cho will die at my hands on Fourth Year, Susan Bones, if I can’t keep her from the Death Eaters, will be killed most brutally for what she did, Ron, I was just planning on killing the annoying prick for the fun of it, Neville can die later on and last but not least, I will make Voldemort suffer a very painful and messy death”

Hermione shivered against him because of the bitterness “Harry, why are you so bent on revenge?”

Harry pushed her back and looked down into her eyes “Hermione, if you look closely at the events, some people cannot be changed, with Cedric, if he dies, Voldemort is born, at least this way, I can control the outcome, I can perform Magicus Ignatus on Cedric just before we touch the Portkey”

“Magicus Ignatus?” Hermione questioned in a curious tone.

Harry nodded slightly, looked around then waved his new Willow wand (AN: Harry's wand was snapped and repaired with another type of wood with the original core for those who don't know) to set up a Silencing Ward, looking at her closely, he smiled "it is a spell that was used during the Crusades by the Wizards back then, it utilises a nullifying effect to contain abnormal magical energies and destroy them, the spell was classified as a Grade A Black Arts Curse by the Ministry three hundred years ago and anyone caught using that particular spell under any circumstances would have every single Auror in the Ministry breathing down their necks within thirty seconds of casting the spell"

Hermione looked at him with a sad look in her eyes "guess we can do this together then"

Harry looked at her "you forgive me?" he questioned hopefully.

Hermione looked at him like he was insane "you idiot, of course I forgive you, you are my fiancé and we knew this would strain our relationship, we knew that some arguments were going to happen and some things needed to be done in order to stop things, even the arguments which may force us to break up momentarily"

Harry gave her a peck on cheek and smiled at her warmly "so love, lets get moving back to Hogwarts"

Hermione nodded and clasped his neck to let him carry her back, changing into his regal looking Unicorn body, he knelt down as she laid on his back, holding his neck and closing her eyes to sleep, Harry nuzzled her hair warmly, gave a small snort as he pulled away and charged through the forest with thoughts of the future running through his mind.

(Scene Break)

Taking a close look at Francine, he noticed that she was pale and withdrawn, it seemed as if she had no friends and was alone, walking over to her and flopping down, he wrapped his arm around her shoulder and drew her close to him while looking at the fire, holding her down as she tried to escape "shhh, just relax and enjoy the

moment” he said with a rare warmth he never showed anyone but Hermione.

Francine looked at his eyes and he looked at her with a neutral expression but his eyes were warm and inviting, she nodded and relaxed into his shoulder, snuggling close to him “Harry, I have something to say, I...”

“Hey Harry!” Ron called out “D’ya wanna play some chess?”

Harry grumbled irritably and said in a loud and sarcastic tone “yeah Ron, I am just going to move over there just because you want to play a game while I am with my friend”

“Okay, come over then!” Ron said loudly.

Harry to roll his eyes and cuddled Francine closer to him in a brotherly and protective manner “the art of sarcasm is lost on him” he muttered irritably causing Francine to laugh.

Hermione walked over with a book and sat beside Harry and laid her head on his other shoulder, smiling at him, Hermione opened her book and started to read, startling Ron who was watching him, Harry kissed Hermione on the forehead and leaned back holding two of the top five most beautiful girls in the Gryffindor Common Room, Lavender, Ginny and Tonks being the other three “Harry” Ron called out again “come play chess with me!”

Harry rolled his eyes “go fuck a goat you butt monkey, and don’t call me Harry you inbred ponce, only my real friends can call me that”

Ron turned an ugly shade of red and quickly walked forwards and pushed both Francine and Hermione to the floor with his wand out and waving in front of his face, foam spouting from his mouth, Harry stood up and towered over Ron making him sneer “I challenge you to a Wizards Duel!” he said loudly.

Harry rolled his eyes and whipped out his Willow wand and flicked it wordlessly causing Ron to fly through the air and slam into the wall near where exit to the Common Room was opening to Dumbledore

and McGonagall, Harry flicked his wand again causing Ron to fly at him, Harry stepped to the side and stuck out his fist letting Ron slam into his fist gut first “challenge accepted” Harry said frostily.

Harry looked at the two girls then gave Ron a kick in the ribs “that is for hurting my fiancé” Harry kicked him in the ribs again and sneered “that is for hurting my sister” Harry gave one last kick and said “that is for demanding things of me when I have no reason to do anything for you”

Harry walked over to the two girls and sneered at Ron one last time before setting them both on the couch again “butt clown” Harry muttered causing Hermione to giggle at the insinuation.

Dumbledore stood over Harry with a leering gaze “Mr Potter, for what reason have you to injure Mr Weasley?”

Harry looked at Dumbledore and said in an angry tone “Weasley injured my fiancé and my sister”

Dumbledore gazed at him with a placid look “I doubt Mr Weasley would injure his sister and you have no family Mr Potter”

Harry gave a vicious glare “I think you are mistaken Headmaster, I am getting married to Hermione Granger, not Ginny Weasley, Francine Marquis is my adoptive sister, therefore, she is my family” Francine gave a small sob as she wiped away tears of joy.

Dumbledore looked at him with a hard look in his eyes and said in a placid tone that Harry knew he had played the right tactic “Mr Potter, what are you saying? That you and Miss Weasley are not getting married?”

Harry nodded with a finality “indeed, I have set up a magical marriage contract with the Grangers, I have had one with them for nearly two years, we are getting married in the summer and I will marry my fiancé who I want to marry, Hermione Granger, who will assume the title of Lady Potter”

Dumbledore's beard twitched with a small smile "but you would need your parents, a guardians or the Head of family Potter and Miss Granger's parents acceptance for your marriage which you have neither, also, you need the stamp of magic and of blood from both children"

Harry smirked as he held up his hand, showing the Head Potter family ring which glittered in the light "I was emancipated well over five years ago Dumbledore, as such, I have the ability to lord over my current family and make such decisions, as such, I am marrying Hermione Granger and not Ginny Weasley"

Dumbledore smiled openly "ahh, but you have signed the marriage contract between yourself and Miss Weasley which nullifies your previous contract"

"I never left a magical or blood stamp or my seal as Head of family Potter" smirking at the draining colour in Dumbledore's face, Harry hit the final nail in the head "besides that, I have sealed the deal because I went through the trials as Head Potter the year before I came here to Hogwarts, also, I do believe I have a full contingent of Goblin lawyers that will state, and I quote: 'the marriage between Ginerva Molly Weasley and Harry James Potter may be broken off at any time as the Head of Potter desires, this withstanding, such does the Head of Weasley family have the rights to nullify said marriage contract', also, this was also done as a Muggle contract, so I was not bound to follow it as I would have been should I have done a magical contract"

Dumbledore's eyes widened slightly and Harry felt the shields fade in the anger and he quickly passed into it undetected and saw a few things, plans were forming and most involved Dumbledore trying to take control of him, shaking his head as he pulled out discretely, knowing his presence went unnoticed, he waited for Dumbledore to explode "Mr Potter, why did you attack Mr Weasley? He has been nothing but nice to you"

Harry lifted his hand where his wand was still held and levelled it at Ron, not looking at him, Harry said "that little goat fuck decided to challenge me to a Wizards Duel, I am challenging him to a full

Pureblood duel, as Head of Potter family, I can declare such things as is my family right on my honour and pride as a Potter”

Dumbledore shuddered slightly in rage and Harry knew he was close “very well Mr Potter, but I do hope this does not entail killing”

Harry, who knew the Pureblood laws, having studied them about four years back, smirked evilly “but Mr Weasley challenged me to a Wizards Duel which entails me to exact my vengeance on that upstart”

Dumbledore sighed wearily, going for the noble Gryffindor Grandfather image, too bad for him, Harry was Slytherin enough to see through the façade “Mr Potter, I do not think killing is feasible in such situations, can you think of another way to do this?”

Harry gave a malicious grin “I can, but it is as equally brutal and wholly barbaric, it might just be a good little price to pay to see who will win”

Dumbledore’s eyes twinkled slightly “and what is this little act might I ask?”

Harry looked to Hermione ‘Hermione, I am going to suggest slavery, do you agree to this?’ she gave a nod and Harry looked at Dumbledore “whoever wins has the loser as his slave for the rest of their natural life, all possessions and monetary values become the winners as stated by Pureblood Duelling and slavery laws in the 1032 Declaration of Majority”

Dumbledore turned sheet white as did Ron and a few others “surely you don’t mean...” Dumbledore started.

Harry nodded and said “indeed I do, an official Wizards duel can only be won four ways as payment as loss, one, the loss of life during the duel, a life of slavery to the winner and conferring all worldly possessions and money to the winner, giving up the magic inside of ones self and dooming the person who lost to the life of a Muggle or ritual suicide”

Ron looked even whiter and was pleading with Dumbledore, Dumbledore shook his head sadly "Mr Potter, you do realise that Duelling has been outlawed and..."

"I cannot be charged with any such infraction, duels being accepted cannot be held accountable to the accepting party, this was written just fifty years ago by yourself Headmaster"

Dumbledore turned to Ron "I am sorry Mr Weasley, but Mr Potter is right, I am sorry to say that you will have to duel Mr Potter in a full Wizards duel"

Ron turned to Harry and said in a malicious voice "I choose Dumbledore as my second"

Harry raised his eyebrow "there are no seconds you fool, that is for second rate flashy games, this is a Pureblood Duel, no seconds, no extras, just you, me, our wands, and spells flying quickly, oh, and if I win, I get to play with your little sister as my little slave"

Ron went from white to purple in a matter of seconds, Harry, wanting to be an insensitive prick, grinned "oh, I forgot to mention that as well, you have to wager, in the place of a male against a male, a female family member of breeding quality and good stock to the other person, as Hermione is my significant other, she is also up for grabs"

'Harry!' Hermione practically screeched into his mind 'how could you do this to me?'

Harry gave a grimace 'I am doing it because I know I will win even if Dumbledore tries to react, and besides, this has to be held privately'

Hermione seemed to think before smirking and walking to Harry and squeezed his bum through his robes, kissing his lips making Ron grow a darker shade of purple that would have made Vernon envious... if he were still alive "I am going to make you pay Potter"

Harry shrugged and started plotting how exactly to kill Ron.

(Scene Break)

Valentines Day was the same as before except for one thing, classes were cancelled and everyone was excited about the duel, Harry, who was sitting in the small chamber where he went during the Triwizard Tournament with the other Champions “Harry, remember not to...”

“I know Hermione, don’t show Dumbledore how much damage I can really do, use Transfiguration, Banishing and Summoning Charms, Explosion Curses and Cutting Hexes, try not to get hit and try not to get killed”

Hermione kissed him heavily “good boy”

Harry nodded slowly and gave her a pat on the bum as he walked out earning him a smile, Harry looked at the small stage where Dumbledore and other duelling officials were standing, mostly looking sceptical about the match before they brightened on seeing him, Harry gave a stiff bow and shrugged off his robe showing tight black denim jeans that showed his rippling muscles and a black silk muscle shirt showing off his ripped upper body, smirking at their wide eyes and Ron’s pale face, Harry stepped up onto the stage and drew his Willow wand from his side, Ron drew his wand with a shall shaking fear “ready to lose everything Potter?”

Harry shrugged and looked at Dumbledore who raised his wand with the other officials “no holds barred Pureblood Duelling rules, anything goes, are you both ready?” asked Dumbledore with a grave smile.

Harry and Ron bowed and Harry let his arm drop to his side, Ron looked at him with wide eyes as the wands shot off all around them signalling the beginning of the duel “Expelliarmus!” Ron cried.

Harry waved his wand and batted the Curse away into the wall before flicking his wand with a whispered “Reducto”

The Curse shot towards Ron who stepped aside, Harry smirked and held his wand in the direct middle so he could start linking spells together in a continuous stream, waving it to the side, he started

casting Charms to humiliate and destroy Ron's pride and spirit, his feet switched around and his robes became transparent, his hair turned pink and he lost control of his bladder and bowels letting loose a horrid stench "Merlin Weasley, can't you hold in your control during a duel to the death?" Harry taunted mockingly.

Ron went red in rage and started roaring spells with Harry just casting Shielding Charms as Ron attacked in anger "seriously Weasley, is this how you protect your little sister? I know I am going to enjoy ravishing her body tonight, such a delectable little body as well, I might just have to take her sweet tasting body to my bed and use her body however I want"

Ron went purple and started attacking with even more fury, making mistakes now and then in his footing which Harry could have capitalised on "AVADA KEDAVRA!" Ron roared out.

Harry stepped aside and glared at Ron freezing him in his tracks "so, the boy wants to play like a man does he? Resorting to the Dark Arts against me in hopes to win right? Well, let me just say this, Fractus, Fillipendo, Incendius, Racta, Klukaan, Diffindo, Flarra Noitus"

The Bone Shattering Curse slammed into the shield that Ron had hastily thrown up, the Fillipendo and Incineration Curses destroyed the shields quickly, the Lightning Curse slammed into Ron making him shriek in agony, the Crushing Hex slammed into his right leg causing a bloody stump as the result, the Cutting Charm severed the tendons in left knee and the last Curse he used, a Fire Branding Charm used to brand animals, slammed into his chest causing a large lightning bolt to carve itself into his chest leaving the boy to whimper in agony as he laid on the floor, Harry walked forwards with his wand and batted away a weak spell sent by Ron who was becoming pale with blood loss, Harry stopped as he stood over him and said "I claim your life as you have agreed, I also claim your sister as my prize, Diffindo"

The Charm sliced through Ron's arteries and he started bleeding everywhere, Harry gazed into Ron's eyes as he slowly died and leaned down to whisper "you and I could have been friends if you weren't so bent on being the best, I am sorry Ron"

Ron's eyes went wide as Harry stood up and watched the slowly dying boy who seemed to now resign and accept his death "I am sorry Harry" Ron whispered during his last few breaths "take care of my sister please" the light died in his eyes and Harry shed a tear for the one he used to call friend and brother.

"I am sorry too Ron" Harry whispered solemnly.

Dumbledore came forwards with his wand raised at Harry but Harry paid no attention to it as he sheathed his wand in his belt and leaned down, shifting the body, Harry picked it up and held Ron close to his chest "I will take care of your sister as you asked Ron, that I can do"

Hoisting up the corpse in both arms, he looked at the wand on the floor and said "Dumbledore, get Madame Pomfrey for me, and pick up that wand, I have a funeral to prepare"

Dumbledore picked up the wand and set it onto the chest of Ron, looking into Harry's eyes, he smiled sadly "you had the chance to stop this Harry"

"Lord Potter" Harry corrected quietly, looking at the face of Ron, he was torn, Ron was his brother and friend in a previous life and, though he betrayed him, Harry loved Ron like Fred and George, as an adoptive brother.

Walking out of the Great Hall, he saw Ginny and shook his head at her before walking into the grounds, head lowered and eyes closed as he walked to the Quidditch stadium.

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Authors Note: Love it? Hate it? Got suggestions?

All Reviews are read and respected.

Alright then, no more Ronnie, YAY!

I had a really good time writing this chapter as well, I thought some of it sad, some funny, some downright tragic, but hey, you win some, you lose some.

Anyway, the voting is going excellently, I still haven't decided on who to pair up, but here is how it goes so far:

Luna-23

Daphne Greengrass-9

Katie-15

Tonks-18

Pansy-16

Katie-13

Francine- a staggering 38

Ginny-3

McGonagall-9

Neville or Draco-6

Fleur-21

Nothing-15

That was certainly surprising I must say, anyway, sorry for the delays, I hope you like this chappie, the next one is going to be much darker and have more dead people, discretely of course.

Keep reading!

Seth O. Blade.

Year Two:

Chapter Six:

Pranks. Training. The Truth comes out.

“To see through another’s eyes is a gift to see into another’s heart”

Personal Quote

.....

Valentines Day, Harry hated Valentines Day, he loathed it to the very core of his being, he absolutely despised it, sighing, he picked up the large bouquet of black roses and tossed them at the wall in frustration, damned little Dwarves were pissing him off “Harry Potter right?” came a deep voice.

Harry spun around and had the Dwarf raised in the air with a dagger pressing into the skin “I want nothing to do with Valentines, you got that Dwarf?”

The Dwarf seemed affronted “I do my job sir”

Harry sighed, dropped the Dwarf on the floor, as it got up, Harry made a swift hit to the side of the stubby neck, knocking the pink dress wearing mass of idiocy fall to the ground in an unconscious heap “simpleton” Harry murmured indignantly before storming out of the Common Room where the girls were watching him with wide eyes.

Passing the Defence Against the Dark Arts room where Lockheart was still unfortunately a humble guest of, he waved his wand with a malicious smirk, hissing in Parseltoung /Ssserpensssortia/ three huge pythons emerged from his wand and he gave another malicious smirk /hunt down the sssmelly human inssside the room, do not kill him, ssscare him and make him flee/

The pythons hissed in acknowledgement and slithered into the room, Harry heard a girly scream and Harry promptly transformed into his Dementor body while changing his robes into the torn, pure black

robes of the Dementor, Lockheart ran into him and Harry stood sternly as Lockheart fell to the floor "oh my..." Lockheart said before he fainted.

Harry shook his head as he changed back to his Veela body "what a moron" Harry muttered before gaining a seriously evil gleam in his eyes "oh, thank you father for such wonderful and truly ingenious pranks played on Snivellus, such truly maniacal and malicious pranking that humiliates and destroys a person"

Waving his wand over Lockheart, Harry made sure that the Truth Curse was in place and had a set time limit for dinner, waving his wand, he made sure that the questions were on a feedback loop with a quick Charm and with a delay on it for when he activated the spells "I am truly going to enjoy this, maybe I should Owl Rita, I am sure she would love to enjoy some one on one exclusives, I might even be able to convince her of... ohhhhh, I am baaaad" he said the last bit in an all too innocent tone of voice.

Dispelling his pythons, Harry cast a quick Enervate on the vain git and walked off to the Owlery as Lockheart awoke "what happened to me?" Lockheart asked stupidly before waddling off towards the Great Hall for lunch.

Stalking past Snape, Harry heard him mutter about 'stupid arrogant brats who could never amount to anything like their arrogant fathers' a little too loudly, sending a Wandless Tripping Charm at Snape as he descended the stairs, Harry heard the gratifying sound of crunching bones breaking as he fell down the steps "and who said I was never going to amount to anything?" Harry said in a humorous tone,

Passing into the hall where the Owlery tower was, he saw Tonks, brown hair, blue eyes and running very fast down the hall, stumble, shaking his head, he made his way forwards "and this girl is supposed to be an Auror in the future"

Walking up, he placidly walks up and lifts her up with an inhuman yet fluid strength and has her on her feet "milady" Harry says politely before walking up the steps.

Smirking to himself as Tonks followed curiously, Harry dug out a black quill and a black piece of parchment before Conjuring a large oaken desk and a high backed chair with two fluid movements of his wand, sitting down, aware of the wide eyes of Tonks, he Conjured a pot of silver ink and started writing:

Dear Miss Rita Skeeter,

As I am sure you are aware of the productivity of a mutual alliance, I am hereby extending an invitation for such an event.

I have several topics for articles that would make the national headlines and ruin many egos along the way as well as change a few careers.

If you are willing to not publish anything that demeans my popularity or my current situations, I would be happy to help you.

As such, I have also come into the knowledge of some unofficial 'bugging' done to receive your stories.

You know of what I speak.

I also know of several testimonials that are given from certain individuals which would secure both your freedom and mine, given this, I wish for you to meet me in the Entrance Hall of Hogwarts on the eighth at around 10:30 in the morning, this will be your first page exclusive of a lifetime, someone who you have been eager to punch down from their over popular lifestyles.

Gilderoy Lockheart.

If you accept this, I eagerly await your letter A.S.A.P.

Yours Sincerely,

Harry James Potter.

PS. I do hope that you have that wonderful little quill with you, this will be a most interesting meeting, I also hope that you can have two new stories placed into the news, make sure your editor can set up a special edition newspaper, it will be well worth it.

Harry smugly conjured a black envelope and waved his wand at the surface causing, in emerald green letters, to be addressed to:

Rita M. Skeeter,

Number Twelve,

Paddington Street,

The smallest apartment,

London.

Folding the parchment, Harry placed it inside and waved his wand over the small flap causing a small glob of wax to appear, pressing his Potter family ring onto the wax, he muttered a Cooling Charm and removed his ring to show a perfectly formed seal, looking up, Hedwig cocked her head to the side and flew down, Harry tossed it into the air and she gripped it in her beak firmly before flying off, Harry stood and waved his wand making the desk and chair crumble into a large dust pile “there you go Filch, a nice Valentines Day present from me to you” he said in a giddy tone.

Tonks walked forwards hesitantly and asked, “How did you do that?”

Harry spun around calmly while levelling his wand at Tonks with lightning speed reflexes “who are you and what do you want?” he asked, deciding to play ignorant.

Tonks looked at him closely “well, I was just wondering how you manage to conjure up a desk and chair with a simple flick of your wand and without any incantations”

Harry smiled slightly and sheathed his wand “well, I did use an incantation, but mostly, I find silent casting much easier than casting

out loud, it may require more concentration, but it is faster than speaking your spells”

Tonks frowned “but you didn’t use an incantation”

Harry rolled his eyes and took out his wand once more and gave it a wand while mouthing the incantation, Tonks’ eyes widened as a black oak chair with a high back and long armrests appeared in thin air, waving his wand again, he mouthed “Deletrium”

A black light shot from his wand and circled the chair and it powdered instantly, crumbling into a fine pile of dust on the floor “ain’t the Dark Arts simply marvellous?” he questions innocently.

Her eyes widen slightly before she whips out her wand and has it pointed directly between his eyes, Harry passes his wand into his left hand in a casual manner and raised his right hand causing a ball of silver fire to appear in his hand “so, what is your name?” he asks in a casual tone.

She stares at the fireball contemptuously “Tonks” she says in a flat tone.

Harry raises his eyebrow “Tonks? Just Tonks? Or is there something else that I might call you by?”

She growls and says through gritted teeth “Nymphadora Annette Tonks”

Harry nods and tosses the ball of fire into the air with a casual gesture and catches it as it falls, doing this a few times while watching her, he notices that she is eyeing something else, following her eyes, he looks down at his tight black jeans and smiles at her blush as he looks up “enjoying the view?” he asks in a smug tone.

She nodded before looking at him and blushing a deep crimson, her hair flushing red as well.

Harry rises his eyebrow “your hair was brown before, wasn’t it?”

He notices that Tonks panics and he looks into her eyes, carefully changing his green eyes into a silver then into a golden yellow, he lengthens his hair and lets it flush into a crimson red curtain that flows just down his shoulders, her eyes widen and she whispers "you're just like me"

Harry nods and lets everything fall back into place, his black hair clouded with streaks of silver and his green eyes shining with silver streaks running through them "I am a Metamorphmagus, yes"

Tonks frowns then gives a small snort "I always wondered what it was" she mutters.

Harry raises his wand and aims it at the door to the Owlery and mutters "Colloptus maxima shieldus silencio externus"

The door slams shut, glows red, then silver then an eerie gold before a loud clicking sound was heard as the doors locked up tightly "so" Harry says in a casual tone while conjuring a chintz chair for himself and sitting down.

"So" Tonks says as well, eyeing him cautiously.

Harry looks at her and smiles "what do you want to know?"

Tonks frowns irritably "what would make you think I want to know anything from a Dark Wizard like you?"

Harry raises his eyebrow "maybe because you are a Dark Witch yourself and you have a curious look on your face as to my abilities and control"

Tonks glared at him but nodded, Harry sighed and glanced around before calming himself down and stripping his shirt away "hey, what are you doing?" Tonks protested.

Harry gave a small giggle and placed a finger on his lips "shhh, you have to watch, by the way, you might want to take your own clothes off and try yourself, it improves control if you have a basis of control,

if you have good Potions skills, then you are able to do much more than that”

Harry pulled out several vials of Potion to the Slytherin girl and set them down on a quickly conjured coffee table “these can help you change into the required forms for disguise, though they will only offer you a single form, they will give you a much better control of inter gender changes”

Tonks took a bottle wearily and Harry was reminded of his first training session with Tonks:

Flashback

“Right Harry, I know some of us are all waiting to see if you are a Metamorphmagus after we managed to singe your hair a bit in the fight for Glasgow”

Harry rolled his eyes “I used a Charm” he muttered darkly, but not in a convinced tone.

“Right, but you said that you managed to change your hair before that right?” Tonks asked.

“Accidental Magic” Harry dismissed quickly.

“Harry, Accidental Magic does not react the same way that being a Metamorphmagus does”

Harry snorted “yeah, and if I was a Metamorphmagus, I would hide this blasted scar” Harry muttered in the same dark tone as before.

Tonks rolled her eyes “just concentrate you moron”

“Slytherin slave driving bitch” Harry muttered angrily.

“Don’t you know it, now shut up Potter and concentrate”

Harry rolled his eyes and concentrated on letting his hair grow, feeling a slight tingle in his scalp, he opened his eyes to see Tonks and Moony holding back their laughter "WHAT?" Harry shouted.

Moony Conjured a mirror and handed it to him, Harry snatched it away and looked at his hair to see huge tufts of fluorescent pink hair looking like a badly cut afro "dear god" Harry muttered with wide eyes.

Tonks grinned at him "I suppose we can safely say you aren't a Metamorphmagus Potter, that was some nice Wandless magic though"

Harry placed his face in his hands and muttered darkly "I am never going to live this down, am I?"

"No way cub, we are going to tease you about this till the day you die" Moony said while holding his sides in laughter, tears streaming down his face.

Tonks was barely holding herself up as she howled in laughter "nice work Potter, or is it Bubo the clown?"

Harry groaned before drawing his wand and jabbing at them in anger, using a mild Pain Curse on Remus' sensitive bits and a Pinching Hex on Tonks' breasts causing both to yelp in pain, Harry grinned insanely and what started as fun turned into an all out brawling duel.

End Flashback

Harry shed a small tear at that moment, it was one of the last times he had ever had that was truly fun and he truly felt alive "what am I supposed to do with the Potion?" Tonks asked heatedly.

"Take it you idiot, surely that would be the obvious thing to do, unless Snape is the fool and the Slytherin's really are the dunderheads of the school, though I cannot blame you, all of you are so inbred and..."

"I am a Half-Blood you ponce" Tonks said through gritted teeth.

Harry nodded and took the silver potion and drank half of it before handing it to Tonks who drank the rest of it, they both started shifting into an identical copy of the senior Malfoy, Harry shifted back without a thought to himself and held it, feeling the Potion try to battle it's way into dominance "so, what do I do now, oh high and mighty Potter?"

Harry raised an eyebrow "focus on your base form, pay attention to the changes you go through from male to female, the ways you change the hair colour, the way each piece of your body changes as you become yourself once more, I found that using Polyjuice has the advantage of allowing an inner experience into using more demanding procedures such as bone alteration which is decidedly painful, complete gender deconstruction and reconstruction which feels very weird and very different, it allows you to feel out another person's body and it also helps improve your mental capacity as you have to actively fight against the Potion"

Tonks raises her pale white eyebrow and tries changing her body but completely and utterly fails "how am I supposed to do this? And how are you managing to hold your own body so easily while speaking to me?"

Harry smiles slightly and says "I have had six years of this training, I keep a constant stock of ready to use Polyjuice, I only need the hair of someone, and I have the capacity to use the Potion"

"How many students have you used so far?"

Harry sighs and looks into his memories "I would say that I have done every Seventh Year from last year all the way through to Fourth Year this year, at least by my calculations"

Tonks gapes at him "you did that much?"

Harry shrugs "I suppose, not really that hard to get the girls hair, guys are harder, and you have no idea how painful it is to constantly have your cherry broken over and over again" he winces slightly at the memories of last year, that was not something he wanted to do again, but it was worth it, he had gotten the hairs from future Death Eaters and managed to gain intricate knowledge of their bodies, from there,

you can manage the changes from those parts of the body and lace it together with other pieces from other people and add your own parts, simplicity lies in complicated theory” he quoted with a small chuckle.

Tonks frowned at him and closed her eyes, the hair flushed black for a second before it became blonde again, Harry ran his hands through his hair and sighed “stop, you are doing it all wrong”

She opened her eyes and glared at him “well then Potter, if you are such a wonderful teacher, why don’t you teach me instead of insult me?”

Harry stood up and strode over then gave her a swift backhand to the jaw and strode back to his seat, she glared at him and drew her wand “focus on the pain, you feel it?”

She nodded and through gritted teeth, she said icily “how could I not?”

Harry nodded “now, remember how that feels, absorb every minute detail, I want you to absorb everything you can about it, embrace the pain, feed on it, nurse it, feed on it”

Tonks glared at him before trying it, Harry raised his wand and pointed it at her head and said in a neutral tone “Crucio”

She screamed in agony as the spell coursed over her body, Harry let it off after ten seconds and said, “did you feel that pain? I want you to remember that pain, that helps you to concentrate, the pain will push your limits, help you change excel in your abilities”

She glared up from the floor and slowly stood up “you hit me with a Cruciatus”

Harry nodded “it has to be done, I had found that it helps with the changes because it stimulates the mind, the body, every fibre of your being, it channels through you, helps you evolve your abilities to the point where you can hold your form even under a Crucio”

Tonks shuddered slightly and whispered, “Do it again”

Harry raised his wand and said in his neutral tone “Crucio”

Tonks screamed loudly but managed to change her body slightly as she did this, Harry smiled as he held it and watched her hair flush completely black, her skin became darker before it collapsed, Harry took off the Curse and looked at her “try again” Harry said neutrally.

She did so and blinked in surprise when her hair went through several colours and lengths “Crucio” Harry said again, causing her to writhe on the floor as her skin became a dark shade of brown, Harry smiled and dropped the Curse after a minute.

Tonks looked up and glared at him “what was that last one for?” she asked indignantly.

Harry raised his eyebrow and said, “Have a look at your body”

She did so and was surprised to see her normal body showing through “that is how you are supposed to train, pain is an ally when used properly, with the pain comes understanding, Crucio” he hissed.

Tonks writhed only slightly as the changed fluctuated more as they failed then came back to life, Harry sighed and cancelled the spell before watching her get to her feet shakily “Potter, I am warning you, you had better...”

“Crucio” Harry said again causing her to fall to the floor; her back arching slightly, Harry closed his eyes as Tonks spat up blood with the small amount of writing on the floor.

After two minutes, he cancelled the spell and cast Healing Charms on her “how do you feel?” Harry asked softly.

Tonks opened her eyes and was greeted with the ceiling “like shit” she muttered.

Harry smirked “yes, but how do you feel?” he asked again.

“Like you Crucioed me four times”

“Crucio” Harry said smugly as she twitched on the ground, the pain coursing through her body.

Harry released it five minutes later and Tonks was breathing very heavily, her eyes bloodshot and her skin pale, Harry pulled out a Potion bottle and walked over, kneeling over her head, he pulled her up slowly and stuck his knees underneath, letting her prop herself up on his thighs, he uncorked the metallic red potion and it gave a slight hissing sound, Harry poured it down her throat and massed her larynx in order to make her swallow “shhh, everything is okay, I won't hurt you any more Tonks, you still have to live, but next comes grace lessons”

He watched her slowly fall asleep on his legs, the cold stone floor housing their bonding, the owls singing the music of meeting and the sun pissing them off as it glared into their eyes.

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Ever since Harry's impromptu training, Tonks had become rapid friends with Harry despite his using the Cruciatus on her and he had even helped her build Occlumency shields which boosted her ability to change, now, when Harry applied the Cruciatus, she could act as if she were in pain and not feel a thing or drop her disguise, she had also taken to watching how people moved and even begged Harry to teach her about Pureblood etiquette and duelling with the Dark Arts, her deciding not to go with the Auror's since, in a battle with a Dark Wizard, their life expectancy was about ten minutes for a three on one assault in their favour.

With the Hit-Wizards however, which is where she wanted to go now, were like the magical army and had a life expectancy of about an hour on a three on one battle against them, she became rather proficient in casting Bone Breaking Curses, learning the points where a small cut could cause a fatal injury, learning where to hit to cause much more damage with little effort and learning how to use the scenery for the duel, banishing things into the person and summoning things to fly into the way of the spells, all in all, Harry had managed to get her interested in a high placed position within the Ministry and a

loyal follower who would owe him much, and first and be loyal only to him which was quite surprising as he had placed her under nearly four hundred hours of the Cruciatus Curse in just one month.

What was most surprising about everything was that she had begged him to use the Imperius Curse on her and sometimes (though Harry did not know why) had begged for the Cruciatus to be placed on her for the sheer hell of it, once, he could have sworn he heard her moan as he had held it on for more than ten minutes before she asked him to use his most powerful Cruciatus on her, he had quite literally blown her across the training room and had her whimpering in agony for an hour, not because of her slamming into the wall, but for the five seconds Harry had held the Curse on her, needless to say, she never asked for full strength ever again.

But what made Harry curious was how many changes Harry had made, sure, she was not exactly the best Auror back in his time, but she had caught a few well known criminals like Etton Grant, a large Muggle weapons dealer who enchanted the guns illegally so each bullet would have the explosive force of a grenade or Ever-Replenishing Charms on the clips “makes you wonder” Harry muttered to himself as he dodged to the side of an Explosion Hex, sending an Ice ball at Tonks who blasted it to pieces and set in right back courtesy of a Banishing Charm, Harry erected a shield of fire and sent a small ball of lead through the white flames causing a red hot glob of molten lead to fly at her, stepping aside as a jet black Curse flew through his flaming shield, Harry sent a Tickling Charm and Conjured a small puppy while dispelling the flames, the dog ran over and looked at her with puppy eyes as the Tickling Charm hit her making her giggle slightly.

Harry sighed and waved his wand with a muttered “Explodra” the Explosion Curse making the puppy explode in a shower of blood, bones, flesh and covering her eyesight with gore.

Harry shook his head and sent a silent Stunner at her making her drop to the floor with a slight “oh” announcing she had been hit.

Harry cast an Enervate at her and waited for it 'any second now, come on, here it comes, nearly there' he thought in an amused manner.

"AAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRGHHHHHHHHHH!" Tonks screeched loudly and shrilly.

Harry sighed "what have I taught you about duelling Nymphadora?" he questioned lightly.

Tonks sighed "always expect the unexpected, never let any spell hit you unless you are the one doing the magic and don't let anything distract you, never flinch at the sight of the dead for it is a precious second wasted and do not stop as the contact of bodily matter hitting me"

"Exactly, and what else is there Nymphadora?"

She frowns and concentrates for a few minutes "never fight unprepared?" she questioned.

Harry rolled his eyes "that is basics, we are talking about real duels you idiot, not those pansy school spells that are used to amuse and entertain house guests or bedazzle Muggles"

Tonks sighed and rested against the wall, breathing heavily with sweat and blood pouring down her body "I will tell you what you missed, you forgot to use your body and your senses, you forgot the most two important things out there, your instinct and your abilities, you also forgot your brain, but we won't get into that right now"

Tonks rolled her eyes "yes Master" she droned, her being his apprentice.

Harry sighed and cast a Cleaning Charm "so, as to your school marks, how are they doing?"

Tonks beamed at him "I am doing real well now, in Runes, I keep getting an O in all my homework papers, in Defence, I get an O, in Arithmancy and Potions, I get O's as well, in Charms, I am still getting

E's, but that is better than the A's I kept on getting, and I got my first O in Herbology thanks to your suggestion about Longbottom"

Harry nodded and looked at his watch "I have a mission for you, if you want to accept it"

Tonks beamed brilliantly "anything Master"

Harry nodded slightly "well, as you know, I have knowledge and power as does Hermione Granger, you also know we are to be wedded this coming summer correct?"

Tonks nodded, wondering where this was going "well, I need your solemn oath as a Witch and as my apprentice that you never reveal this to anyone, not even your own mother"

She nodded with an unusually serious look on her face, knowing that Harry was being serious, not something that happened very often "I give my oath on my life, my magic, my body, my health and my soul, that nobody shall ever learn from me what you are about to tell me"

A swirl of magic later and Harry explained everything, explained the war, his life before the war, his training, his powers and his abilities, his knowledge base and even the roles that she had played previous to dying, well, as much as he knew anyway, he told her about Hermione and he being from the future, why Harry was so seclusive and even those people who had betrayed the 'Light' for the Dark Lord Voldemort (which earned him a wince, but you won't hear that from either of them) and even the betrayals of Dumbledore.

Tonks had thought about it for a full hour, sitting in contemplation before sighing "Harry, does that mean that you have the official title of Head Black?"

Harry nodded "since Sirius is incarcerated, I have full control, and as he is disowned, he cannot hold title of Barron Black, as such, I have to wait for summer before I can make the arrangements with Gringotts to disband Bellatrix Lestrange and Narcissa Malfoy's marriages, that would officially make Malfoy a bastard in the eyes of Wizarding law, the marriage will be like it never existed, they will

become my wards, I can officially announce you back into the Black family along with your mother, but Sirius will not be able to hold the position of Head Black because of his incarceration”

Tonks’ face fell “but what are you going to do about next year with him?”

Harry smiled “don’t worry, now, we will be practicing your Patronus Charm” at that, Harry’s skin became pale white, his hair a pale white and his eyes a transparent white with the slightest hint of green inside.

Tonks shivered and raised her wand at him “Expecto Patronum” she said in a whisper.

A small jet of silver mist came out of her wand and slammed into Harry making him hiss slightly before closing off his effects to her, sighing deeply, the deep rattling sound causing Tonks to stiffen, Harry looked at her closely, his eyes piercing her being as he watched her shift uncomfortably with his rattling breath “I am keeping the strength at a normal Dementor level, because of the augmentation, it is much more powerful than any Dementor you will meet save the First Dementor who has vanished from this world millennia ago”

Tonks shivered at the voice, the slight screech and rattle making a very intimidating role that Harry filled perfectly “do it again” she whispered “full blast, keep it on me until I say stop”

Harry shrugged his shoulders, the pale grey shirt stained with sweat clinging to his body, he let loose all of his power and the floor was immediately covered in a thick fog, the air chilled and ice forming on the walls “E-e-e-expecto Patronum” she whispered harshly.

A faint silver mist streamed from her wand but failed miserably to come close to him., Harry fought the urge to suck out her soul, knowing she had power and it would feed him “again” he said harshly as his Dementor aura flared into a black shadow that enveloped the outline of his body, making him look truly fearsome.

“EXPECTO PATRONUM!” she roared and a large Hawk shot from her wand and slammed into him.

Harry waved his hand against the bird and dispelled the Charm as his hand passed through it “again!” Harry barked.

Tonks sent another at him but it was well defined and looked near solid as it slammed into him, knocking the breath out of him, Harry went back to his Veela body and wheezed as he clasped his stomach “good job Tonks” Harry muttered as he closed his eyes and passed out.

Harry awoke with Hermione holding his head and Tonks hovering over him, both looking at him worriedly “hey there lover” he whispered to Hermione.

She scowled at him “jerk, you scared me and Tonks, how could you do that?”

“Uh...” Harry replied dumbly.

Hermione gave him a kiss on the lips and whispered “never do that again, you scared me half to death”

Harry gave her a quick peck and smiled at her before turning to Tonks “that was an exceptional casting, it will definitely injure a real Dementor if you use it, very strong, I hope you use the training I gave you wisely”

She bowed her head solemnly “I will Master” she croaked out with a sniffle as tears brimmed in her eyes.

Harry waved his fingers slightly and Tonks’ robe vanished leaving her to screech loudly “I told you Nymphadora, you need to remain aware at all times, not everyone will go up to you and tell you that they are going to attack you”

Tonks growled as she pulled on her panties and bra, glaring at him icily.

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Authors Note: Love it? Hate it? Please review.

All reviews will be respected.

So, we have a much more interesting plot, some people are wondering what is going to happen in the final confrontation, some people are even speculating that I would be causing another death to someone, well, some of you are right, and the rest of you are wrong, but I can tell you this, the next chapter will be a few days before Hermione and Penelope get petrified by the Basilisk, Harry will NOT be going into the forest to deal with Aragog, if anything, Harry will be practicing and plotting against Dumbledore as all good people must do.

This chapter was getting in depth with some characters, hopefully providing some insight into the relationships that both Hermione and Harry had with a few people, Luna's character will start to become more in depth as it goes along, Francine will start to play a more intricate role, the twins... well... I can only hope for the best.

As for Sirius and Remus capturing Pettigrew, I am allowing them to do some things that are cannon, but others... just wait and see.

Onto the poll.

What I thought was funny is that a few people suggested Dumbledore as his secret lover (I can only say EWWW! To that one).

I had a few interesting comments about trying to seduce Susan Bones, I must say this once more just for common knowledge, Susan is a future Death Eater, the only thing Harry could get out of her is a quick one and a fair amount of idiocy.

Francine, while people are starting to like her, they seem to think she whored herself out and is not a virgin, I would like to say that she is a virgin and she lived by theft and acting the good little maid that showed herself off as a whore.

Cho Chang will be doing some things to try and snag Harry which will earn some fine retribution, but also some funny scenes.

I decided not to go with Katie, Alicia or Angelina as they are too girly for my taste to what Harry would like.

Fleur might be an option, as is her sister which was suggested by someone.

Luna might be joining the group as I like the funny little conversations that could sprout up with that.

Hope you like the chapter.

Keep reading!

Seth O. Blade.

Year Two:

Chapter Seven:

Don't look into my eyes.

"The windows to a persons heart and soul is through their eyes"

Zen proverb.

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(Warning: Extreme graphic torture,

Skip if you don't like)

Harry sighed wearily and rubbed the bridge of his nose while looking at Francine who was sitting timidly at a desk, alone and looking around nervously, Hermione and Penelope Clearwater had finally been petrified, Hagrid was carted off to Azkaban and Dumbledore was out of office, not that he really cared about Dumbledore, but hell, he wanted to be the one to remove him from Hogwarts!

Standing up, Harry noted with disdain that Neville was planning on finding the Chamber of Secrets and killing whoever it was "stupid arrogant ponce" he muttered as he walked out of the Common Room for the big 'meeting' with Lockheart and Rita Skeeter.

He passed said ponce and cast a Wandless Babbling Hex, a Truth Charm, a few Compulsions, a Calming Charm and a special little Charm to activate the several other spells he had layered onto Lockheart during the year for just this night, smirking slightly as Lockheart scurried down the hall for dinner, Harry continued forwards, while he walked, he noticed that some of the students were giving him glares, Harry shook his head at it, he had never told anyone different that he was the Heir of Slytherin because he had talked to a Conjured Asp thanks to Draco Malfoy, the ever arrogant bigot "hey Potter, where is the Chamber?" Neville asked with a sneer as he came up from behind him with two goons, Seamus and Dean.

Harry raised his eyebrow and looked at the two wands raised at his head, Harry whipped out his wand and intoned "Arak"

Dean was slammed by a purple Curse and he immediately doubled over and hurled up a mouthful of blood, Harry waved his wand at Seamus with an intoned "Abolesco" which made Seamus bleed from the corner of his eyes as his tear ducts were filled with blood instead of tears.

Looking at Neville, he pointed his wand at Neville and said with mirth "Reducio sexus"

Neville gave a squeak and fell to the floor, claspings between his legs, Harry shook his head and said "Permitus sexus reducio" making the shrinking of his genitals permanent until he removed the Charm himself and shrinking it even further.

"Potter, you had better change me back to normal" he said in a high tone.

Harry shook his head and walked down the steps while listening to Neville begging him to change him back "no, I don't think I will" Harry said with obvious glee in his voice.

Going down the steps, he heard Dumbledore arguing with Rita Skeeter as they ascended the steps "Dumbledore, Mr Potter requested my being here"

"I highly doubt that Miss Skeeter" Dumbledore said placidly.

Harry threw a fireball for the hell of it right at Dumbledore's head causing him to fly backwards and slam into the wall with a loud thud "hello Rita, I suppose you are wondering what I am doing by calling you here correct?"

She nodded and opened up her crocodile skin bag and pulled out the wretched quill and a piece of parchment "Mr Potter, why did you murder Mr Weasley, a First Year student?"

Harry raised an eyebrow “he challenged me to a Wizards Duel and I accepted, he questioned my family honour and retaliated, now, I suggest we go down to the Great Hall, there are many things that I would wish to discuss with you pertaining to certain... elements within the school and the Ministry”

Rita’s eyes went as wide as dinner plates and were filled with a deep lust and sparkling respect “oh, and what do you know that I don’t?” she questioned.

Harry smirked “I suggest we go down, this will be a most interesting meal for you”

She nodded with still wide eyes as Harry extended his elbow and placed her long fingers onto his elbow, Harry smiled a heart melting and innocent smile ‘hook, line and sinker, I now have control of the most respected reporter in the British Wizarding World’ he thought in a malicious victory.

Guiding her down the steps and pushing the doors open, they both made a beeline for the closest seat to the Head Table and sat down, people were hissing at him maliciously and Harry Conjured a dozen garden snakes and hissed at them /make them afraid of me, make them very afraid/ he said with bitterness then as an after thought, added /don’t kill anyone, raises too many questions/

They swam around and everyone shrieked in fear as they backed away but Harry held Rita Skeeter’s wrist firmly and kept her seated with a look of anger, she shuddered and relaxed, except for the Professors, who Harry had attached to the seats with some special Charms that Fred and George had shown him a week ago, the Great Hall was empty, Harry stood with a smile and snapped his fingers causing the Charms to fail, Dumbledore was walking in and Harry moved to the middle of the tables and watched the Professors raised their wands at him, Rita watching in interest “Gilderoy Lockheart, come to me” he ordered imperiously.

The students stopped at that and looked at him with wide eyes, Lockheart immediately bound over the table and toppled down the

steps, landing face first into the stone floor “what did you do to me?” Lockheart moaned loudly.

Harry summoned a seat and sat on it as it came to a stop behind him, Harry pulled out a piece of parchment and said “I, Lord Harry James Potter, have several charges of misconduct and unlawful acts that are directly affiliated with Gilderoy Yasmin Hubert Lockheart”

Several students choked up in laughter and the Professors were equally laughing as Lockheart flushed a deep red “unlawful remodification of memories of unknown count, what do you have to say about it?”

Lockheart struggled before he said “I Obliviated many people, yes”

“For what reason?” Harry questioned, mildly amused that Lockheart was trying to fight the Charms.

“I-I-I-I took the credit for others deeds by asking them what they were doing, I took in every single detail and wrote them as my own actions and Obliviated anyone who knew” Lockheart said in a restrained tone as he tried to fight the Charms.

Harry smirked as this earned cries of outrage, waiting for a minute; Harry said again “also, I charge you with endangerment to children, what of that?”

Gilderoy was physically struggling now; Harry sent a blast of magic through the Charms causing them to reinforce themselves “I-I-I did not want to hurt the girls”

“Why?” Harry questioned with a lace of anger bubbling in his voice.

Lockheart babbled on for a full ten minutes before he answered “I like younger women, I had intended on coming here in hopes of having some fun with them”

Harry boiled with anger and hate as a fireball erupted into his hand without a conscious thought “did you ever try to do anything with

Hermione Granger, Nymphadora Tonks, Francine Marquis, Ginny Weasley or Luna Lovegood?" he asked with barely contained anger.

Lockheart nodded "I tried to get Miss Grange, but she refused me on countless times and I Obliviated her, the same with Ginny Weasley, your slave girl, Luna Lovegood never stayed around long enough and I knocked out Francine Marquis in order to strip her down and look at her body, I had also gone into the Hospital Wing and stripped down Miss Granger for a look at her body as well"

Harry lost it and drew his wand, the children were thrown out with an influx of raw magic and the doors closed, both courtesy of Dumbledore and the disgusted Professors "Pugis nullus!" he cried out causing Lockheart to scream in agony as Harry poured his anger and hate into the Pain Curse.

Harry started twisting his wand, churning the blood in his heart as it went from ice cold to burning hot in periodic waves, he started to get lost in the screams, revelling in the one who had defiled his mate, revelling in the pain he was causing the thing in front of him, it was pleasurable to see the thing writhe in agony as his entire body writhed in agony "MR POTTER!" McGonagall roared as she attempted to use several Stunners on him that slammed into an invisible shield.

Harry dropped the Pain Curse and whispered to the silent room "you defiled my mate, you defiled my sister, you defiled my slave, for this, you can suffer" he said the last word in a dark and insidious tone that chilled the bones of everyone there.

Dumbledore, who knew what the Veela were capable of doing on a rampage that concerned their mates, cast a high powered Bludgeoning Hex at Harry who brushed it off as it slammed past the shield and hit Harry who grunted as he fell to one knee, Dumbledore breathed a small sigh of relief but it was short lived as the wand in Harry's hand dropped in favour of two bright pale blue fireballs with streaks of white running through them indicating one very hot fireball "you will never do that to my mate again" he whispered in his dark voice and started walking forwards.

Lockheart attempted to escape but failed as Harry threw one of the fireballs at his legs causing Lockheart to scream in agony as his left leg became black from the superheated flames, Harry stepped closer and turned Lockheart around onto his back, his left leg charred beyond visible comprehension, Harry threw the fireball between his legs causing Lockheart to scream in agony and pass out in pain as the flames slowly ate away at his flesh between his legs “oh no Lockheart, you do not get that pleasure” he whispered and wandlessly summoned his wand and whispered “Enervate”

Harry kept this slow torture of burning away his groin and reviving him with a sickening proficiency that made a few of the Professors throw up on the floor at the pungent stench of burning flesh, urine and faeces that wafted around the room, even Dumbledore looked ready to throw up as the sickening torture went on, everyone knowing that, as a Veela, he could not control himself when enraged or avenging his mate.

An hour later of agonising torture, Harry revived the pitiful speck of moronic ineptitude and dulled the pain with a Numbness Curse which (to Harry’s great delight) would magnify the pain when it faded, of course, Lockheart could not even go to the toilet any more without a small amount of pain, even Harry had to wince at what his anger had done, he was usually so filled with anger and could bottle it up or restrain it, but he had just exploded, sitting down on the chair wearily, he rubbed the bridge of his nose tiredly and said “also, you are now charged with fraud, child molestation, unlawful modification of memories, attempted rape and indecent acts of debauchery along with my favourite little charge, attempted murder”

Lockheart looked up at this with the colour in his face draining of all colour, Harry sighed again and looked at Dumbledore “as of three years ago, Gilderoy Lockheart had attempted to kill his sister who knew the truth of his actions and in the end used blackmail against her, in doing so, he ran her out of the country and is now living in Venice Italy”

Harry noticed Snape try to stand up and say something but Harry raised his hand and held a bright blue fireball in his hand with much more white than before, Snape paled and sat back down abruptly,

Harry dissipated the fireball and waved his wand with a muttered "Scourgify" cleaning the mess he had made in his anger.

Harry stood and walked to Rita who was pale with fright "I am sorry you had to see that, he had offended and committed perverted acts towards my mate"

Rita looked at him curiously and Harry said in a tired voice "I am a born Veela male, Hermione Granger is my bonded mate"

Rita's eyes widened and she nodded, the colour coming back into her face and everyone else's faces, one line crossing everyone's mind 'never piss off Harry Potter or insult Hermione Granger, ever'

Harry looked at Lockheart and said "Lockheart also has committed several other acts such as supplying alcohol to minors with malicious intent and possession and use of illegal Potions"

Dumbledore raised his eyebrows "how have you found this out Mr Potter?"

Harry shrugged "I sleep less than you humans do, I just happen to have an invested interest in certain... people"

Dumbledore nodded and looked at Harry with a twinkle in his eyes "I do believe that Mr Lockheart has suffered a most grievous injury to which he did not survive, it is most unfortunate that it had to happen, don't you agree Miss Skeeter?"

Rita looked at Dumbledore then at Harry whose hands were holding bright orange flames that crackled with a ruthless abandon and the murderous look in his eyes was enough to make even Snape feel pity for Lockheart, Rita nodded and said with a smile "such a tragedy"

Harry started to advance on Lockheart as he started to mutter something under his breath which caused everyone to wince in sympathy "Granger was practically whoring herself out to me as was Marquis"

Harry shot his hand out and gripped Lockheart by the neck and lifted him up off the floor with an astounding strength and stood him up, Harry then cancelled the Numbness Curse on Lockheart and he gave a cry of agony, Harry gripped Lockheart by the arms and jerked them up so he was lifted into the air and held tersely, Harry pulled to the sides and a sickening pop was heard as the shoulders came out of their joints, Harry gave a small sadistic grin and said "I warned you to never insult my mate or my family Lockheart, now you may pay the price, as I could not dirty myself with using my own fists to kill you, I will use a different method"

Harry dropped him to the floor and gripped his wand tightly, holding it level with Lockheart's bicep; he muttered softly "Flamarra cuitus"

A small crescent shaped flame shot from his wand and sliced through the right arm with ease, doing the same with the left arm, he pulled up the offending appendages and held them limply in his hands before tossing one to the side, smirking as he gripped it tightly in his hand, he gave a full hit to Lockheart and proceeded to beat him to a bloody pulp with his own arm, occasionally pressing down the hand upon Lockheart's throat, choking him until he is a deep purple in the face before beating him again across the head with his own arm again, the Professors and Rita having run as soon as they had seen what he was doing, going green at the sight of his actions, knowing that Harry was definitely not someone they ever wanted to mess with.

(End of Torture scene.

For those who read,

Hope you liked it)

Harry strolled around the lake and saw Susan Bones, another object of his undying hatred of Voldemort, walking over to her unobtrusively, he scanned her mind and found the seeds of her darkness, the loyalty to Voldemort because of breaking the rules, the desire to be like Harry and be different than what others expected, Harry was slightly pissed that he would have to stop her at such a young age 'oh well,' he thought with a dark humour 'at least I can kill her now and save the trouble of doing it later'

Aiming his wand at her, he muttered softly “Imperio” and walked over to her.

Stopping and looking into his blank eyes, he looked into her blank eyes and said “you will write a letter to say that you are depressed and want to die, you are to make it like you would write a suicide note and say that you are going to jump off the Astronomy Tower, after you have written this note, you are to send the letter by Owl to your Head of House and jump off the tower at lunch today, until then, you are to act as if nothing is wrong, is that understood?”

Susan nodded and stood up to do as she was told, smirking, Harry whistled to a nameless melody and walked off with a giddy look on his face, he had finally started to make a whole big difference, to him, this was not a matter of pleasure or some big game, to him, this was stopping Voldemort and shoving that Yew wand of his right up his ass and casting a good old Avada Kedavra at him, chuckling at the thought of that happening, he made a beeline to Hagrid’s hut for some company with Fang.

Lunch was a quiet affair, some would say that a foreboding gloom had hung around the entire hall, Susan Bones had not delivered her letter yet and Harry was almost giddy with excitement, not to be discouraged, a large brown owl flew down and landed on Dumbledore’s plate of food, leaving a small white glob in his food, Dumbledore wrinkled his nose and took the letter and started reading it, Harry smirked as Dumbledore’s face started to become increasingly pale then watched in a sadistic sense of glee as he ran out to try and save the future Death Eater, standing up with grace, he followed the rest of the students out to see Susan standing up the top of the Astronomy Tower, smirking as she fell, Harry finally found the peace that he had avenged a death from the future and prevented many lives from being taken, as Susan fell to the floor, Harry watched with a frown as she seemed to slow down, casting a wandless Acceleration Charm and a Magic Residue Cleansing Charm, Susan slammed into the floor just behind the walls surrounding the entrance to the tower “a sad day indeed” Harry muttered without any emotion, but inside he was cheering for joy, he had finally started to take action against the Death Eater spawn and had out two very high ranking

Death Eaters that would have caused many deaths before they were killed themselves.

Begin Flashback

Harry looked at Susan with a sad look “why did you kill them Susan? Why did you kill your aunt, Hannah Abbot, the Creevy brothers and even the Weasley twins? Why Susan? You are supposed to be better than that”

Susan gave a maniacal laugh and said in a mocking tone “my dear aunt? Aunt Amelia? The over grown wart could have become a powerful Death Eater in my Masters service, but she refused, I have long aspired to become a Death Eater, ever since I was seven, I have wished for my Master to return and he has come back, nothing can kill him Potter, nothing”

Harry shook his head and looked at the corpses of the five Auror’s and two Order members that were sent after her, one was Shackelbot and the other was Emaline Vance “you truly are gone aren’t you Susan?” he asked quietly.

Susan cackled evilly “I don’ know Potter, I think you are deluded and weak, I can use the Dark Arts liberally while you can’t even cast a simple Pain Curse”

Harry smirked slightly and jabbed his wand at the corpses, they started to twitch and Susan’s eyes went wide in slight fear “what are you doing Potter? Animation Charms?”

Harry shook his head and twirled his wand causing three Auror’s to slowly stand up and groan in a guttural manner, Harry smirked at her horrified face and said idly “you see, I just happened to have come across the Dark Lords personal library of the Dark Arts and you know what? I know about as many Dark Arts spells as he does, I can literally make you into a fine paste on the cobblestone paths of Diagon Alley, too bad I will have to settle for brutally mauling your corpse, Pyr Duuk” Harry said calmly.

A jet of blindingly white silver charged towards a shocked Susan who fell with her body contracting and undulating as the muscles became stimulated by an increased blood pressure, the adrenaline glands becoming hyper stimulated, providing a toxic level in her blood which would cause a slow and painful death, grinning goofily, he said “seems to me that you are going to be on the wrong end of a Dark Arts Curse that is irreversible, shame really that you had to turn, you had such potential”

Waving his hand at her in farewell, he vanished with a crack and left behind a phial with a small cord running into the murky green mix, a hissing sound coming from it as the Inferi held Susan down and (mostly) covered her body as the Potion grenade blew up, scorching her skin and sending glass shards everywhere, tearing through her skin and leaving her to howl out “POTTER!”

End Flashback

Shaking his head from the memory, happy about the outcome that he had stopped the most insane Death Eater, second to Bellatrix, from coming back to fruition.

(Scene Break)

Harry looked at the form of Francine as she descended into the Chamber of Secrets, shaking his head slightly, he walked away and came to the Staff Room where he settled into the cupboard and crossed his arms to wait, all in all, if Harry wanted to do anything, he would have to wait and watch the Professors “stupid morons” he muttered darkly, anger and bitterness rolling off his voice.

An hour later the announcement came and the Professors came rolling into the Staff Room, looking at his watch, he grimaced and transformed into his Phoenix body, listening carefully, he noticed that Snape was positively giddy about the attack, McGonagall, while worried, was not worried for the student, but for the school, and what disgusted him even more was the fact that only Flitwick and Sprout among the few others who were worried about the student... Francine that was taken, bursting into flames, he appeared at the door that went to the main chamber, changing back into his Veela

body, he adjusted his features to resemble the modernised Voldemort, scales and all, smirking at this, he sheathed his Willow wand and pulled out his custom wand, hoping to god that Tom tried to pick it up as he dropped it purposefully, looking at the door closely, he hissed /open in the name of the Heir of Slytherin/

The chamber door glowed blood red and started to melt away like liquid, Harry stepped forwards and looked at Francine then ran forwards, dropping the wand just short of Francine as he brought her close to his body “she won’t wake you know” came Tom Riddle’s voice.

Harry spun around and noticed that Tom was starting to bend down for his wand “I wouldn’t touch that if I were you” Harry said mildly before turning back to Francine and prying her mouth open with his hand and placing his lips on hers, breathing in through his nose, he blew out through his mouth causing magic to swirl into her body through the kiss and pushing Life Energy into the possession link then, with his own Pure Core Magic, thrust out the link connecting Tom to Francine, standing up, Harry looked at Tom who was surprised “what are you?” Tom asked.

Harry gave a feral grin “I am you, approximately eight years from now, you are me, back when I was sixteen, the diary is now a useless book, you are solid”

Harry noticed the glimmer of lust and greed in Tom’s eyes before Harry changed back into his own body and grinned at the shocked boy “I am Harry Potter, your future selves killer and successor to the Slytherin line, Heir of Slytherin, Gryffindor and Ravenclaw, Head of Potter family, Lord Grindewald and your worst nightmare” the last bit coming out in a dark tone that made the young Dark Lord shiver in fear.

“You are nothing” Tom said in a meek voice before straightening up and hissing dangerously /speak to me Slytherin, greatest of the Hogwarts Four/

The statue of Salazar Slytherin’s mouth started to open to the Basilisk that started coming out and slithering down, quickly changing his

eyes with a reflective surface courtesy of a wandless conjuration, he looked at the snake in the eyes and grinned at the shocked face of Tom “as I said before Tom Riddle” Harry stated in a cold tone that promised pain “I am your worst nightmare”

Tom picked up the wand on the floor and screamed in agony as it started to reject the user of the wand, Harry smirked slightly and held up his hand causing the wand to glow a bright red and Tom to try and shake it from his hand as it flared up in bright golden red flames, charring the flesh of the hand “told you so” Harry said idly as he looked down at Francine.

Drawing his Willow wand, Harry cast a high powered Severing Curse that slammed into the Basilisk just under the skull causing the spine to be severed as it came out the other side, Harry panted in exhaustion as he watched the Basilisk fall down dead, Harry looked at the diary and summoned it with a wave of his wand and quickly tapped his wand with his index finger and whispered “Pyre friga”

A small tounge of flame erupted from the tip of his wand and looked like a small dagger of burning flames as he held it up for the diary to slam upon the tip “what have you done to me?” Tom yelled out loudly.

Harry grimaced as he looked at Francine, still not giving him attention that he should have done “well, the darnedest thing happened to me when I went to get my wand, I just happen to have gone and get a custom wand which you are holding, as it happens, I have a high affinity in using flames, as I am a Veela”

Tom grimaced as the wand clattered to the floor, his flesh from his hand burnt off and a black bone hand was dangling towards the floor “bastard” Tom muttered as he gripped it close to his chest with his only useful hand.

Harry grinned slightly “not as much as you Tom, your father never truly loved your mother, the Muggle that he was, fortunately, my father and mother were married before I was conceived”

Tom looked at him with wide eyes “you know...”

“Yes, I know all about you Tom Marvolo Riddle, or alternatively, Lord Voldemort”

Harry heard a sharp intake of breath and Harry turned to face him for the second time in thirty minutes, raising his Holly wand, he summoned his custom wand and sheathed it quietly, aiming his wand at Francine without looking at her, he muttered “Enervate”

She groaned and opened up her eyes to see him standing there, looking at him with wide eyes “Harry? What are you...”

“Francine, I want you to run, I don’t want you to see what I am about to do” he interrupted with a cold glare at Tom.

Francine shivered “Harry, run away, he’s...”

“Tom Riddle, Voldemort, my eternal enemy and my personal lamb to the slaughter, yes, I know”

“Harry, I am staying here with you, you...”

Tom picked up Francine’s wand and roared in anger “AVADA KEDAVRA!”

The green bolt of magical death streamed forwards at Francine and Harry simply waved his wand, conjuring a flock of doves that burst into flames on impact of the green magic “Crucio!” Tom cried out.

Harry waved his wand again and a mirror appeared in front of Francine, the magic slammed into him and Harry raised an eyebrow as the pain coursed through his body, taking a step forwards, the pain intensified with the movement and being closer “Crucio!” Tom cried again in fear.

Harry continued walking forwards, the pain coursing through his body as he moved with fluid grace, he raised his Willow wand and flicked it causing Tom to slam into the wall, flicking his wand again, Tom was bashed into the wall with another Banishing Charm causing him to cough up dark crimson blood, waving his wand again, he said in an even tone “Crucio extremos maximus ”

Tom started screaming in an unholy matter and Harry was on the verge of breaking him, after five seconds of the torture, Harry cancelled the Curse and looked at him placidly with a calm smile "Tom, you had such potential, but sadly, you have to waste it on such futile attempts at immortality and domination, they are futile attempts which nobody may achieve"

Tom whimpered "I can change, just give me a chance to... ARGH!" he screamed out as Harry placed a small burst of the Cruciatus on him.

Harry flicked his wand and Tom stood upright, growling menacingly, Harry started to change into a purely demonic mix of a full grown Werewolf during the New Moon, growling viciously, Harry started to rip apart the boy, splattering blood and flesh around the Chamber of Secrets, bone crunching under his powerful jaws leaving nothing but a large amount of spray across the room, chunks of the body across the room and a large puddle of blood at his feet, changing back, he wiped the blood from his face and looked at Francine who was looking at him in a horrified manner, Harry sighed softly and walked towards her, he noted her flinch back as he neared but he continued forwards, watching her crawl away backwards, Harry stopped when she whimpered as she came to the cold stone wall and looked down at his body and absently noted that he still had various amounts of gore splattered across his previously grey robes which were now drenched in dark red blood "Scourgify" he muttered with a wave of his wand.

Now in clean robes of grey that seemed black in the light, he walked forwards and stopped as he loomed right over Francine, his face clouded in an expression of neutrality, he observed her for a few seconds before kneeling down and bringing her into a hug that she relaxed into, shivering in fright, Harry ran his hand along the small of her back, whispering words of calming to her, in ten minutes, she was calm enough to say "thank you"

Harry kissed her forehead softly "it is the least I can do for my sister"

She blinked and Harry smiled “I have everything set up, if you agree, I can officially adopt you as my sister and Lady Potter”

Francine blinked in shock then squealed loudly and gave him a bone crushing hug while saying over and over again “thank you Harry”

Harry, after Francine let go, swept her off her feet and brought her into a hug as he walked out, Francine snuggling closer for comfort “thank you Harry” she whispered before she fell asleep in exhaustion.

Harry smiled softly, knowing that he had started to make a difference and it was starting to show in his actions.

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Authors Note: Love it? Hate it? Please Review.

All reviews are read and respected.

Sorry for the long wait, I had some tests and my mother was certainly not pleased about my scores.

Anyway, I know this is not the best chapter, but it is the building blocks for next year with the Dementors and Sirius Black who will finally escape!

As to the relationships, I am going to say this, an alternate story will be set up at the beginning of the Third Year later on, otherwise this story is completely a Harry/Hermione story.

Tonks will be accepted into the Black Family as will her mother Andromeda, I am however, going to possibly have Tonks be his personal ‘bodyguard’ later on, possibly at the end of the Fourth Year.

Ginny’s slavery will be going into more depth later on, as to this, she will be advanced into Third Year and taking the exact same classes as Harry will be doing.

Next Chapter: Harry is finally starting to take more drastic actions against Dumbledore and the Ministry, Harry will also be doing some

very... questionable things with Cho that (those of you who like her) will detest me for. Harry will also be adopting Francine!

Hope you like it so far.

Keep Reading!

Seth O. Blade.

Year Three:

Chapter One:

SUMMER LOVIN!

“The road to hell is paved with good intentions and the road to heaven is just as bad, better just to stick up your finger and say ‘screw it all’”

Personal modification of popular quote.

.....

/Parseltoung/

‘thoughts and mental speak’

“normal speaking”

Harry grinned as Francine chirped loudly at being given a Firebolt for her birthday “Harry! You shouldn’t have spent so much money on me,” she said in a pitifully sweet voice that made Harry wonder if she weren’t at least part Siren or Elf.

Giving her a small hug, he ruffled her hair and gave her a kiss on the cheek on her forehead “the least I could do for my little sister” he said in a warm tone that he reserved for only her and Hermione.

Ginny came plodding over, carrying bags and in ratty and torn clothes “I have gotten what you asked for Master” she said scornfully.

Harry looked at her and nodded “very well Ginerva” he paused as she winced, he inwardly smiled at it, she was getting turned into the girl he knew she could be and when he knew she was there, he would release her “you may buy a new wand and a full uniform wardrobe for two weeks wear as well as anything you may require for your classes this year”

She looked at him with wide eyes and staggered “thank you Master” she said humbly and moved slowly towards Ollivander’s.

“Ginerva, wait a moment please” Harry called out and watched her freeze

Harry walked up to her and grabbed the bags from her hands and shrunk them with a wave of his wand and pocketed them, pulling out a scrap of parchment, Harry waved his wand over it and caused the Potter family crest to appear, handing it over to Ginny, he smiled at her and said “this is to be produced at any clothing stores, as you are my slave, you must have this printed on your left breast and the back of any clothing to mark you as my property”

She winced and Harry paid lots of attention to it but outwardly remained ignorant “you are also to have it on every single piece of clothing you wear to mark you, without a doubt, as my property”

She winced again and Harry noticed she was starting to get slightly nervous “also, you will be required, by default, to get a choker branded with a silver disk bearing my crest, bound to you by my magic, as my property and slave”

She nodded glumly and Harry felt a small pang of sympathy, which he promptly squashed and pulverised into oblivion ‘she needs to learn that actions come with consequences if you aren’t careful enough to hide them’

That got him thinking on his murder of Susan Bones and the outcome.

Begin Flashback

Dumbledore looked up from the mangled body after surveying it with his wand “she was under the Imperius Curse” he stated calmly.

Harry gave an internal wince ‘great going Potter, you manage to kill one of the people you need to kill and you are one step away from Azkaban’ he thought grimly.

Dumbledore surveyed the students collected around the area and walked forwards while collecting wands from the scared students, casting spells on them and checking to see if any Dark Arts spells or Unforgivable's were used, coming up to Harry, who kept a straight face, he cleared his mind and set up a burning candle as his defence, just to piss off the old man as he probed his mind, watching the Headmaster wince, he smirked "not wise to probe around in other peoples minds sir, especially when they are Veela gifted humans, we have this slight affinity to fire that will stop you from probing our minds"

Dumbledore gave a nod, but the small twinkle in his eyes were gone and were replaced with ice as he took Harry's wand which he had previously cleared and started casting Levitation and Animating Charms during the inspection of Susan's body, Dumbledore waved his wand over Harry's and muttered "Priori Incantatum"

The spells were given and Harry took back his wand "sir, it could be suicide and the result of the Imperius may be because her magic had leaked out of her body, solidifying her incentive that she had wanted, it is not the first time that magic had cultivated itself into controlling the body I think, happened with... I think it was Ulrich the Nasty, or was it Nubech the Unmerciful? I cannot remember these things, too troublesome"

Dumbledore looked at him with a long glare and Harry gave a thoughtful motion in his body as Dumbledore studied him "it could have been Durgle the Vindictive come to think of it" Harry said in an expressive tone before he lapsed into thought.

Dumbledore looked at him with a hard eye "you will find it was Reevil the Majestic who had infused his body with magic" he said with a frosty tone.

Harry thought for a moment and nodded "yes, but when he came out of his majestical grace, it was found he had gone into an Imperio like state and the feat was repeated only with those who had the deepest of feelings to do what the magic had helped them do"

Dumbledore looked at him with a harder look in his eyes “yes, but it was also proved that their magic was also significantly drained by the time they came off of their magics influence”

Harry nodded, thoughtful that Dumbledore was trying to back him into a corner, after a few seconds, Harry said in a careful voice “but sir, were they not under the influence for far longer than Susan was? This would mean that she had been planning to do this for a while and she had only just recently inflicted the Imperius like coma onto herself in her determination to kill herself”

Dumbledore looked thoughtful then gave a grim nod “I think you might be right Mr Potter, it is a sad thing to happen, but alas, we must preserve and continue on with our daily lives, thank you for your insight, may I ask how you got such knowledge of these facts? They are not usually up for sale to the younger class of the population”

Harry nodded “I have been reading about the history of the magical world for about six years, in that time, I had made friends in unusual places, besides that, Knockturn Alley does not discriminate against age and I am friends with nearly everyone in Diagon and Knockturn Alley... well... the merchants and other sales people”

Dumbledore gave a sad smile “yes Mr Potter, I have heard great things about you, I suppose you should get along to your dormitory, classes have been cancelled to mourn the loss of a student”

Harry nodded with a waning smile on his lips and took back his wand, sheathing it and walking off, grinning broadly as he walked up to the castle doors, he couldn't help but cheer inwardly, he had finally killed the bitch that had rivalled Bellatrix Lestrange in insanity and Dark Arts knowledge as well as sheer brutality and sadistic glee in watching blood splatter and screams to tear through others throats ‘oh, how I love my job’ he thought with a mix of glee, sadness and determination to make things right.

End Flashback

Harry shook his head from those thoughts and watched as Francine Marquis, now Francine Marquis-Potter, his official sister in all but

blood, ran around the cobblestone path in glee, cradling the broom like it was her life energy “Francine!” Harry called out “don’t stray too far!”

Francine turned back to him and looked at her feet with a blush, turning back to Ginny, he looked at her closely and said softly “Ginerva, I am going to give you a gift for your hard work these past few months”

Ginny went from solemn to hopeful in a flash and was looking at him with twinkling chocolate brown eyes “really Master?” she asked in an excited tone.

Harry nodded and looked at the pub where the Weasley’s were going to appear in a few days thanks to his note “I have contacted our parents, they are bringing over all of yours and Ronald’s things, including any posters or subjective items you may have up to and including copies of the family photo albums, also, your brothers Charlie and Bill will be arriving to give you birthday presents as will the rest of your family, I hope that you do not betray my trust by telling them anything about me, and if you do, I will know”

Ginny nodded with barely contained happiness “yes Master, oh thank you Master!” she said in a loud squeal before lunging at him and hugging him tightly, she immediately backed off and looked at him in fear.

Harry looked at her with an emotionless look on his face and said in a neutral tone “I will let you have that hug without punishment because it is near your birthday, but do not forget, I am your Master, and such behaviour, without my permission, is not befitting of a slave”

Ginny flinched and gave a solemn nod “I understand Master, it will not happen again Master”

Harry nodded then gave her an expressive look before bringing her into a tight hug, ignoring her tense body, he murmured softly in her ear “go and get your clothes, you have family to see and catch up on”

She nodded, slightly dazed that he had shown this much emotion towards her “thank you Master” she muttered as he pulled back and released her, but this time, it was not filled with bitterness or hate, but this time, it was filled with thankfulness and acceptance.

Harry looked at her and nodded stiffly “I will also be accommodating my fiancé in our room, you have your cot set up I presume”

Ginny nodded stiffly, a small hint of bitterness returning, “yes Master” she said in a slightly bitter tone.

Harry gave a nod “then I suggest you take it down and remove it from the room”

Ginny nodded, looking at her feet “yes Master, it will be done as soon as I can do it, anything else Master?”

Harry gave a small, waning smile that held no warmth, but rather, held a slight amount of respect “indeed there is something else you can do”

Ginny stiffened, waiting in fear for what she knew was going to happen, she knew that Harry was going to rape her, she knew that she was going to be raped and there was nothing she could do about it, she would have to take it and not complain, she was no longer human in the eyes of the law, she was no better than an ink pot, she knew she was going to be vandalised “you may ask Tom the bartender to set up a new bed for you in my room” he said.

Ginny looked up, startled, the blood that had drained from her face was returning and the green tinge was fading “you mean I can have my own bed?” she asked softly.

Harry inclined his head regally and said “indeed, I think you have the right for a small mattress bed that you may sleep on, also, ask for some blankets and a pillow, we can’t have you getting sick now, can we?”

Ginny sniffled and said in a solemn tone “thank you Master”

Harry grunted with a small snort "I am only making sure my property is not damaged" he said stiffly, noticing that the defiance flared up inside of her again.

'That's my girl, always spirited and not willing to break for any man' he thought in an amused manner.

Watching her as her jaw became stiff with defiance, Harry brushed it off and said, "Also, you may have one meal of your choosing for lunch, I can't have anything to happen to you"

Ginny nodded with a slight bitterness and said staunchly "yes Master"

Harry nodded slowly "and you may buy one formal dress uniform with my family crest on your robes, also, if you can, please get some special sanitary products for yourself so we can have you looking like a proper slave to a Lord of family Potter"

She nodded grimly and was about to stalk off when Harry said in a loud enough tone to be heard by the people who were mulling around "also, I would ask that you get some Contraceptive Potions and books about the Karma Sutra"

Ginny turned pale and nodded before nodding and walking off amidst the small laughs from the people around him, Harry grinned in a slightly bemused fashion and looked at Francine who was bouncing on the balls of her heels "Haaaarrrrryyyyy" she pined sweetly.

Harry looked down at her and kissed her forehead softly "what is it Francine?" he asked softly with warmth gracing his otherwise cold voice.

Francine pointed behind him and Harry frowned "Hermione is behind me, isn't she?"

Francine nodded with a giggle and Harry slowly turned to see Hermione looking at him with a scowl "hello Harry" she said in a sickly sweet voice.

Harry winced visibly and backed up a few steps “umm... hi Hermione, nice day isn't it?” he stammered out nervously.

Hermione took three steps forward and stood in front of his face “Harry James Potter, how dare you subject Ginny to your will and subjugate her to such vile acts while in your bedroom” she said in a dangerously calm and low voice promising pain and eventual torture followed by a very slow death.

Harry gave a flinch and stammered out “sweetheart, I can explain...”

Hermione placed her hands on her hips and tapped her feet “well, I am waiting”

Harry winced again at the calm voice, even yelling would be better than this, straightening out, he looked her in the eyes and lowered his mental shields then said in a nervous voice “well ... you see ... I kind of had plans ... for ... for us to ... you and me you see ... I kind of wanted to ... well ... yeah”

Hermione arched an eyebrow elegantly and looked at him with a calculating look “Harry James Potter” she growled making Harry cower behind Francine.

Harry peeked over Francine's shoulder nervously “you wouldn't hurt my sister would you? You can't hurt my sister”

Francine looked at him and moved away from him, standing beside Hermione, Harry sneered at her and growled “traitor”

Francine giggled and said “us girls stick together”

Harry looked at Hermione and saw that her eyes were burning with a fire that he did not like “oh crap, I am so dead” he muttered, looking at her, he promptly ran for his life.

Hermione waited for a few seconds before grinning at Francine “never forget how to intimidate men Francine, that is your greatest weapon”

Francine nodded then frowned in confusion “umm, why did he actually run away?”

Hermione gave a small giggle “I will tell you that when you are older” she said with a smile.

Francine waited for a few minutes then said confidently “I’m older, now tell me!” (AN: Have you ever done that to your parents before?)

Hermione smiled “I threatened him with no kisses or cuddling, there is another reason, but I can’t tell you that for at least another year”

Francine groaned “tell me now!” she whined.

Hermione looked around then leaned in and whispered “I threaten him with no sex for a few months to straighten him out”

Francine’s eyes widened comically to the point where they were the size of dinner plates “I wonder if I can do that to him” she wondered out loud before giggling insanely.

Hermione shook her head and muttered “damnit, another bloody Potter is on the loose”

Harry’s head appeared beside hers and whispered “you called milady?”

Hermione jumped three feet in the air, clutching her heart and panting heavily, the rest of Harry appeared with a slow and fluid movement, seeping under the hem of his robes as if they were the source of the invisibility “Harry” she breathed out haughtily.

Harry grinned at her and shook his head, the now $\frac{3}{4}$ silver hair glistening in the light, his eyes a metallic green that shimmered in the light, his lips a dark red and his eyebrows completely silver (AN: is it just me or is the room suddenly warmer?) and a firm yet graceful stance that screamed of power, control and domination of all those around him “we have to get ready Hermione, the Weasley’s will be here soon enough, I just received an Owl, they are arriving early”

Hermione grimaced and looked at Francine who was staring at him with dreamy, soft sky blue eyes and her light brown hair which flowed like water down her back to her hips flowing gracefully around her, a smile playing her small, usually soft pink lips, now covered in bright orange lipstick that Harry did not want to know about "Harry..." Hermione warned.

Harry looked at her inquiringly "you were staring at her Harry" Hermione said in what Harry assumed was a jealous tone.

Harry raised his eyebrow "I am admiring my little sister if that is alright, you are the only woman for me anyway"

Hermione grinned and kissed his lips passionately earning a gagging sound from Francine, Hermione pulled back from Harry, albeit reluctantly, and looked at her closely "and you will be kissing boys before you leave Hogwarts"

Harry nodded while wrapping his arms around Hermione's waist as she faced her back to him, placing his head on her shoulder "she is right you know, you are going to be a knockout when you grow up, if I weren't with Hermione, I would... oomph" he grunted as Hermione elbowed him in the gut.

"What he means to say dear, is that you are going to have a lot of guys (and maybe some girls) chasing after you while you are at Hogwarts" Hermione said with a soft smile at her, turning to Harry when she finished to give him a glare which made him cower.

"Evil Demon Eye of Death" he said in a horrified tone earning snickers from everyone around him, stopping when they saw the look in her eyes and many shivering or wincing in sympathy.

Luckily for Harry, Ginny arrived with four packages, a pair of large bags and a long black box in her arms "I am finished Master" she said softly.

Hermione spun around sharply and looked at her closely before turning to Harry "Come on Harry, no time to lose" Hermione said cheerfully.

Harry raised an eyebrow and said in a mocking tone “didn’t I say that dear?”

Hermione glared at him, they were still slightly edgy about Harry’s going in and ripping apart Tom and placing himself in danger by going after the Basilisk, Harry thought that Hermione was overreacting and Francine was happy, Hermione was about one step away from pounding his head open with a sledgehammer “enough of this” he said calmly, not really telling them that he had done the whole act so that they could talk for a while which had gone out of control.

Hermione pouted then gave him a longing kiss and Francine gagged while Ginny gave a soft sigh as she made her way into the Leaky Cauldron “Harry” Francine chirped out “we have to get ready, the Weasley twins will be here soon and I need to be nice and pretty for them”

Harry looked at Hermione as he broke the kiss “hero worship anyone?” he muttered sarcastically earning a slap on the shoulder as they broke from the hug and made their way into the dark pub.

Idly playing with his wand, Harry looked at Fred and George who were whispering together, looking around conspicuously in case anyone was watching or listening, Harry gave a small snort as he heard George whisper “we could use those new Canary Custards as a test run on Harry”

Fred shook his head and whispered back “no, he seems to know every move we make, it’s like he knows what types of candies he can eat and which ones he can’t with us”

Francine looked at him then turned back to Fred and George “we could always prank him as he comes out of his apartment”

Fred looks at George and whispers excitedly “we could prank him while he sleeps”

Francine shakes her head “he has insomnia, he sleeps about two hours a day and is a very light sleeper, you wouldn’t be able to prank him even if you tried, I know, I have tried before” she grimaced slightly as she shifted her weight from her left to her right side.

George sighs inaudibly and looks at Harry “we haven’t been able to pull one prank on him once, he seems to know every prank we pull and avoids it”

Francine looks at Harry and smiles “he is the son of a Marauder you know” she says with a misty air.

Fred and George gasp and look at each other with slight horror “we...” Fred starts.

“Have been trying...”

“To prank...”

“One of the...”

“Famous...”

“Marauders...”

“Sons?” they finished together, looking to Francine for confirmation who nodded in a knowing manner.

“Which one?” they both ask loudly.

Harry smirks and says loudly “Prongs”

Fred and George look at him and their eyes widen as they flush a beet red, they immediately shoot out of their chairs and scamper forwards, bowing at his feet “we are not worthy! We are not worthy!” they chant loudly.

Harry grins sadistically and leans in to whisper “I am Messr Blood, at your service”

Fred and George look at each other and frown before looking at him “why Messr Blood?”

Harry smirks and leans back “because I have a few things that I know about the Marauders that I share with them”

Fred and George look at each other “why is it Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs?” they ask in unison, pleading eyes full of anticipation and awe looking at him.

Harry smiles and leans in between them, his eyes scan around for a few minutes before he whispers “Padfoot is a grim like Dog Animagus, Moony is a Werewolf, Wormtail is a fat grey Rat Animagus and Prongs, my dear fellows, was a White Stag Animagus”

Fred and George’s eyes widen and they both drag him up to his room, Harry grinning from ear to ear as they bust down his door and throw him into the room, locking and Charming the door for secrecy and silence, they look at him and change into a pair of small red Squirrels, Harry raises his eyebrow and smirks as they change back with rapid ease “we’ve been doing it since Second Year” they say in a unified victorious manner.

Harry shakes his head which flushes pitch black and shrouds over his now pale face which hides blood red eyes, his lips a deep red and his hands become pale white, Harry spreads his hair back and smirks, a large white fang protruding from the corner of his mouth, both Fred and George pale as they look at him “Vampyr Animagus, since I was about six years old” he lied proficiently.

Fred ponders for a moment as George looks on, stupefied about his changes “but magical changes are supposed to be impossible” he says in a curious manner.

Harry nods slowly “yes, but I have two forms, I am a Vampyr and an Albatross”

Fred and George look at him with a questioning look “a large bird often found having wingspans up to and greater than ten feet long (AN: 3.3 meters for those who don’t know) and are also birds with the

largest wingspan in the world that are non magical" said Hermione who came out with a towel wrapped around her hips with a towel wrapped around her head, some hair straying from the sides.

Fred and George gaped at her chest which was uncovered and showing the small breasts which were showing, Harry smiled, a goofy grin on his face as she walked forwards and settled into his lap, he nuzzled her neck softly, his fangs extended and he bit into her neck, drawing blood and earning an erotic moan from her, as he finished, he withdrew his fangs which shrank down to the smaller size like before, he licked her neck and all she had to show for it was a small trail of blood which he lapped up with his tongue "you..."

"He..."

"That..."

"What..."

"What happened right now?" Harry asked in an amused voice.

Fred and George nodded mutely, looks of horror on their faces, Harry sighed softly and looked at Hermione who shrugged "well, as I have the Animagus form of a Vampyr, I have certain... lusts you might say"

Hermione grinned at him and looked at Fred and George who were pale "Harry, because he has Veela heritage, has the ability to have two Animagus forms, three if you include his avian form"

Fred and George look at each other and he grins at them, his fangs dripping red blood down his chin as they poked through his lips "I can actually turn someone if I wanted to, would you like to become my Children of the Darkness?" he asked jokingly.

They paled and scrambled for the door when Harry broke into laughter with Hermione, Fred and George turned to them and looked at each other "I do believe" Fred started.

"That we have been..."

“Pranked...”

“By Messr Blood” they finished together with a grin at Harry.

Harry nodded and pushed Hermione to the side with a serious look on his face “actually, I only have one natural Animagus form, the rest of them are artificially placed into the body by way of Potions and a few years of hard work”

Hermione settled herself down besides Harry and looked at him “are you really going to tell them?” she asked warily.

Harry nodded and looked at her “they can learn to be Animagi quite quickly and to have that quick a change proves that they can learn Occlumency, in fact, I would not be surprised if they didn’t have basic Occlumency shields already”

Hermione nodded “I wouldn’t be surprised either, considering how devious they are”

Harry snickered “yeah, but they still don’t know the full extent of what we are”

Hermione shrugged “we can always show them some of it later, I think it is safe to say that we can show them a few things right love?”

Harry nodded and looked at the two confused twins, looking back at Hermione, he locked eyes with her ‘I think they are confused love, should we really tell them? They are loyal to me and their family, they despise Snape and they don’t trust Dumbledore but McGonagall is on their suspicious list’

Hermione thought for a moment ‘I think we can trust them, if anything, we can simply keep the knowledge to ourselves, the procedure to make your Potions lives in your memories and the knowledge is yours, nobody else has had your ideas and it makes our job much easier come Fourth Year and Fifth Year’

Harry nodded ‘true, and it provides us with a cover story and easy access to the school with them acting as decoys if we need it’

Hermione gave a sharp nod then slumped her shoulders 'but what about when they leave the school?' Hermione sent back mentally.

Harry frowned and then brightened considerably 'we can always ask them to use that Dark Mark Identification Potion we started brewing after we left school in Sixth Year'

Hermione's eyes widened 'how could I forget that? I am so STUPID!' she berated herself.

Harry sniggered 'no, just forgetful, I managed to brew up to half completion before I stumbled upon the Personal Modification Potions I started working on'

Hermione gave him a searching look then lowered her head in thought, after a minute, she looked at the twins who were watching them with shocked looks then turned to Harry 'we need their help with the Potions, they set up the Potion to begin with before they were killed by Amycus and Alecko Carrow'

Harry gave a grim nod, remembering the fight well 'we can do it, but they need to be briefed on the reason for the Potion and the ingredients, and you know as well as I do that more than half the ingredients are illegal at this day and age' he sent back with a warning.

Hermione frowned then gave a quick nod and looked at the twins "Fred, George, we have come to a decision" she said in a sharp tone.

Fred and George gulped audibly and looked at the both of them nervously, Harry shook his head and stood up and walked towards them, pressing his nails into their shoulders, he led them back to the chairs and sat them down with a thump, moving back to his spot, he sat down and looked at them "we have a proposition, we can provide you with ideas for your joke shop if you help us with a problem, we know you two throw your tests with Snape and we know you are Potions geniuses, we want you to brew something for us"

Fred looked at George "should we do it George?" he asked seriously.

George looked at Hermione and Harry “what is this job you want as for?” he asked with a hard tone.

Harry looked at Hermione and gave a swift nod ‘change into the Veela body, it will help our case, but restrain your charm’

Hermione nodded and changed swiftly, her silver hair glittering in the fire light “you’re a Veela” they both breathed out.

Hermione changed back and shook her head while looking at Harry “it was a Potions accident that was in my favour, while brewing a Blood Replenishing Potion, I accidentally dropped a full phial of Phoenix tears into the mix and took it, when I was injured and had a serious wound on my stomach which healed almost instantly, since then, I started messing with the ingredients, adding separate Potions like the Permanent Sticking Potion which allowed me to use the Vampyr blood and change into one thanks to my Animagus capabilities, when I am in my normal body or indeed any other body, I can heal myself instantly”

Hermione picked out a dagger from under Harry’s pillow and stabbed him in the middle of the chest with no small amount of strength making Harry grunt as he fell backwards, Fred and George stood quickly and had their wands trained on her as she yanked it out of his chest, Harry sat up rubbing his chest as it healed quickly “Jesus Hermione, you could go easier on me” he said gruffly as he drew his wand and waved it over him while the skin closed in on itself, cleaning the blood away.

Fred and George gaped at him and Harry took the dagger, placed it on his palm and made a series of strokes, the skin healing almost instantly after every stroke against his skin, after the fifteenth stroke, he was grinning at them as he stuffed it back under pillow “so, as you can see, I am quite capable of healing myself, all I need you to do is to mix a specific Potion and have it ready by the end of next year”

George looked at Fred and silently conversed before looking at Harry while he shifted back to his Veela body, rubbing his chest and glaring

at Hermione who was looking bashful “what is the Potion you want us to make?” they asked together.

Harry leaned forwards after a quick glare at Hermione and said “we have half the Potion done, some of the ingredients are very rare and some are illegal, if anyone were to find out about this Potion, we would all be going to Azkaban for a very long time”

George scowled as did Fred “so, what you are asking us to do is to break the law and keep it hidden from everyone, possibly doing many other illegal acts and dubious things to complete this little Potion all the while that you will supply us with ideas for our joke shop idea?” Fred asked sceptically.

Harry looked to Hermione then back at the twins “yep, that about sums it up” he said casually.

Fred and George looked at each other, grinned widely and turned to Harry and Hermione with their hands out for him to shake “we would be honoured to help you partner”

Harry shook their hands and smiled brilliantly “it will be a pleasure working with you, now, do you wish for this to be done with a magical contract to keep us all safe?”

They both nodded and Harry waved his wand, a golden parchment appearing for them to all work on and agree on conditions for their partnership.

Authors Note: Love it? Hate it? Please Review.

All reviews are read and respected.

Here we go, finally another chapter done, Fred and George are finally in on the act, scary, and Hermione’s Animagus form will be coming soon!

The robe that Harry bought from Knockturn Alley will actually be mentioned for it's uses later on, it is actually very special, as for the metals Harry got from the Goblins, he is going to be using those for later on as well.

As for the pairings, I have said it countless times, this is strictly a Harry/Hermione fiction, but that does not mean that Harry cannot flirt or string people along.

Dumbledore is being taken care of in Fourth or Fifth Year, sorry for those who hate Dumbledore, don't hit me, please.

Ginny is getting a more active role as will Francine and Hermione, this year in particular, though Harry will seem Dark more often than not in the future chapters.

Francine, Ginny and Luna will also receive some specialtraining from Harry, not like Tonks, but still special.

So, hope you like the chapter.

Keep Reading!

Seth O. Blade.

Year Three:

Chapter Two:

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“Fear is but an illusion of the mind”

Dr Albur Nichtenson: Perversions of the mind.

“Darkness is the path to understanding of ones self and their own limitations”

Dr Charles Whithall

.....

The train whistle hooted loudly, a burgeoning crowd of children flowing onto the station and into the crimson train that reminded Harry of blood, the screeching whistle reminding him of the Dementors that were to come, the subtle frost in the wind which stung his face, reminding him of the things to come, it was a pulsating mass of energy and emotion, it was overwhelming, but also exhilarating.

Hermione looked at Harry to see the glazed look in his eyes that he usually got when he was lost in contemplation, the deep creases in his eyes showing unnatural knowledge of pain, suffering and death, it ripped her heart to shreds to see his eyes so pained and his face so distant and cold, he was like a shell the past few days, it was plain to see that he was remembering the war he had fought, while she was not there during the last three years he had been fighting, knowing that he would only tell her about his studies and nothing more, it was frightening to see the deep power of knowledge and death, the pain that would most likely stain his soul for a long time.

Francine looked up at her brother, knowing that he had many secrets, though she was only his sister by law, ‘daughter if you think about it logically’ she mused to herself, but Harry was withdrawn, he had no longer smiled to anyone, he had not spoken in five days, he had not eaten either, he had just sat in a chair at the Leaky Cauldron without

emotion, a Butterbeer or Gillywater in his hands, sometimes a glass of milk mixed with some red liquid she did not understand despite her being a Knockturn Alley waitress for nearly seven years, she thought it looked like those dreaded mixes that Vampires drank, sometimes she had to offer blood to add to the mix, it sent shivers down her spine to think about him that way, Harry was nothing but her brother, he was the best brother in the world to her and nothing could break that.

Ginny looked at Harry curiously and what she saw made her shiver in fear, there was a blackness in his eyes, a deep pain that scorched his soul that was plain to see, a thing that seemed to be lost, like a distant memory, she swore then and there that she would serve him to her death, loyally, unconditionally, fully, reverently and passionately, he was her Master, even if he freed her, she would stay in his service, she knew that she would help his soul heal and keep him close, to protect him, she swore this to him, her soul, body, mind and life was his to command, to be sent into the burning pits of Hell if he commanded it of her.

Harry felt a small swirl of magic, it was subtle, but also slightly comforting, wrapping him in a blanket of warmth, he looked at Ginny who smiled, Harry looked into her eyes with that gaze devoid of any and all emotion before peering at the train again, pulling out his wand, he gave a wave and the trunks were all shrunk down for everyone to carry “hello Harry” came a dreamy voice.

Harry turned his head almost sluggishly to the voice and gazed into the silver eyes of Luna Lovegood “did you know you have a few pike horned Brumble’s around you at the moment?”

Harry blinked once and croaked out softly, his voice hoarse from disuse “I thought they were Tri-horned Fibbles”

Luna blinked and gazed at him closely “I suppose you are right Harry, there is a few Tri-horned Fibbles around, I can’t see how I could have missed them”

Harry gave a small, elongated sigh “what do you want Luna?” he asked in a whisper.

She looked at him closely and said in a voice without her natural dreaminess "I need to speak to you Harry, this is about you and me"

Harry looked at Hermione and stared into her chocolate brown orbs until she said, "fine Harry, we will save you a seat"

Francine nodded enthusiastically and said in a, excited, chirping tone "yeah Harry, you had better come sit with us"

Ginny looked at him closely, her face unreadable, she saw a slight flicker of emotion in his eyes before she said, "I will save you a seat Master"

Harry gave a small inclination of his head and they walked off to the train without him, Harry turned to Luna and gazed into her eyes, they seemed to flicker with emotions too wild to even comprehend, a raging inferno was beneath those eyes and were overwhelming for Harry, his Veela senses going wild at the emotions she was projecting "Harry, what are your minions going to do? I hope your army doesn't attack us all"

Harry blinked in confusion "what are you talking about Luna?"

Luna gave a dreamy look and seemed to focus far beyond him "I am just saying, you have many fluffy yellow Grimbobbins at your control, you should take advantage of such loyalty"

Harry, who had long ago dismissed her sayings and other creatures, thought back to each time she had said something directly to someone "are you giving me a warning or something?"

Luna smiled eerily, her silver eyes glimmering in what Harry could only identify as mirth "Luna, I am not in the mood to play games" he said wearily, tiredness etching his voice.

Luna frowned at him "you know, wrinkles at such an early age are sometimes nice, but with someone so young, you are better to simply use a De-Ageing Potion, helps get rid of the wrinkles for a few hours"

Harry shook his head 'she has to be constantly high on weed or she is a Seer, if she is another bloody Seer, I will kill her with my bare hands and choke the life out of her' he thought with a maliciousness that he could do that to a friend.

Luna smiled slightly and looked into the sky "wonderful weather, not too cold, not too hot, just right, not a cloud in the sky, just like any other summer day"

Harry looked at her closely, his eyes boring into hers, as she made eye contact, he plunged into her mind and found the last thing he wanted to see.

Luna's subconscious mind:

Harry walked through something that looked like a war zone, there was craters everywhere, spaces completely missing, bubbles in the air forming repressed memories, a cracked 'ground' which crumbled under his 'feet' and was torn to pieces.

Pushing forwards, he saw a small girl in the distance crying over a woman's body, looking at the woman, there was empty grey/silver eyes string out and dirty blonde hair matted with blood covering the majority of the face, Harry shuddered when he saw it and remembered what Luna had said about her mother, she had died while testing a spell for the Unspeakable's, looking around again, pushing past the memory, he delved deeper into the torn mind and peeked at a few memories that led to the torn wasteland that he saw before him.

"Who are you?" came a small girls voice.

Harry spun around to see Luna as she would have looked when she was three or four "who are you?" came an older voice.

Harry spun around again and saw Luna as she was now, he shook his head and said " the Past, a child as you were, the Present as you are and..."

"Who are you?" came a musical voice.

“The Future, as you will be” Harry finished as he looked at the beautiful woman in front of him.

All three nodded as one and said, “Who are you?”

Harry bowed his head and saw a line of Runes, looking closely, he found that they were spider webbed around the entire landscape, Harry bent down and the younger version of Luna said softly “don’t touch that”

Harry ignored her and ran his hand along the first set of Runes that depicted restraint and suppression “don’t mess with what you do not know” came the older, musical voice.

Harry looked up, his eyes ablaze with fury as he gripped the Rune for Change, squeezing it in his hands, cracks appeared on the surface, crushing it in his hand, he looked at the Luna that is, as she screeched loudly “NO!”

Harry looked at the Rune for Suppression and the Rune for Restraint, crushing them in his hands, the three of them were screeching at him to stop, looking at the Runes as they started to shake and shiver, the outlines of Harry and the three Luna’s becoming blurred as the landscape shook he gripped the Rune for Torment and Suffering, crushing them quickly in his hands “NO!” they screeched.

Harry looked at the Rune for Memory and the Rune for Insanity, shaking his head as he felt the Headmaster’s energy field around them, he crushed them in his hands, looking at the rest of the Runes, he saw Separation, Binding, Chaos, Confusion and Knowledge, reaching out, he periodically crushed them as the landscape shuddered and trembled with the force of magic Harry was pulsing through his ‘body’ to heal her mind “NO! YOU ARE HURTING US!” the three screeched.

Harry continued crushing the foreign Runes in the mind, all three Luna’s screeching and pleading for him to stop, showing unbridled fury as he found the Runes Control and Slavery, he crushed them in

his hands, fury flowing and pulsing off him in waves “Dumbledore” he said in a dark tone.

An old man showed he and looked at him “so,” came the message from Dumbledore “you are the one to find out my secret, now you shall perish with the Seer”

Harry quickly threw up a barrier against the three and himself as the thing exploded, obliterating the scenery around him, leaving a black void and four people encased in separate silver domes, streams of Runes flowing freely around, glowing and pulsing without anything to tie themselves to as the shield reflected them, checking the Rune flow with his Mage Sight, he smiled softly as he dropped the shields.

“What have you done?” came the voice of the Luna that was.

“What have you done?” came the voice of the Luna that is.

“What have you done?” came the voice of the Luna that will be.

Harry smiled as the landscape started to appear again, flowers and fields appearing, lush grass sprouted under his feet “I healed you” Harry said softly.

“You healed us?” came the three voices “We who have knowledge of you?”

Harry nodded “I know you cannot show others the visions of what is to be, but can show memories of what has been and show of what is”

“You have been a very bad boy” the Luna that was giggled out.

“You have done bad things,” said the Luna that is.

“You have changed what is to come” came the serious voice of the Luna that will be.

“I have healed you” Harry said in a snappy tone.

“Yet you are different than others” came the Luna that will be.

"You are not tied to the weave like the rest of us" Luna that is said in a singsong voice.

"You have no path, no written destiny" Luna that was giggled out.

"What do you mean?" Harry questioned idly.

The shields vanished and the three stood side-by-side "You are different, not tied down, changed, different" they chorused.

"I will always be different" Harry muttered.

"Yet you have a single path where the weave will take you, yet you are not part of the weave" they said as one.

"I was never one to play with beings that try to control me" Harry snapped out.

"Yet you have a fate, a destiny, a path to destroy," they sang out as one.

"I never asked for it, I am simply a killer, a weapon, a tool of idiots and fools," Harry screamed out.

"Yet you are not part of the weave of Destiny, the weave of Fate or the weave of a predetermined path" the Luna that is said softly.

"As I said, I am not one to adhere to the rules, I live by my own rules"

"Yes, I suppose you do," said the Luna that will be.

"And we cannot allow you to remember this" said the Luna that was.

"I will remember this you realise" Harry said defiantly.

They looked at each other then at Harry "you will not remember anything of this, but you will remember that I am a Seer"

Harry was covered in a golden shield of Runes, which started to close in on him, and he felt a deep crushing against him as he was thrust out.

Real World:

Harry blinked and curled his lip at Luna as if smirking, Luna gazed at him long and hard before saying "Harry, you might want to go back to your wife, she is very unhappy at the moment"

Harry continued looking into her eyes and tapped his head with his forefinger before turning and walking away, Luna's eyes widening at the implied gesture.

The train ride so far was fun, Harry was seated with Hermione, Ginny and Francine with Remus Lupin sitting in the corner, nose twitching every so often as Harry sent off pheromones while talking to Hermione and Francine, Ginny seated quietly in the corner reading a book on Pureblood slaves and their duties "Harry, what are you going to do about Sirius Black?" Francine questioned worriedly.

Harry and Hermione tensed, looking at each other before relaxing, Hermione cuddling closer into his arms "I was going to have a little ... talk with him, about the Secret Keeper to my parents and about Peter Pettigrew"

Hermione looked at him as his eyes filled with rage and fury at the mention of Peter Pettigrew "Harry, you shouldn't go after him" Hermione chided lightly.

Harry grumbled and looked at her closely 'I guess it is a good thing that Ginny has Peter' he sent to her.

Hermione gave one small nod and looked at Peter, Crookshanks in her arms, sleeping 'Harry, when do we act? Do we tell Sirius about you? Do we tell him about us?'

Harry shook his head and frowned as he looked at Remus whose nose was twitching now and then 'looks like I have a strong scent, you should tone yours down, stay human so as not to arouse suspicion'

Hermione nodded and cuddled closer to him, shifting her body to be closer to him 'Harry, what were you doing on the station with Luna?' she questioned mentally.

Harry frowned, racking his brain, trying to figure it out 'I have no idea honestly, to tell you the truth, but I found out why she is always so spaced and distant'

'She is a Seer?' Hermione questioned smugly.

Harry looked at her with a scolding glare 'I hate you sometimes, you know that?'

Hermione giggled and whispered softly "I love you Harry"

Harry pulled her close and nibbled her ear lobe softly, teasingly "I love you too," he said in a soft moan.

Hermione pulled herself even closer and sat on his lap, facing him, placed her head on his shoulder and crooned softly as she felt him rub her back softly, his fingers working magic on her tense back muscles, shivering at his touch, she gave a small moan "feels great Harry"

Harry grinned at her then looked at Francine who was buried in her books, she was reading her Defence book "hey Francine, how do you like the book so far? I heard that this Professor actually knows what he is doing unlike that poser Lockheart"

Francine looked up from her book and smiled warmly "it is a good book, and it has so much on Dark Creatures and is very interesting"

Harry smirked and said "I am considered a creature darling"

Francine's eyes widened and Harry nodded as he pushed Hermione aside "I am a magical being, I suppose you could neither consider me a Dark or Light Creature, but a Grey Creature"

Francine nodded and Harry noted that Remus had stiffened slightly "Harry, what exactly is a Veela considered anyway?" Ginny asked curiously.

Harry looked at her and pondered for a few seconds "I would have to say that a Veela is considered something called a Fae, Veela are neither Light nor dark in alignment as far as I can tell, we are sexual beings and have a very high sexual allure that is tied to our emotions"

Ginny contemplated this and smiled thinly before turning back to her book, Francine looked at Harry "why don't I feel attracted to you Harry?"

Harry gave a side long look at Hermione who gave a small sharp nod, Harry leaned forwards and placed a kiss on her cheek, lacing it with Veela magic, removing the Charm he had on her, he pulled back and noticed her eyes widen and her face flush red "because I had used a special Charm that Veela can use that stops people from becoming attracted to me, it is very effective"

Francine started to stutter, her mouth opening and closing like a goldfish, Harry smirked at her then placed his lips on hers, lacing it with magic and watched her flush dark red, pulling back, Harry watched Francine as she shifted nervously, her entire face and neck completely red, Harry gave a small barking laugh and clasped his sides in mirth, Hermione holding him up, giggling at the sight "he has been planning that for a year now, waiting for you to ask that, just to see what your face looked like when he kissed your lips"

Harry roared in laughter when Francine flushed red, giving her a quick hug as tears started to fall, he whispered softly "sorry Francine, I was only playing a joke, I didn't mean to make you upset"

Francine glared at him and poked him in the chest with her wand and said stiffly "Bates Mocco"

Harry winced as the spell caused bat winged bogies to fly around, attacking him mercilessly, Harry screeched loudly and summoned fire into his hands, waving them frantically, trying to banish them as best he could without his wand or magic “stop it! For the love of mercy, please make it stop!” Harry begged loudly.

Ginny sighed as she withdrew her wand, muttering the counter-curse “that is what you get for teasing your sister” Ginny said softly, laughter lacing her voice.

Harry grimaced as he closed his eyes, the small cuts healing slowly, the deeper cuts taking a little more time to heal, Hermione hugged close to Harry and was tracing pattern on his chest when the train screeched to a stop, Harry groaned and withdrew his Willow wand, standing up and waiting “wait here” Harry growled viciously.

Hermione froze, knowing that tone of voice, it was the voice of when Harry went into battle, the voice that made the ranks of Death Eaters tremble at the utterance of his name, it was the voice he utilised when he took command of a group “Harry...” she started in a small warning voice.

Harry snapped his wand up at the door as the torches went out, a curtain of freezing air washed over them all and Harry growled softly, deep in his throat “Dementors”

Hermione stood up and drew her own wand as well, she looked at Harry who nodded “Sho moel votet nul?” he questioned. (Should we attack them?)

Hermione gave a shake of her head and rested her hand on his wand, Harry stiffened but gave a nod and relaxed, he sheathed his wand and Hermione did the same, hugging Hermione tightly as the frosty mist became thicker, he collapsed to the ground onto his knees, pulling Hermione with him, both kneeling on the floor, shivering as they remembered things from the past “Expecto Patronum!” they all heard, Harry and Hermione hearing the familiar voice of Remus Lupin, Moony, Werewolf, friend.

Harry and Hermione took one last fleeting glance at the Thestrals that were harnessed to the carriages, Harry looked at Hermione, the rain belting down on them, Hermione shared the look of understanding with him and smiled at him softly “we can stop all that from happening now” she whispered in his ear as she brought him into a tight embrace.

Harry gave a small nod as he buried his head into her hair, relaxing into her arms as she held him, she pulled back and smiled at him as he gave a small groan of disappointment “we can do all that later Harry” she said in a seductive tone, she turned around and started walking to the castle, Harry’s eyes on her seductively swaying hips.

“You just gotta love that woman,” he murmured to himself, a wistful look in his eyes.

Turning to Francine, he gave her a peck on the cheek and patted her bum “go on ahead, I will meet you later” he said softly.

Francine gave an excited squeak and ran into the castle, leaving Harry with Ginny in the rain, pausing for a brief look around him, watching as the students rushed past him, frowning as Malfoy pushed a Second Year Hufflepuff into the mud, looking at Ginny, he sighed softly and gripped her close to his body so he could talk over the rain easily “I want you to go to Dumbledore and request that I have a room to teach duelling and spell casting, Defence, Transfiguration and Charms useful in duels, you understand me?”

Ginny nodded against the warmth of his body in the freezing wind “anything else Master?” she questioned.

Harry nodded “ask Dumbledore to also set up a room for us to all sleep in or add a bed in the Third Year boys dormitory for you to sleep in, Hermione may sleep in my room, Francine has expressed that she wanted to sleep in her own dormitory”

“Is that all Master?”

“That is all Ginerva” he stated, he let go of her and watched her run into the castle.

Harry turned to look at Draco as he shoved a Ravenclaw Second Year into the mud, seething, Harry sent a small Explosion Hex at the ground just in front of Malfoy, splattering him with mud, smirking, he reached out to the elements and loosened the ground underneath him, watching Malfoy glare at him, Harry waved in a joyful manner and blew a kiss at him, Malfoy flushed a light pink across his cheeks “move it Potter” came Neville’s voice as he pushed past him, Dean and Seamus now his official goons.

Harry rolled his eyes and waved his wand quietly, tripping the three of them, making them fall face first into the mud, casting a quick Banishing Charm, they were ground through the mud face first as they skidded into the castle, deep swaths carved into the ground thanks to the three imbeciles, when he spoke this out loud, a small giggle was heard “I agree with you there Potter”

Harry spun around to see Cho Chang looking at him like he was a piece of meat ‘this bitch better not be trying to flirt with me or trying to...’

“Hey there Harry, do you want to walk up to the school together?” she asked softly.

Harry fought the urge to use a mix of Levitation Charms, Banishing Charms, Cutting Charms and some very select spells that he had found Hermione playing with from the magazines she collected “no thank you, I am meeting Hermione, my fiancé, later on, but thank you for the offer” he said through clenched teeth.

Cho clasped his arm and said softly “Harry, you could have me instead of that ... that ... hussy, I am far more beautiful and will make you very satisfied” she purred the last bit out seductively.

Harry battled internally, point one, he wanted so bad to kill the slut that was doing this, point two, she was trying to seduce him because he is unattainable, point three, she insulted Hermione, that was enough to earn a serious Reducto to the head, point four, he sensed

something wrong with her in her aura, it was so familiar but also unfamiliar, shaking his head, he raised his wand and had it placed right between her eyes, the tip pressed into the skin “I suggest you leave now, I am going to meet my fiancé, I do not wish to Curse you at the moment, but that is rapidly changing” he growled deeply.

Cho shivered and ran for her life, Harry gave a dry laugh and sheathed his wand with a shake of his head “idiot” he muttered softly.

Glancing at Malfoy, he sniggered softly when he saw the pale ponce up to his waist in mud, Goyle and Crabbe both floundering around, trying to pry him from the mud, shaking his head with a chuckle, he walked to the castle, a large grin splayed across his face.

As Harry walked into the Entrance Hall, he saw Peeves dive bombing students, chuckling, he waked past the water bombs, casting Drying, Warming and Cleaning Charms on himself, cringing when he heard McGonagall screech “PEEVES!”

Thinking quickly and with a bit of vindictive glee, he conjured another five hundred balloons and filled them with water as quick as he could, floating them around Peeves, he grinned at Peeves speculative look his way and gave a wink, tapping his nose and giving one last grin before slipping into the Great Hall, delighting in the indignant yelling from McGonagall and the students “serves them right, nosing into my business” he muttered darkly, sitting next to Hermione, Francine settling by his side.

Glancing around, he idly watched as Snape was storming into the Great Hall, a muddy Draco Malfoy trailing behind, chuckling lightly, he used a bit of Earth Magic (A/N: the Elemental use of Earth) to shift weight to the front, making Malfoy slam face first into the cold stone floor, Harry, along with nearly everyone in the Great Hall, roared in laughter “POTTER!” Snape roared “DETENTION FOR A MONTH!”

“NO!” Harry roared back, laughing at the puce face that Snape had adapted.

‘Now if only he gained a few pounds and a moustache, he would be exactly like Vernon Dursley’ Harry thought amusedly.

Watching Snape, Harry used his Water Magic to pool around Snape's feet as he was walking forwards causing him to fall ass over head on the floor, sputtering indignantly as his robes fell over his waist showing pale grey underpants, Harry, among the very few people around the Great Hall brave enough to laugh at him, gave another roar of laughter "POTTER! DETENTION FOR THREE MONTHS!"

Harry looked at him with pure hate and boomed in a dark tone, power erupting through his voice, black lightning crackling around him as he went for the full effect of the almighty god look "Severus Snape, you ignorant fool!" Snape flinched as did many other people, the voice sending waves of magic through them, increasing their fear courtesy of a Terror Curse laced through his clothes which was brought out for this particular reason "I have done no silly wand waving against you!"

Dumbledore, who was watching the events, smiled inwardly 'maybe now I can expel this little shit and continue with my plans' Dumbledore thought with morbid fascination.

Harry watched with no small amount of satisfaction as Snape sputtered and gaped like an idiot, trying to form words 'oh goody,' Harry thought sarcastically 'I think I broke him, nor more play time with him for a while, but first...I think I broke him, nor more play time with him for a while, but first...'

Snape was just about to speak when Harry boomed out with the Terror Curse being reinforced with some of his Dementor aura, making everyone shudder at the depressed, terrified, fearful and ice cold feelings that washed over them "You have no proof!"

Snape controlled himself and said in a meek voice "I need no proof, I am a Professor"

Harry coiled all effects onto Snape, running a few fingers over the Dark Runes inside the cuffs of his robes, the effects activating and circling Snape making him quiver and leave a conspicuous yellow puddle on the floor "you need proof to punish me Professor!" Harry bellowed once more with a wandless Soronus Charm.

Smirking at the shaking form of Snape, he spun around, his cloak billowing in the wind magnificently, Snape looking on in awe as Harry glided down the length of the table elegantly, away from him, closer to the Great Hall doors and sit down with his arms crossed in front of his chest “bloody Potters” Snape grumbled, stood up, and with every piece of dignity he had left, which was not much, he scampered away to the Head Table.

Harry yawned loudly, his mouth wide open as he woke up, he looked down at Hermione who was in his arms, smiling to himself, he levitated her away with a wandless Charm and escape from her, lowering her down, he looked up as the first of the Gryffindors were coming down the steps, Harry caught the curious looks of the First Years and the small smiles from the rest of the Gryffindors, it had become well known that Harry and Hermione were engaged, Harry sighed softly, pulling out the golden chain from his neck, he looked at the Time Turner he had received from McGonagall to do all the classes for the year, Hermione had decided to do Runes, Arithmancy and Care of magical Creatures as well as all her core subjects, Harry being the one to use the Time Turner this time, staying to the original time line was more important anyway “well, looks like I have to go down for breakfast” he grumbled softly.

Standing up, he stretched his back and the people around him winced as several pops and cracks came from his back, looking at Hermione, he smiled and walked out, drawing his wand and casting a Summoning Charm for his books which were splayed across the small table that he had conjured the night before, his bag flew into his hands and he held it open as the books flew at him, piling neatly into the satchel, dropping it down to his side, he slung the leather strap over his shoulder and headed for the Great Hall for his first day of classes, skipping down the steps, he gleefully watched people stare at him like he had grown three heads. Smiling widely as he settled himself into a brisk pace of joyous skipping, he opened the doors to the Great Hall and looked around, skipping joyfully down the table, he sat down lightly on a bench and whistled excitedly, remembering the conversation he had with Hermione.

Begin Flashback

Harry lay down, Hermione in his arms, snuggling closely into him
“Harry” Hermione said softly, inhaling his masculine scent.

Harry looked down at her “yeah Mia?”

Hermione growled softly “only you can get away with calling me that”
she muttered darkly.

Harry grinned and pulled her closer to his face, kissing her nose softly
causing her face to scrunch up cutely, she shook her head then said
softly “Harry, you need to be more sociable, you can’t always
compete for the Biggest Asshole of the Year contest you know, and
you were given a second chance in life, not many people can say that,
you should live it up”

Harry sighed, knowing this was going to come up sooner or later
“Hermione, love, if you had seen what people who we once called
friends did what they did, you would be acting cold just like I am”

“Well, I wasn’t, but even if I had, I would give them another chance, a
chance to change”

“Hermione...” he said warningly.

“No Harry, you have to give everyone a chance or you are just like
Voldemort”

“But...”

“Harry, not everyone will be the same”

“Hermione, just because you think that everyone can change, it does
not mean...”

“And it does not mean that they will be the same”

“And why do I need to be sociable then?”

“Hypothetically speaking, if you knew that I had the potential to be a Dark Lord before killing Voldemort, then I took his place, then you were given another chance, would you try to redeem me or try to keep me from this course?”

Harry nodded “I would do it in a heartbeat”

“So why not do the same for others?”

“Because they...”

“That is hypocritical of you Harry” she scolded softly.

“Maybe so, but I love you enough to stop it from happening”

“Harry, just give people a chance, even if you don’t trust them, at least enjoy your second chance in life” she pleaded him softly.

Harry thought about it for a moment, gave a small smile and said “I will attempt to be a giddy little midget thirteen year old pansy ponce Gryffindor like I should be, but only for you love, only for you”

Hermione beamed and crashed her lips against his, kissing him fanatically, the dying embers of the fireplace in the empty Gryffindor Common Room crackling as two people kissed for a few hours.

End Flashback

Grinning like a loon, Harry piled food onto his plate, eating the food fanatically, people looking at him with wide eyes as he devoured everything within arms reach.

“Mr Potter, your time table has been changed” came a strict voice.

Harry turned to see McGonagall standing next to Dumbledore, her lips drawn in a thin line “and why is that?” Harry asked curiously.

Dumbledore looked over his half moon glasses, a smug look on his face “we believe that you have already got too much stress with Sirius Black escaping from Azkaban, we have decided to lighten the

course load by removing you from Ancient Runes, Arithmancy and Care of Magical Creatures”

Harry looked at Dumbledore with a scowl in his eyes, defiant and full of fury “I think, if you look closely, that you will find, under certain restrictions placed by the Founders of Hogwarts, that a student may only drop out of a class should they wish to drop out or if their studies are of the lowest grade in examinations, under fifty percent I believe is the required rate to drop out, and I can still, if I wish to contest my scores, take a Ministerial course outside of school during summer”

Dumbledore’s eyes looked at him with pure fury and utter hatred “since you have brought up the effect of your summers, I understand that you have no guardian, the Ministry has decided that it will be having a guardianship trial so that you will have a family to come home to during the break periods”

Harry scowled slightly ‘this is not going according to my plan, I need to shut down all my accounts and tie off everything, I cannot allow Dumbledore or anyone else to know my hereditary titles’ he thought inside his mental shields, outwardly keeping a blank face.

Giving a deep scowl at Dumbledore, he smugly replied “be that as it may, I am keeping my class schedule”

Dumbledore nodded then said in a smug tone, for it could only be smug “yes, besides that, your guardians will also be deciding your course loads thanks to a new Ministry edict, any child may choose their subjects, but the guardians must approve of them, the guardians may even remove said child from school”

Harry growled deep within his throat “I am emancipated sir, I am a legal adult”

Dumbledore’s eyes glittered with untold glee “unfortunately, all emancipation papers have been cancelled due to a fraud paper listed just recently, so everyone under the Age of Majority must reevaluate and resign their papers”

Harry frowned mentally 'very crafty Dumbledore, when did you get this done?' he thought to himself 'seems that someone is much more creative than I though, but I can only be held as Lord Potter, though I don't plan on giving Dumbledore any more ammunition to work with'

"All people who were emancipated within the past fifteen years must reapply for emancipation with the Ministry" Dumbledore stated calmly, though Harry could tell that Dumbledore was ecstatic.

Harry gave a quick nod of his head and stood up "Dumbledore" Harry said coolly, making McGonagall flinch at the pure hatred in his voice.

Harry quickly walked out leaving a very smug Dumbledore and a confused McGonagall behind.

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Authors Notes: You know the drill by now, if ya love it or hate it, give us a review.

None of the reviews are disrespected.

Sorry for the late update, but I have been doing large amounts of homework and tests for school, as of September, the updates will become less because of end of year exams.

Now, people have been wondering about the past that Harry has lived with, well, it will be explained in more chapters to come, but it won't be nice.

With people who think that Harry and Hermione are taking it too quickly and have advanced too far, I am telling you now, **THEY ARE STILL VIRGINS!**

They have only kissed, cuddled and stroked, nothing will happen until at least Fourth Year at the very least.

Francine and Draco will be having more of an impact within the story as will Neville, but I am keeping things as close to cannon as possible.

People are also wondering what is going to happen to Cho, well, just wait and see.

People are also wondering about Tonks and when she is going to come back into the picture, well, thanks to Harry's tutoring, she will be back soon.

Also, I had a few requests that Harry change into his female body which I mentioned before, that may come sooner than you think, just wait and see.

Hope you like the chapter.

Keep Reading!

Seth O. Blade.

Year Three:

Chapter Three:

Letters. Tonks. Sirius Black is back.

“Fortune favours the bold, the knowledgeable and the imbeciles who manage to screw with everything else”

Personal modification of old quote.

Harry looked down at the letter that he had received from Tonks, his pen-pal, she had written that she had taken the tests for being a Hit-Witch and had scored in the top five, thanking him immensely, reading the letter again he sighed, letting it drop to the cold stone floor.

Dear Harry,

Guess What? I passed the exams! I couldn't have done it without you.

I placed second in the exams, beaten only by a Wizard who used to be an Auror before moving up to Hit-Wizard status, anyway, I wanted to tell you that I have my first assignment.

It's you lover boy!

I am to act as your bodyguard until Sirius Black is captured or killed, I should be over within a week, and my commander wants to meet with you to discuss your security plans and safety.

I know, terrible, but hey, at least you and I get to go on that date to Hogsmeade you promised me!

I am still waiting for my birthday present as well you idiot! And I don't want some half-baked excuse that you forgot.

Anyway, I heard that you and Hermione Granger are engaged, is this right? I am so going envious of her; she gets the man of my dreams, and someone who can really please me as well with certain spell.

Hey, I also found this nifty little Charm called Occular Refracto, apparently it makes you invisible, when my Commander asked me to perform it, I just told him that he could shove that Charm where the sun don't shine and stripped butt naked like you taught me, blending in with the surroundings by using my Metamorphmagus abilities.

The Commander seems to have some sort of overly large wand up his ass, he was not very happy about it.

So, we found out something, you got a daughter, or is that sister? When can I meet her? You had better not be nasty to her, if you are, I will castrate you and feed your nuts to the Werewolves.

But yeah, I am going to be coming over in the next week or so to supposedly guard you, I am supposed to be a student in your year, funny that, they seem to think that I am the best person for the job, probably because I am taking the body of a male student in your year thanks to my Metamorphmagus abilities, who would have thought?

Please note the sarcasm in that.

Anyway, here's hoping that you don't get too tetchy when you see me.

With all my love (don't make that face Harry),

N. Tonks.

Harry sighed and conjured a piece of parchment in the cold stone Owlery, pulling out some ink and a quill, he started to write a letter to Gringotts.

To Whom It May Concern,

I wish to close all but my personal Trust Fund which will have further restricted monetary access, I wish for no more than one hundred Galleons placed inside due to the new laws passed, all my family

vaults are to be closed to all but myself, any and all information it to be restricted to be allowed only by myself in person.

Please send proper emancipation letters within the next three days, this is of the utmost importance, I also require that my apartment in Diagon Alley, the Leaky Cauldron, be paid for permanent housing, my cottage in Hogsmeade must be the only house shown to anyone who wishes to see Potter land, anything else must be kept secret.

As to my Headship of the families, they are to remain secret, anything bar Potter family Headship is to be kept secret, in doing this, you ensure that my finance continues in your services, be warned, you tell anyone about anything else pertaining to my vaults, properties, possessions, anything at all, and your bank will lose it's largest financial investor for three thousand years.

Sincerely,

Lord Baron Harry James Black-Grindewald-Ravenclaw-Slytherin-Gryffindor-Potter the first.

P.S. I am enclosing a drop of blood on the parchment along with my family shields as proof of identification.

Harry elongated his teeth thanks to his Metamorphmagus abilities and let three drops of blood fall down onto the parchment at the end of his name, healing it with a thought, he conjured some drops of wax and watched them fall onto the parchment, smirking, he conjured ribbons and placed more wax over the top of the ribbons to hold them tight, pressing each ring down so he could seal it as his being Head of the family.

Sealing it with a small blast of magic, he tied it up and sealed it with a wax shield that would break only for a Goblin, turning his chair and desk into dust with a wave of his hand as he stood up, he changed into a large black phoenix with blank white eyes, Harry gave a small trill of music and clutched the parchment into his claws, thinking on the main lobby of Gringotts, he burst into black and silver flames.

Arriving in Gringotts, startling the people around the bank, Harry screeched loudly and beat his wings methodically, turning his head this way and that, screeching again, he burst into flame and appeared on the desk of the Head Goblin, screeching to get his attention, Harry held up a leg, claws clenching the letter, the Goblin took it and nodded before placing it against a scanner of some sort.

Harry trilled when he saw the Goblin pull out the emancipation papers and the papers to lock down his vaults for his own use, Harry clutched them in his claws and burst into flames, appearing in his room at the Leaky Cauldron, settling himself on his bed, he changed back into his normal body and looked at the parchment and the Blood Quill set up, grinning like a mad man, he quickly signed the parchments, contracts, everything, knowing that they were beneficial to him, grinning maniacally, Harry changed back into the black Phoenix and burst into flames, clutching the parchment and contracts in his claws, landing on the desk next to the Head Goblin who breathed a sigh of relief at having kept one of the largest benefactors the bank has had since Nicholas Flamel had closed his vault, moving away, taking the last two Philosophers Stones with him, the third one being destroyed by that barmy old fool Dumbledore.

Harry trilled as he sensed these emotions and hopped from side to side, gleefully trilling in a childish manner, the Goblin gave a wry grin and said softly “tell your Master that we would be glad to accept him as a friend”

Harry trilled then tried his Legimancy on the Goblin, surprised that he found a large void before slamming into a large barrier, caressing it with his mind, he sent the image of his Phoenix body to him and watched the shield fall down slightly “I, on behalf of Harry Potter, thank you for your generosity and hope for good relations in the future, may your gold flow freely and your enemies cower beneath your might” he said respectfully before pulling out.

The Goblin smiled wryly “indeed, I am most curious as to why many customers were here today about their emancipation”

Just then, Dumbledore appeared, followed by twenty Auror’s, ten Unspeakable’s and ten Hit-Wizards and Witches, Harry glowered at

Dumbledore and trilled a note of warning to the Goblin who caught his meaning, Dumbledore walked to the middle of the room and stated clearly and imperiously “by order of the Ministry of Magic, the Wizengamont and the International Confederation of Wizards, all here are ordered to lower their wands and submit to a search, any being or animal currently here is ordered to stand down and wait for instruction”

Harry blinked then gave a shrill trill, Dumbledore glared at the black Phoenix as it glared at him right back, Dumbledore watched the wands get summoned and the people searched with spells, Potions and instruments to find any discrepancies in their identities, Harry smugly flamed right next to Dumbledore and left a small gift for him on his head, trilling in laughter, he fluttered back to a desk and promptly collapsed into a fitful laugh as everyone tried to hide their snickers at the disgruntled Dumbledore “search that Phoenix! Now!” Dumbledore yelled.

Harry trilled and flew into the air, trilling in laughter as spells attempted to hit him, trilling in glee, he breathed in through his beak then blew out harshly, a black fireball flowing from his mouth and quickly moving forwards, everyone tried sending up spells to stop the fireball but that only fuelled it as it slammed into the ground, a wave of heat flowing from the impact site that knocked almost everyone unconscious, trilling as Dumbledore glared up, he settled himself on one of the braces on the ceiling and trilled delightedly, laughter evident in his tone, Dumbledore shot a Severing Curse at Harry which clipped his wing and sent him sprawling to the floor, Harry gave a shrill and angry shriek of disdain and watched as Dumbledore walked forwards, Dumbledore shot him with an Animagus Reversal Charm which hit him, he felt his insides churn but he stayed the same, Dumbledore growled “you are Potter’s Phoenix, aren’t you?”

Harry gave a weak trill on acknowledgement, Dumbledore glared at him and pointed his wand at the Phoenix “Avada Kedavra” he said in a monotone.

Harry burst into flames just before the spell hit and appeared in the middle of the air, trilling shrilly, Harry started warping and moving, his bones cracking, his muscles changing rapidly as he tried to grip a

certain Dementor body, grasping it, he gave a wickedly evil trill that made many people flinch as he changed into his Dementor body, he let loose his full Dementor abilities and watched Dumbledore cringe while everyone else fainted, swooned or screeched in horror, the Goblins shuddering at the sheer strength of power that he had over them, landing on the floor, his feet leaving ice where he stepped, cracks crisscrossing the stone floor, Harry smirked from his kneeling position, his head lowered as he changed his appearance and shadowed his face as long and flowing black robes appeared on his body from the dark blood red that he had before, standing up, he smirked as Dumbledore took a step backwards "I suggest you tell your companions to lower their wands, and while at it, you should do the same" he said in the deep and rattling tone that sent shivers down everyone's spines.

Dumbledore shook his head and raised his wand and roared out "Expecto Patronum!"

Harry looked at the large bison that shot from his wand, shaking his head, he vanished in a wisp of black smoke and a swirl of black robes, appearing in the middle of the room next to Dumbledore, placing his hand on Dumbledore's chest, he pushed him down and smirked when he fell on his ass "insignificant buffoon" he murmured, mirth laced in his voice.

Dumbledore stood up shakily, clasping his chest painfully as if he had tainted him, which was partially what he did, he just placed a small amount of Dementor essence into his body that would chill him to the bones whenever he went against Harry "who are you?" Dumbledore questioned with a raspy voice.

Harry smirked and lowered his hood to show cold, blank white eyes "I am someone who you need not concern yourself with mortal"

Dumbledore's eyes widened and he whispered harshly "Gladius Herule, the First Dementor"

Harry smirked and gave a mocking bow, knowing that the remains of the First Dementor were in Azkaban, jars upon jars of the blood from his dried up body which was shackled and bound in chains set up

along the wall where he got his Dementor blood from “a pleasure and a half, you Half-Blood cretin’ he said mockingly.

Dumbledore went a deep fuchsia in anger and roared out as he waved his wand in fury and rage, his body shaking horribly “I AM DUMBLEDORE YOU FOUL BEAST, HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT, YOU ARE A MOCKERY OF NATURE!”

Harry rolled his eyes and wandlessly summoned a wand to him, the room blasting into shadows at this, so he could mask the wand coming to him, clasp his hand around the wand, he smirked as he felt a slight connection as he dropped the shadows around the entire area, suppressing his abilities, thinking back on the words he had heard before he had come here.

“You will have your magic, your blood and your knowledge, you far exceed any of which I can give to you, but remember this, use your resources wisely, they can be a hindrance or a blessing, welcome to your second chance at life Harry Potter, this is more than many others will get”

Sighing as Dumbledore sent a spell at him, he stepped aside and bulked up his muscles with his Metamorphmagus abilities, opened his magical pathways to their fullest and broke open the first barrier to the cage he had formed around his magic, allowing him to access more power easily, sending a quick Shadow Chain Curse which bound the person in cold black steel chains, he watched in interest as Dumbledore responded by forming a barrier of pure light with a quick flick of his wand, Harry growled and started walking forwards, sending a special Curse he had made just for Voldemort, Conjuring a black human skull and banishing it with one simple incantation which he whispered “Skullus reperandum”

Dumbledore sent an Explosion Hex at the skull which shattered into pieces, the shards flying everywhere, stopped only by Harry’s wide spread Banishing Curse “Flauxen shiva!” Dumbledore shouted.

A large grey beam of light shot towards him that Harry deflected with a muttered “Umbra proto mortor”

Harry continued walking forwards; Dumbledore backing out of the bank in order to gain more ground “Shiva Juukun!” Dumbledore shouted.

Two grey/silver beams shot at him and Harry slashed the wand downward, a red flash of magic sending the two parallel spells into the walls of the bank, Harry then slashed his wand upwards and shouted “Necros Umbra! Tundra illupi mortis!”

The ground cracked and a few hands pushed away the cracked pavement as five rotting corpses pushed their way out of the ground, covered in shadows and darkness, Dumbledore stared at the corpses with wide eyes and screamed “Fractus inflammarra! Juukor! Kuul! Jurparre! Saabitai! Shiva explodra!”

Harry’s eyes widened at the spells, but only slightly, they were Dark Arts of some of the highest order, and they were some of the more dangerous spells as was proven when the first spell hit, the bones in the body being crushed and set on fire simultaneously, the second spell causing the entire corpse to explode in a shower of blood, gore and other bodily matter, the third spell slammed into the next corpse, earning it’s incantation name as the Culling Curse, tearing the body to shreds like it was shoved in a blender, the fourth spell missing and hitting a civilian whose eyes exploded and blood coming out of the ears, the stomach becoming bloated as the internal organs exploded within the body.

Dodging the fifth spell, he looked at the effects on the cauldron it hit which promptly compacted down into a small ball of iron, Harry had to hand it to the fool, using household Cleaning Charms was a good idea, too bad Harry knew the more distracting and destructive spells that came with it, the last spell slammed into the second last corpse he had summoned which was promptly removed of all appendages and exploding on the floor in a destructive wave of blood, the limbless corpse exploding and sending gore around the street, covering the area in a dark red mass “Glupor hul” Harry whispered, the Floor Cleaning Charm sending liquid soap all along the floor.

Smirking as Dumbledore tried to keep his footing, Harry whispered “Sexus lubris maxima”

A clear sheen spread across the floor that made taking a foothold on the floor even more difficult, the Lubrication Charm more commonly used for the buggery of women (and men) covering the floor, Dumbledore pointed his wand at the floor and shouted "Incendio!"

Harry laughed as floor sizzled for a bit but remained covered in the clear sheen of lubricant, slashing his wand upwards then moving it in a crescent moon shape in an anti-clockwise manner, he muttered "Iclimia flurina"

A jet of white mass shot from his wand and covered the floor, the frosty air solidifying the lubricant into a miniature ice skating rink, smirking even more as Dumbledore shouted "Incama sudos!" the Shattering Hex slamming into the floor at his own feet.

Harry quickly moved onto the strangely blue ice, parts shimmering up in bubbles that would cut into flesh if broken, smirking at the idea, he cast a few Explosion Hexes at the ice bubbles that cut into Dumbledore's face making him scream, Harry quickly kneeled down and Conjured a few stones which he Enchanted to become small stone golems armed with mini stone swords "attack my enemy" he whispered harshly, they saluted and started charging at Dumbledore.

Dumbledore sent a Bowel Exploding Curse at Harry who dove to the side as the Curse came his way, thinking quickly, Harry sent a few simple Stunners at Dumbledore to regain his footing before he opened the next to barriers to his magic, the power flooding his body, diving to the side and sending up a shield as a lance of fire shot at him, he quickly evaluated his situation "shit," he muttered darkly to himself "I need to find the weakness in his attack and defence"

Dumbledore sent a flock of quickly Conjured crows at him which Harry responded with a quick shower of acid, spraying the area with green liquid, standing up, Harry slapped the wand into his hand then waved it over his head as a stream of gold was connected to his hand, smirking at Dumbledore's surprised look, Harry shouted "Snarberir reecor!" the golden stream leaving his hand and shooting towards him, spreading out into a net of molten gold.

Dumbledore waved his wand and performed Cooling Charm on the deathly net and sent an Explosion Hex at it causing the shards to fly everywhere, one slamming into the side of Harry's gut, another into his leg, one hitting Dumbledore in the left thigh, another slamming into his shoulder "Arcura!" they both shouted, the shards vanishing and the wounds being healed temporarily.

Harry stepped aside as a crimson beam shot his way, sending up a shield of stone as a blue spell came his way, waving his wand as the rock shield was blown away, Harry cried out "Argentum!"

A stream of liquid hot silver shot at Dumbledore and splashed against his right leg and hip, tearing away the lavender purple robes he was wearing "Accio glasses!" Harry shouted again, the half moon glasses coming towards him.

Harry muttered a Shattering Hex at the glasses and sent the shards back at Dumbledore who was hit in the chest by the glass shards, Dumbledore cried out in pain but quickly turned it into "Arugur friga nuyo!"

Harry shifted to the side as the Flesh Ripping and Burning Curse shot forwards, sending up a quick Reflection Charm which made the spell shoot back at Dumbledore "getting tired yet old man?" Harry yelled out in a mocking tone.

Dumbledore looked up and quickly waved his wand, breathing heavily "not much young sir" he said lightly.

Harry grinned inwardly, Dumbledore was stalling for time, probably trying to open the cages or chains or whatever he used to bind his magic down to an acceptable level "you are weak old man, nothing substitutes for power!" he shouted out.

Dumbledore gave a half-hearted smile "and yet I have experience and can hold you off at quarter power" he said in an amused voice.

Harry raised a pale eyebrow "how about you lay all your power on me old man? I want to see what you really have"

Dumbledore arched an eyebrow, Harry smirked, knowing he would never do such a thing because it rapidly tired out people, Harry could hold it even longer because he had at least a dozen pools of magic within him thanks to his Potions, sure, his human magical stores would be wiped out for a while, but he could drag out his Dragon and Veela magic for use, even his Elvish and Dementor Magic could be brought out and Dumbledore would be trashed if Harry opened all his magical pools, the cages preventing excess power coming through were immense with him, most people had maybe three or four barriers against their magic, Merlin himself had eighty seven, Harry has twenty six in his human magic, about nine on his other pools of magic, Dumbledore only had twenty three barriers in his magic, Voldemort, through all his Rituals, had twenty nine barriers and had many Rituals done by sacrifice in blood of others, of innocents, that increased his magical durability and his magical replenishment, it was one of the few Rituals that he had not done that required his body or blood as part of a sacrifice or ingredient to increase his power, adamantly, Harry was thinking on using a few Rituals that would increase his body strength, but one thing that was really disturbing was that he would be vulnerable at the restoration period during the Rituals he wanted to do.

Shaken from his musings by Dumbledore, who replied steadily "I am afraid I might hurt you if I released all my power sir"

Harry gave a small, cold laugh "you, hurt me? Even if you managed to actually injure me permanently, I could remove the item you injured and heal it instantly"

Dumbledore gazed at him and said "and what about your power then sir? Surely you have some power enough to do something to me?"

Harry grinned insanely and shrugged off his robes leaving his bare, pale white chest gleaming in the sun, his black pants seemingly sucking in the light around him, a malicious glint in his eyes and Harry waved the wand and gripped it tightly, vines of wood shooting from within his fingers, spiralling around and changing rapidly, forming into a large staff of black wood, the chanting got louder and louder as he started waving the wand now staff started shimmering with power, Dumbledore's eyes widened as he felt the magic in the air and

started chanting himself, hurriedly making Runes with his primary wand, his secondary wand being whipped out and forming into a staff. Both chanting rapidly, a race for who would finish first, the crowd recoiled at the serious levels of magic that were being displayed, Aurors appeared only to be sent flying through the air as the magic started pulsing and beating like a human heart from each of them, their chanting becoming heavier in magic and louder, booming into the otherwise silent street. Dumbledore rapidly spoke the Fire Demon Summoning Chant, hoping to whatever deity there was that he would finish first, trying to control the fierce magical waves that his now fully unlocked magical core was producing. Harry mentally shook his head as he chanted, summoning a Shadow Fire Demon, a purely destructive force that he could control with a single thought, ten times more powerful than the pitiful Fire Demon Chant that Dumbledore was doing “Unagi ubra ushra neboc vetobe hube siba furega chimea kulev Indimatri velorean” he chanted the last line, black Runes forming into a glowing, pulsing circle as he finished the ninth verse in his twenty seven verse long chant.

People recoiled at the power that Harry was showing, Dumbledore’s power becoming more prominent, showing exactly why he was considered the most powerful Wizard in the world, but the new person was pulsing out just as much power and was chanting just as fast, the power rolling off the booming words of power that he chanted with “Frigan ludorus mocretor cronor Birigan genima ibitu soleb” Dumbledore chanted, slamming his staff on the floor while writing Runes, beads of sweat appearing on his forehead as he rode the power that he sent off, the Runes forming a circle on the floor.

Harry groaned mentally ‘damnit! The asshole is summoning a High Fire Demon! This is bad! I have to step this up a notch’ he thought in a panicked tone, but he was also excited, he would finally see how good he was at summoning while under stress.

Unlocking three gates to his power, he channelled it into the staff and continued chanting, his mind all the time focussing on this duel of power, a true Scion’s Duel, a duel that had not been seen in five hundred years, power rolling off each of the opponents in tidal waves, a storm of magic, pulsing at a rapid pace, many people running to a safe distance, shop owners shrinking their produce and running away,

Ministry workers sending up massive wards, trying to keep the battle hidden from Muggles, everyone afraid of the power shown by these two titans of magic, Harry finished his chant quickly, the last verse rolling off his tongue as he slammed down his staff, the ground in the large circle cracking, forming a small crater as it compacted down into the ground, the stone breaking away as a large hand of blackness that flared up like fire appeared, pushing itself off the ground, Harry on its shoulder, a twelve foot tall Demon arose from the ground, black horns glittering in the light, flaming black voids for eyes burning with the dark red and orange flames that otherwise covered the shadow underneath, tongues of black flames occasionally bursting free, large, thick arms that had clawed fingers at the end of them, the flames melting the stone into slag as the Demon pushed itself from the ground revealing a thick body of something that looked like a Minotaur from Muggle books, a large thick tail sweeping the ground, melting windows in its heat, the ground becoming a red slag under the heat of the Demon. Dumbledore hurriedly finished and slammed his staff down, the same affect that Harry's staff had done, except the demon was only ten feet tall and a bright red and orange, the eyes small red fireballs within the thing that would be called a skull, Dumbledore panted heavily from atop Demons shoulders, recovering himself as he caged up his magic within himself, replenishing himself quickly "I must commend you sir, you have done a marvellous job in summoning a Demon, not many other people could do such a thing" Dumbledore stated calmly, though it had a hard edge lacing the tone.

Harry smirked, caging up his magic down to the fourth level, his magic quickly replenishing itself "I must commend you Old Man, I see you are still alive after such a summoning"

Dumbledore responded by thrusting his staff out, the Demon he rode charging forwards, Harry thrust his own staff forwards, the Demon he rode charging forwards to meet the threat, both slamming together in a titanic clash of power, both fighting for victory. Dumbledore thrust out his staff and sent a spell at Harry, his Demon moved its arm and stopped the spell before slashing forwards with his own staff and the spell slamming into Dumbledore's Demon, Harry smirked as a chunk of the Demon was taken out with a slash of his Demon, Dumbledore retaliating with a few spells from his wand "come on Old man, I thought you were better than this!" Harry called out.

Dumbledore responded with a wave of spells that made Harry withdraw Demon and dodge, bounding on top of a shop and leaning over the side, Harry started to feel the slight drain it cost to have the Demon in play and jumped off, sending it back to wherever it came from, Dumbledore did the same and they both bent over, panting heavily, one in exhaustion, one in a show of good acting. Grunting as he stood, knowing that his limbs hurt, Harry straightened up and his wand shrunk back to a normal wand, the power to hold the formation of the staff from a wand being incredible, Dumbledore's doing the same, Harry sent a curtain of Dark Curses at Dumbledore who replied with Transfiguration and Charms, blocking them by making him seem weak by using schoolboy spells, Harry quickly grew frustrated, now knowing why Voldemort hated the old bastard so much "give up Old Man! You can never win!" he called out.

Dumbledore continued silently sending spells at him, never breaking as he replied, "I can give as much as I take!"

Harry sighed mentally, this was going to be a long day if he didn't do something about it, summoning up a flock of canaries, he banished the all at Dumbledore and called out "I never wanted to fight you Old Man, I just needed to find out about my account! You were the first one to attack me!"

Harry grinned as he vanished in a flash of black flames leaving a destroyed Diagon Alley that was left in a huge molten slag of stone, the buildings long since crumbled thanks to their duel, the whole place needing to be taken down and remodelled, all that was left untouched being the Leaky Cauldron, Gringotts and Knockturn Alley which was protected by Gringotts, Dumbledore sighed heavily, falling to a knee as he banished his Demon back to wherever it came from "I must see what I can do about purchasing some Lemon Drops while I am here" he muttered to himself, a small smile on his lips, knowing that the only reason that the Demons were summoned was because Death and Destruction had to be present and he had accidentally killed an innocent which fulfilled that clause to help the summoning come, also knowing that Gladius Herule would remain impassive if what he had said was true.

Harry looked at the papers with a grin, he saw the photos of him facing off with Dumbledore, each of them riding the Demons, it had been two months since his duel with Dumbledore and Diagon Alley still looks like Mount Krakatoa erupted there, the place still having to be torn to pieces and new buildings replace the older ones which were scorches and destroyed, Harry could have said that it would have gone better, but Harry thought that was just speaking about the 'what could have been' and the 'what ifs' that were there, fortunately, only three people died, an Aura who had landed right in the middle of the two casters and was crushed by the magical onslaught, one by Dumbledore which was an accident and one which was killed as a result of the stampeding crowds "Harry, what is that smirk for?" Francine questioned.

Harry pointed to the picture where he was in combat with Dumbledore and smirked evilly, Francine smiled nastily herself "serves the old goat humper right after what he has done to you"

Harry nodded slightly, a small grin plastering his face, looking at Tonks who was gazing at it closely, he placed his hand on her shoulder and snapped her out of her near obsessive gaze "you alright Tonks?" he whispered softly.

She nodded and gave a small groan "I need a man in my life"

Harry sniggered and pointed his wand at her and muttered a small Crucio, not a painful one either, Tonks gave a small grimace as her nipples perked up, Hermione shot him a look and Harry shrugged "hey, she needs release, who am I to refuse a lovely lady?"

Hermione scowled maliciously "but Harry, you said..."

"I know what I said Hermione" he hissed.

Tonks arched her back and slumped against the table in relief, he had focussed on the pleasure points while using the Crucio instead of causing pure pain, a variant that he had found while using it against

Tonks, glancing up at the Head Table, he noticed Dumbledore speaking irritably with Fudge who was red in the face, Harry also noticed that Umbridge was there, Harry snarled and his hand twitched, so wanting to use the most vile and destructive Curse he could do legally against the two bumbling morons who thought themselves better than everyone else “Harry...” Hermione cautioned.

Harry relaxed and sighed softly “I hate this” he muttered darkly.

Tonks looked at him from her place on the table, he eyes half open “hate what Harry?” she questioned curiously.

Harry mumbled irritably to himself, small snatches of his rant audible, the rest heard only by Hermione “stupid idiots ... ploys to get me ... idiots the lot of them ... can’t understand what they want to achieve with ... morons, that will never work, not in the least against one that powerful ... no, they just had to be so bloody arrogant and foolhardy, just a bunch of hopeless idiots and ... but no, heroes don’t get any benefit of the doubt ... become a scapegoat and ... but stupid morons and fools think they rule the world” he finished with a deep sigh, Hermione trying to contain her laughter, the rant having gone on for a full five minutes.

Tonks frowned from her position “anything you want to speak about Harry?”

Harry shook his head harshly “no” he bit out icily.

Hermione raised her eyebrow “what’s with the attitude Harry?”

Harry flipped the pages to a small piece done by Rita and read out “ ... and Dumbledore, whose power was once again proved to be better than anyone else’s, drove off the potential Dark Lord who attacked Gringotts and Diagon Alley three months ago, Dumbledore, who had the foresight to attack Gringotts where the customers and Goblins were being held hostage by this new threat, in one statement by a customer within the bank who wishes to remain unmentioned says “It was horrible, the Dark Wizard was ranting and raving, not even letting my children go, I was scared for my life, then Dumbledore came in with a large force of esteemed Ministry officials

and attacked him, I was so happy to see that fight, it made me proud to be a supporter of Dumbledore and the Ministry” this being said, the Minister of Magic has informed the public that Headmaster Dumbledore will be getting a fifty thousand Galleon reward for services and ...” Harry trailed off, a scowl on his face.

Hermione picked it up and looked at the article with a raised eyebrow “... and will also be given an Order of Merlin Second Class”

Harry nodded, a deep scowl on his face “but Harry,” Tonks said lightly “you would think that you would be happy about this, he nearly destroyed all of Diagon Alley”

Harry snorted loudly and looked around then whispered to Tonks “how is your Occlumency training coming along?”

Tonks smiled half heartedly “not even Dumbledore with his wand pointed at me can break into my mind”

Harry smiled and whispered in her ear “can I tell you a secret? You can’t tell anyone”

Tonks gave a small nod “sure Harry, you know you can trust me, I am still your Apprentice, for life and unto death, always and forever your Apprentice”

Harry smiled and whispered “I am that Dark Wizard that was in Diagon Alley”

Tonks immediately shot up and shouted “YOU WHAT?”

Harry pulled her down with a scowl “shut up” he hissed darkly, looking around quickly, snarling as Dumbledore and Snape were watching him “follow me” he hissed again, dragging her from the Great Hall to the Quidditch Pitch where there were no wards that could be used to listen in on the conversation.

Tonks scowled as she was brought out into the cold rain, struggling against his grasp “Master, let me go” she whined.

Harry did so but continued walking quickly, looking around for anyone else, Tonks following him into the middle of the pitch, Harry stood stock still, looking around “so Master, why am I here again?”

Harry scowled “I told you about the power measuring system, how the more powerful Wizards and Witches have more barriers on their magic while the normal Witch or Wizard has about five to ten at the most, right?”

Tonk nodded slowly “yes Master, and I told you that I had sixteen barriers all together”

“I have twenty six barriers, Dumbledore has twenty three, Voldemort...” he paused for the wince before continuing “has twenty nine barriers, this means that we are Scions, I am a medium level Grand Scion, Dumbledore is a low level Grand Scion, Voldemort is a high level Grand Scion” he said, ignoring her wince “if I were to mesh my magic all together, which would expand my core beyond normal human capacity, I would probably have another few dozen more, possibly having up to, possibly even more than fifty eight barriers, but I do not know what will happen if I mesh my powers together, I could possibly completely destroy my entire magical core and explode violently, I could possibly even gain permanent traits from each of the species magic wise, who knows? I know one thing though, while the prophecy is still in play, I cannot die, I used this to my advantage when going up against Death Eaters, I can get hit by a Killing Curse and survive with a minor patch of burnt skin, but I highly doubt my magic would go into a cascade failure and completely destroy itself or even make me explode” he explained at her worried look.

Tonks breathed out a sigh of relief “I hope you don’t plan on laving me too soon Master, I like our little torture lessons” she purred out.

Harry rolled his eyes “sadistic bitch, just like your Aunt Bellatrix, I could hit her constantly with a fucking Cruciatus and she would moan like a whore on aphrodisiacs on gang bang night”

Tonks gave a small purr, smirking all the while “but you know you love me”

Harry nodded and patted her head “yes my little dove, we all love you, now go play with the kiddies, I need some time alone to think”

“Don’t be gone too long master, Dumbledore will be looking for you soon, he only just managed to get the bank opened and will be visiting before lunch” she chirped.

Harry rolled his eyes but nodded as she skipped away happily, sitting down on the pitch, he looked into the sky where lightning cracked and thunder roared loudly, shaking his head absently, thinking back on Halloween, he couldn’t help but smile at the fearful look on Dumbledore’s face when he was told about Sirius Black attacking the Gryffindor portrait, oh yes, Dumbledore was afraid that he was either out to get his little Golden Boy Neville Longbottom or his potential weapon Harry Potter, smirking, he sat up to come face to face with a large black dog.

Authors Note:

Love it? Hate it? Please review!

Here is thanks to my new Beta, Damon Blade!

Some people are wondering when the Dumbledore bashings were going to happen, well here you go!

Hope you all like!

Keep Reading!

Seth O. Blade.

Year Three:

Chapter Four:

Sirius Black. Newspaper stories. Plotting once more.

“The best way to fight a war is to play with your enemies, you know that they are bound to stab you in the back eventually, you are just better prepared for the action”

Personal Quote.

Last Time:

Harry rolled his eyes but nodded as Tonks skipped away happily, sitting down on the pitch, he looked into the sky where lightning cracked and thunder roared loudly, shaking his head absently, thinking back on Halloween, he couldn't help but smile at the fearful look on Dumbledore's face when he was told about Sirius Black attacking the Gryffindor portrait, oh yes, Dumbledore was afraid that he was either out to get his little Golden Boy Neville Longbottom or his potential weapon Harry Potter, smirking, he sat up to come face to face with a large black dog.

Harry looked into the eyes of the large black dog and sighed, the dog looked sad at that point, obviously not very happy that Harry didn't recognise him, Harry reached out his hand and gave a small smile, Sirius made a show of sniffing it and barked happily, Harry smirked slightly and said “hello Sirius Black”

Padfoot started backing away and Harry smirked, his eyes flashing solid silver as he set up a barrier around them “Why don't you change so I can see my so called traitorous Godfather?” he asked calmly.

A pop later, and Sirius was standing there, looking at him with sad eyes “I didn't...”

“Do it? Yes, I know, I also know that Peter Pettigrew is the traitor, you are my Godfather, you are an Animagus, Moony is Remus Lupin who is a Werewolf and my father is a Great White Stag Animagus, I also know that Pettigrew is a fat Grey Rat Animagus, I also know that Dumbledore was the one to cast the spell and was the one to suggest that you act as a decoy for my mother and father, I also know that you, as a convict, hold no legal station and you, in your will, which was supposed to be carried out at your incarceration, was never enacted by Dumbledore as he was the one to enact the will, also, my parents will was never fulfilled, Dumbledore even went so far as to completely void both wills”

Sirius looked on in a confused manner “you mean...”

“That Dumbledore could have stopped you spending thirteen years in Azkaban with knowledge of Peter Pettigrew being the real Death Eater? Yes, but he would have gotten you out of my life in some other way, as my parents will said, I was not to go to the Dursley’s and was to go with either you, Remus or Peter should anything happen to them, after that, I was supposed to go to McGonagall, Flitwick, the Longbottom’s, the Bones’ or the Greengrass family, I was NOT to go to a Muggle family, my father even had placed Snape as a guardian should anything stop the others from accepting, hell, I think that I was supposed to go to a distant relative in Japan if no people here in Europe would take me”

Sirius silently fumed, started pacing, muttering curses and swearing profusely, enough to make even a few drunk sailors blush profusely at some of the words, sniggering to himself, Harry silently congratulated himself for playing a follower of Dumbledore out of his hands and into Harry’s own hands ‘this is priceless’ he thought to himself.

Sirius snarled darkly “How could Dumbfucker do this? I think I need to speak a few choice words with that little prick,” he said in a disconcertingly calm tone.

“No” Harry said with conviction.

Sirius spun around and growled "Why not?"

Harry snapped his fingers and called out "Dobby, Kreacher!"

Two pops sounded and the two House-Elves appeared near him "How might we be helping the Great Harry Potter?" Dobby squeaked.

Kreacher was glaring at Sirius, muttering about inconsiderate traitors until he noticed Harry "Master!" he cried out happily and bounced on the balls of his feet.

Harry rolled his eyes, ever since he had treated that bloody House-Elf with kindness; it had become unbearably nice, it just wasn't right "Yes, now then, I suppose you all know Sirius Black then?"

Dobby spun around and stood in front of Harry "You is not be harming Master Harry Potter, you is leaving Master Harry Potter alone, you is going away!"

Kreacher nodded in agreement, standing in front of Harry, arms out front "Nasty man is not be harming Master Harry Potter, you is leaving now"

Harry rolled his eyes and said "Leave him alone you two, I was wondering if you two could take Sirius over to Potter Cottage in Hogsmeade, make sure he is cleaned up and fed Nutrient Potions please"

Dobby looked at him with wide eyes, as did Kreacher "Master! He is being bad!" they both cried out.

Harry shook his head "Sirius Black is not the evil man, it is Dumbledork and Pettigrew"

They hesitated then looked at Sirius scoldingly, Kreacher snarled deep within his throat "If you is harming Master Harry Potter, I is slicing you to bits and feeing yous to the pixies in old Mistress Black's house"

Sirius looked at him with contempt “Stupid elf” he muttered darkly.

Harry sighed, knowing this was going to end badly “I will not have you treat my servants that way Sirius Black, as you have willingly given up the title of Lord Black, I am officially you Head of the family Black, I am also Lord Potter, in any event, I have released Kreacher from serving the Family Black and he now serves the Family Potter as does Dobby, now apologize”

Sirius scowled then muttered childishly “Sorry”

Harry mentally groaned he was not going to have a very good year.

Harry scowled as he read the paper the next week, it was more propaganda against the mysterious new Dark Lord, if anything, Dumbledore had made a public statement about his not summoning a Demon, but an Avatar, what really pissed Harry off though, was the next article after his talk with Dumbledore.

Boy-Who-Lived to be adopted by Wizarding family!

By Rita Skeeter, Special Correspondent.

In a shocking move by Aldus Dumbledore, Head of Wizengamont and International Confederation of Wizards, Harry Potter, aged thirteen, is to be stripped of all emancipation and adopted into a Wizarding family, Dumbledore had this to say “Harry Potter is a beacon to the Light, as such, he should not be left to live on his own like some common street urchin, we, the Wizengamont, agree on this matter, and have passes a law stating that Harry Potter is to be stripped of his emancipation and adopted by a Wizarding family”

In another bold move, Minister Fudge has decreed that Harry Potter’s Trust Fund is to be removed from his ownership and controlled by the Ministry until Harry Potter comes of age, Minister Fudge had this to say “Harry Potter cannot be allowed to run around with his money like he has, we have had several reports from various upstanding and law

abiding citizens that Harry Potter was seen spending up to and in excess of three thousand Galleons in one shop”

Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived, aged thirteen, was available for this statement “Headmaster Dumbledore and Minister Fudge are incompetent, I am starting to question Dumbledore and his ability to lead Hogwarts, in the past two years, a Mountain Troll has been allowed to come into the facilities and injure myself and two students, furthermore, Headmaster Dumbledore has placed, at the risk of the students, a Cerberus in the castle, at the time of this all happening, a marked Death Eater was allowed to teach the students in my First Year who, in what I believe was the goal, to retrieve the Philosophers Stone”

At this point in time, Mr Potter seemed to gaze off into the distance for a few minutes as if recollecting events then said this:

“In Second Year, he allowed a potentially dangerous artefact into school grounds which, by common knowledge, would have activated several wards to it's presence, said artefact was a diary of the exiled Dark Lord, You-Know-Who (Edit: Mr Potter used You-Know-Who's real name), and was radiating Dark Magic enough to set off the wards, everything was fine until the school chickens were being killed, Rubeus Hagrid, the Groundskeeper at Hogwarts, who I am sure everyone remembers and loves from their school days, thought it to be Bugbears, but a Bugbear would not have killed a chicken or rooster by snapping it's neck, Dumbledore never sought to correct this obvious mistake and continued to act ignorant to the workings of the school.

At Halloween, Mr Filch's cat, the infamous Mrs Norris, was attacked and petrified, Headmaster Dumbledore had examined said cat and declared it petrified, but on further analysis, it was said to be done by natural causes, and not by an extremely powerful Dark Arts Curse called Mobulis Iblis, which has the same effect as a Basilisk's glare in some sort of reflective surface or through viewing things like Ghosts or cameras.

During this time, he had employed a Professor Lockheart, I myself had lodged fifteen complaints against said Professor, as I have also

lodged thirty nine complaints against Professor Snape for gross negligence and abuse of power, Professor Lockheart, who, if you remember last year in summer, had acted in a perverted manner against my fiancé, Hermione Granger and my sister/daughter, Francine Anne Marquis/Potter, I had lodged three formal complaints to the education board and sixteen to the Ministry of Magic, Educational Division, and even two to the Minister of Magic for undue actions towards underage Witches.

As concerning Dumbledore's abilities to hire Defence Professors, there has been twenty eight different Professors in as many years, Gilderoy Lockheart, if you look hard enough into his books, was a fraud, the dates of certain events overlap themselves and contradict one another, also, in every single Defence lesson, I myself was forced, yes forced, to enact the scenes that Lockheart had supposedly done during his adventures, also, this being said, if you read the laws in Russia, the Werewolf there was killed on a preserve, so he was a criminal in the eyes of the law, Dumbledore should know this as he is good friends with the Russian Minister of Magic there and a few other politicians who have, and I quote here, had many legal discussions concerning the wellbeing and rehabilitation of Dark Creatures.

What is Dumbledore doing, employing what he must know was either a criminal of the law in Russia, wanted for three counts of murder against Werewolves, hiring a fraud if he looked deep enough into his portfolio as he should have done, and a known child molester since the summer, even going so far as to receive complaints from several other young women who have stated that he "...attempted to have intercourse or fondle me during or after classes"

Is this what we should be expecting from the Headmaster of our prestigious school? Is this what we can expect for our education? A Death Eater and a child molester/criminal/fraud as our Professors of one of our most essential subjects?

I ask you this, would you be willing to hire a Professor who has sexual inclinations towards the younger age group of students if you were Headmaster of the school? I know I would not.

Following Halloween, in which I have several written theories which was supported and later proven right by my own actions, that a fifty foot Basilisk was loitering around the school and in control of a diary made by You-Know-Who (edited for readers benefit) and was controlling Francine Marquis, the attacks became numerous and Headmaster Dumbledore, who was, at the time of the first incident, Transfiguration Professor, had knowledge that Rubeus Hagrid was not, in fact, the Heir of Slytherin, but one Tom Marvolo Riddle, a Half-Blood student who became deeply emersed in the Dark Arts and was a Parseltoung, disappearing a few years after graduation, turning up more than two decades later as the Dark Lord, but, as you will find, the Dark Lord You-Know-Who attempted to become the Defence Professor, only to be turned down by the then and now Headmaster Dumbledore who stated that he did not wish to have someone so deeply emersed in the Dark Arts to become the Defence Professor, sending him on his way without even looking at his credentials or his reasoning.

Tom Riddle, who was possessing Francine Marquis at the time, summoned the basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets to attack others, I have express concerns as to how, if it was opened once, the Chamber of Secrets was not found despite the death of a student, Miss Myrtle Higgenbottom, a Muggleborn Third Year student, the now Moaning Myrtle, if this was not any indication of where the Chamber of Secrets was located, people should have asked Miss Higgenbottom how she died exactly, this would have saved many threats posed by the diary.

Also, in response to my emancipation, I am formally contesting it as is my rights as Lord Potter and my legal status as a member of Wizengamont which I should have been told of but was conveniently not told of, as such, any laws or treaties, even the decrees made against a person who has made no illegal action against the Ministry, has a right to take their seat on Wizengamont, is this how the government really works in Wizarding society here in Britain? If so, I will be leaving England and all British ruled territories and not be returning."

This reporter feels that the injustice that Mr Potter has received, the actions taken against his without his consent or knowledge of

proceedings, is unjust and atrocious, Mr Potter is our saviour and, as such, should be given respect and admiration for his past acts, I also have, from Educational Board Member Lucius Malfoy, a written statement that says Mr Potter had legally signed his permission form to the Wizarding settlement Hogsmeade and Headmaster Dumbledore refused him to go and said, and I quote "If you even attempt of getting into Hogsmeade, I will ban you from there for life"

In this reporter's opinion, Harry Potter has done everything in the right manner; I personally want to wish Mr Potter good luck in his hearing on his living situations.

Harry looked up at Dumbledore who was pale faced and wide eyed with fury, smirking as Dumbledore turned to him, Harry waved at him mockingly, a victorious grin on his face as he did so "Mr Potter" came a stern voice.

Harry turned to see his Head of House, McGonagall "Yes Professor?" he asked in a suspiciously innocent tone.

She glared at him; hate and fury etched on her face "The Headmaster wishes to speak with you immediately"

Harry smiled inwardly, this was the part where Dumbledore would dig himself into a hole "Very well Professor, let me just get my things ready for classes and..."

"The Headmaster has also requested for me to take your wand." She ground out spitefully.

Harry raised his eyebrow and waved his hand against the bag he was carrying, Conjuring a replica of his wand in his bag, digging his hand in without waiting, he pulled out the fake wand and handed it to her, she took it quickly and pocketed it, Harry gave a vicious smirk as she started to move, but stopped when he held out a quickly Conjured dagger and had it held against the palm of her hand as she tried to grab him "I think not Professor, I would prefer to go of my own accord"

McGonagall gave an uncharacteristic snarl "Lets go then Potter" she bit out coldly.

Harry raised his eyebrow but didn't say a word, choosing instead to unnerve her by skipping merrily to the Headmasters office, making sure that Rita, in her Animagus form, was seated on top of his head in his hair so she could report the proceedings, taking the long way to Dumbledore, infuriating the stern Witch and, once they met up with him, amusing Snape so much that a small curving of his lips was seen, and it was a smile that made him seem even nastier and more sinister than before, but that still didn't mean that Harry like the git.

Rapping on the door sharply, McGonagall was rewarded with a pleasant "enter" from the other side, she opened the door and pushed him inside harshly, growling softly as she sat down on a chair herself, Snape taking the seat next to her, Harry idly wondered if he could lace their afternoon pumpkin juice with Love Potions to get an interesting effect "Harry my boy, how is the year going?" Dumbledore asked pleasantly.

Harry looked around "Oh, you know, same old, same old, oh, and I would prefer that you do not speak to my in familiarized tones, you have done nothing to speak to me as a friend or someone who acknowledges you about anything except for Headmaster of the school..." Harry paused for a bit of dramatic flair "While it lasts" he said softly, a hint of warning in his tone.

Dumbledore nodded his head, inwardly seething that he had been beaten by such an arrogant, stupid little boy who was supposed to be his pawn, supposed to adore him and be his good little scapegoat and weapon to defeat Voldemort so he could take the fame, controlling himself, he nodded his head once more "Very well Mr Potter, though it saddens me to hear you say that" he said sadly, hoping that his lowly old grandfather routine would work, his twinkle dimming and a wandless Compulsion Charm sent at Potter to react remorseful.

Harry mentally growled but kept the disinterested look on his face, completely unfazed by his looks "So, you wanted to speak to me about something?" he asked in a bored tone.

Dumbledore seethed 'How dare this boy do such a thing and ruin all my carefully laid out plans!' he fumed silently to himself 'This little shit must be taken out of the picture immediately!'

Harry looked at Dumbledore, sensing the emotions thanks to his unlocking the cage to his Veela abilities, anger seeping through the natural born Empathy that all Veela have "Well Mr Potter, might I inquire as to why you went behind my back and said such disrespectful things?"

Harry mentally rolled his eyes 'This idiot is playing right into my hands' he thought in an amused manner.

Harry pondered the question for a few seconds, considering that Rita Skeeter was in his hair, listening to the conversation and would print it word for word later on "I think you are ignorant of the goings on in your school, you openly favour the Gryffindor's and as Headmaster, you are supposed to be impartial, also, this is supposed to be the safest place in the world correct? Well, it seems to me that, with the First and Second Year incidents, we may have to revise that status as long as you are Headmaster, because so far, on the first day of Hogwarts, Draco Malfoy was nearly mauled, and Sirius Black managed to get into the castle without your noticing it, you also manage to not notice that one..." he paused at this and looked at Snape "Or more Professors might be a Death Eater" he finished with a slightly bemused look as Snape flinched.

Dumbledore arched his eyebrow "Professor Snape has my utmost confidence and trust"

Harry shrugged "Anyway, you also let in a perverted and sick minded fraud with a huge self centred ego inside the school to teach nothing but himself and to self promote his books and his reputation, teaching nothing else, Quirrel, being a Death Eater, taught us nothing but the bare basics the entire year, I even heard from a Sixth Year from that year, who I regularly keep in contact with, that if she had not gotten some special tutoring, that she would have never been able to apply for the job she wanted, all because he was teaching less than course required standard magic"

Dumbledore turned puce and said softly “Minerva, Severus, please wait outside for a moment, I wish to speak to Mr Potter. Alone”

They did so quietly and quickly, closing the door as they descended the steps, Harry looked at the few objects that were around the room, spotting a Tracking Orb on the desk that pulsed with a soft inner light, frowning slightly, he reached over and picked it up, turning it this way and that, examining it closely “Marvellous little thing, isn’t it? I have yet to find out what it actually does”

Harry frowned and used his Metamorphmagus abilities to stop his heart for a few seconds, noticing that the pulse vanished when his heart finished, he quickly started it up again and made to place it back on the table when he ‘accidentally’ dropped it, knowing that it could not be fixed “Sorry Professor” he said in a tone that was anything but sorry, almost pleased.

Dumbledore stood up, slamming hands down on the desk, his face contorted in rage “You ... that ... broke ... stupid ...” he forced out, most everything else an incomprehensible spittle of mumblings.

Harry grinned and looked at the other items around the room that had silenced when he had dropped the ball, scowling, he shot up and summoned the items “You have illegally been spying on me!” he stated with hatred.

Dumbledore smiled smugly “And what are you going to do about it boy? Nobody will believe the Boy Who Lived over Albus Dumbledore, the pillar of the Light”

Harry scowled dangerously then stopped and broke out into a small smile at first as plans started spinning in his mind then broke into a wide grin that made Dumbledore swallow the lump in his throat “Be that as it may Professor,” he sneered at the word like it was some foul curse “I happen to know that in the six years before I closed down all my accounts to the Potter Family, you had been embezzling in my Trust Fund account in which the key was left to you for safe keeping and not for use, I also know that you went against my parents will and placed me with the Dursley’s, I also have a certain memory which

might interest the Wizengamont about a certain letter that was placed on me when I was left on a certain doorstep in a special little suburb called Little Whining smack in the middle of Surrey”

Dumbledore sneered “Your memory can’t be added as evidence, you are just a child and therefore cannot place any memories as evidence” he then smiled in a smug manner “And even if you somehow managed to prove that I did steal your money, it would be dropped because the evidence would mysteriously vanish”

Harry smiled smugly in return “Be that as it may Dumbledore, you old goat fucker, I happen to have some ... shall we say less than savoury information on you that would look very bad for you if it was ever brought to light”

Dumbledore sneered “Listen here you little shit, you had better stop this stupid game and just play along because you won’t win, even if I have to, I can get you placed into Azkaban just like your Godfather Sirius Black on some reason or another, I could even have you brought up on charges for torture and murder of Lockheart”

Harry smirked, his metallic green eyes glinting dangerously in the light “There was a law passed not four hundred years ago that if a Veela has a mate and situation leads to the Veela going berserk, the Veela can torture and kill as is their right, word for word Dumbledore, I will win that case, I came into my Veela heritage and have as much strength in my abilities as a full blooded Veela”

Dumbledore growled menacingly “Get out!” he said in anger.

Harry bowed and walked to the door with a cheerful bounce in his step, stopping when his hand touched the handle “Oh, by the way Dumbledore, I think you should discontinue trying to probe my mind, it won’t work”

Dumbledore laughed at that “You have no Occlumency walls up”

Harry turned around and lowered the wall of false memories he had set up, a small silver dome in a black void for his more common memories, a black dome inside a black void for his knowledge, and

inside a blood red void deep within the recesses of the darkest and vile places of his mind lay the darkest, most violent, sadistic, horrifying memories of his life, and finally, a small yellow orb that contained all the most important things, memories of his life with Hermione before she died, memories of Francine and Tonks, memories of the times he spent in warm embrace with Francine, Tonks and Hermione, Ginny sitting by the fire reading books, all the most important things that would otherwise never come to light, layered with the large void that the Legimens had to navigate through first, the silver dome waiting, unmovable from it's position like a frozen diamond bubble in the dark void of space, below that wall was his common memories like what happened in school or lessons, things that would be meaningless, passing that wall was another black void in which the black dome sat in darkness, unnoticeable by all, the red orb in another section, blood red and midnight black bleeding together in an almost creeping manner, both battling for dominance, the yellow orb, inside the red orb, the most secure of them all, protected by visions of death, destruction, screams of pain, blood, gore, his mother screaming for Voldemort to spare his life, watching Hermione die, rage and bloodthirsty glee at killing Death Eaters, blended together with the beatings from the Dursley's to the cries of the fallen from a large battle he had fought on an open field, destroying two towns in the process of the battle, the horror of watching people be gutted like pigs before his eyes, tortures and rapes commonplace from visions, the horror of watching Voldemort rise from the grave...

Harry smirked when he felt the gentle probe slip into the void and start falling through the void and drop into his first shield with a sickening 'crack' that made a small gong like sound within his shields, the probe backed away and slammed forwards with the strength of a bullet train, slamming into his shield, then it caressed the shield, squeezing it and feeling it out to try and find a weakness, Harry gave a vicious mental grin and the void started to compress, claming down on the mental probe, Harry wrapped his own mental probe around it as the probe started tugging to let go, Harry waited until the probe was constantly pulled and let it go, the probe snapping back towards Dumbledore's mind allowing Harry to enter his otherwise impenetrable mind, seeing a few memories about his manipulations and illegal acts, things that many people didn't even know about him

that were definitely not legal and would at least earn him fifty years in Azkaban or the Kiss. Harry puled out of the vile and disgusting mind when he found what he needed and grinned at the ashen faced Dumbledore "So, how do you like my technique Dumbledore?"

Dumbledore seemed to still be in shock before shaking his head and roaring loudly "GET OUT! OUT NOW!"

Harry grinned and said softly with darkness flowing off his tounge, his Vampyr blood coming into dominance to make Dumbledore feel insignificant and weak "Be warned Dumbledore, I am more dangerous than you could ever imagine, I could destroy your reputation before I destroy your life, destroy your will to live before I destroy your body, I can destroy this little web of lies and deceit that you have woven and I will tear it down, bringing everything you have tried to hide into light, I can do much more than you could ever imagine Dumbledore, so much more than you can imagine and so much more, I am not one to be played with Dumbledore, for I am nobodies pawn, I am nobodies chess piece, I am my own side, I have my own pieces and I will not hesitate to use them against you if I deem you to be getting out of control, but be warned, try anything else against me and I will take away all you hold dear, think things over and see if you want to remove certain ... people from the school before I act, it may be beneficial for you if you did"

Dumbledore shivered at the tone of voice "Get out" he whispered meekly.

Harry grinned, a fang produced from the side of his mouth as he walked off and past the two rushing Professors that were trying to get in, smirking heavily, Harry walked down to the Great Hall to wait for lunch, not bothering with going to the lessons for the day.

The next month, Harry looked at the Daily Prophet which had become a small war ground on three fronts, one was making Harry in his Dementor body seem to be the next Dark Lord and making everyone know his name and fear him while Dumbledore was stating that he would deal with this new threat, the second front was Harry against

the Ministry, this one was fought with political jibing and taking hacks at the smallest of flaws, his killing Lockheart was brought to light but Fudge twisted it to make Harry seem to be a ruthless murderer, Harry fought back by discrediting him with his allowing a Dark Wizard to trash Diagon Alley without proper precautions, that he was allowing money to cloud his thoughts by ways of bribes, proof being given from as early back as the beginning of the first war, the third front was him against Dumbledore, this was met by Rita replaying and twisting his words into a good way for him and terrible for Dumbledore, the parts about Dumbledore's dealings with his Trust Fund kept secret for use when the situation gets harder, he still had much more drastic things, but that would be one of the final nails he drove into Dumbledore's little coffin, everything was working perfectly, Diagon Alley was renewed, the stores built by Muggle contractors much to the distaste of the Purebloods and much to the delight of Muggleborns and those who know the potential that Muggle houses had, new wards were wrapped around the entire Alley making it impossible to Apparate or Portkey in unless the Portkey was keyed into the Wards and you were a Ministry employee, smirking as he looked at the title for the Daily Prophet, he looked up at Dumbledore who was red with rage.

Dumbledore the pillar of the Light or Dark Lord in the making?

By Rita Skeeter, Special Correspondent.

In a startling discovery by Mr Harry Potter, we, the Daily Prophet, can exclusively reveal that Albus Dumbledore, Head of the Wizengamot, is not as good as he appears to be, after threatening The Boy Who Lived, he proceeded to use Legimancy, a Dark Art banned from use by the Ministry to anyone but a Ministry approved interrogators and licensed users, Occlumency, the only defence against Legimancy, is not taught to anyone bar Aurors, Unspeakable's, Hit-Wizards and those in higher political positions, does this mean that Albus Dumbledore considers himself above the law? Is Dumbledore trustworthy enough to lead the children into the future? We should also consider how Dumbledore seemingly knows all that is going on around him.

Can one in a position of power act the way he does? I am sure the Ministry will investigate this further and be sure that out children's future is protected and...

After reading the rest, he looked up at Dumbledore whose eyes were devoid of twinkle, he bowed his head in an admission of defeat for this round and folded up his newspaper, looking at McGonagall as she started to talk to him 'Oh yes Dumbledore, I can win and even if you managed to take me down, I will be taking you and Voldemort down into the pits of hell with me where you belong' he thought maliciously, a shadow flashing across his face before he turned to Tonks who was talking about something stupid.

Authors Note: Love it? Hate it? Please Review.

Thanks for all the reviews.

In this chapter, I was just setting up the aftermath of the Demon battle, the political fights and other things, I know I am passing the months quickly, but when it comes to a certain point, it will become interesting, promise!

Anyway, Sirius is a wild card, he still has loyalty to Dumbledore, but he is not blinded by that faith any more, as for Sirius and Remus Lupin, they are going to be a tad hostile to one another when the time for them to meet comes, but you didn't hear that from me, shhh!

Dumbledore is also going to become even more of a prick and I am going to be doing a chapter dedicated to him, all for him!

Neville will be getting a chapter for himself as well, just the basics of the life he has led.

Ginny might be getting a chapter to herself, I don't know.

Hermione will not be getting a chapter to herself.

I hope you guys like the new chapter.

Keep Reading!

Seth O. Blade.

Year Three:

Chapter Five:

Teaching.

“Do not fear the unseeable not the unknown”

Zhou Lin Xiao, 1232-1278

“Abscedo somes spititus” Harry roared loudly, a jet of silver light arcing from his wand.

“Ensis Cremo!” screamed an unseen voice, a large sword of flame illuminating the dark room.

Harry shielded his eyes with a hiss, diving to the side as the flaming sword was banished at him, he waved his wand quickly “Chalybs folium!” Harry roared out, a small storm of steel leaves flowing from his wand and slashing through the air, their razor edges glinting subtly in the light.

“Fides contra vulnero!” came the voice again.

Harry smirked lightly and said in a bare whisper “Adhesium pes pedis”

Harry heard a swearing sound and he quickly sent a Blasting Charm and a Summoning Charm consecutively, the modified Sticking Charm attaching the shoes to the floor as the figure was slammed with the Blasting Charm to the shoulder and summoned quickly, Harry waved his wand as the figure flew forwards and he stopped the movement of the person, waving his wand again, the torches around the room lit to reveal Francine panting heavily, clasp her shoulder where several shards of bone were sticking out of the skin, a large gash across her left side and a few cuts and scrapes across her face, sighing, he waved his wand, removing the bones from her entire left shoulder,

waving again, he healed the gash and cuts “you know Francine, we could give this a break” he said in annoyance.

Francine growled heavily “I won’t be some stupid little tagalong, dopey headed, absent minded, cocked up, air brained bitch that tries to play off her beauty without skill”

Harry shook his head and handed her a blue Potion “well, here you go, drink up” he sighed, grinning at her strained face.

“Do I have to drink that stupid Skele-Grow Potion? It tastes like Dragon shit and Thestral crap mixed together with Snape’s greasy hair”

Harry rolled his eyes at her whining tone of voice, absently thinking if he should reprimand her for her language “too bad squirt, you have to take it” he said as he ruffled her hair.

Francine glared at him “I am not small Harry”

Harry raised his eyebrow and pulled her close to his body, sizing her up, pushing her back, he placed his hand just above his collar bone earning a victorious grin before he lowered it by five inches earning a slap up the side of his head “Harry, you really shouldn’t do that any more” Hermione chastised lightly, the effect marred by the small quirk on the side of her lips and the smile in her eyes.

Harry smiled slightly and forced some magic into his eyes making them sparkle like Dumbledore earning a groan from Francine and Hermione “you are going to keep doing that from now on aren’t you?” Hermione moaned into her hands.

Harry nodded with a pleased look “it annoys the crap out of everyone and it pisses off Dumbledore, why else would I do it?”

Francine groaned, “I don’t know, maybe to annoy us?” she asked sarcastically.

Harry mentally groaned, wondering when she managed to gain such an attitude “oh well,” he muttered to him “I suppose we can just skip her Valentines Day presents.”

Francine immediately perked up “no, please, I’ll be a good girl, I’m sorry” she pleaded in a cute voice with her upper lip trembling and her eyes watery.

Harry fought the urge to laugh and shook his head in exasperation “suck up” he muttered.

Francine flashed a pretty grin at him, her bright eyes gleaming at the prospect of learning more spells from Harry “can you teach me anything else?” she asked quietly.

Harry gave a fond smile and looked at his wand silently, raising it carefully, he said tonelessly “Expecto Patronum”

A large gunshot thundered from his wand as a large winged Demon appeared, Harry’s eyes widened slightly ‘that is NOT my usual Patronus’ he thought sullenly.

Francine’s eyes widened as the Demon flexed it’s muscles and wings casually, it’s claws dropping down to the floor as it hunched over the floor “wow, that is so cool” she whispered.

Harry nodded thoughtfully, wondering why his form had changed so much when he remembered something Remus had said “your Patronus takes on the form of something you associate with protection and safety” he repeated in his mind.

Looking at Francine, he saw her looking at the Patronus “I think you should practice the Patronus Charm as soon as you can”

Francine nodded, not taking her eyes off the Patronus “yeah,” she whispered aloud “do you think you could teach me how to do that?” she asked him as it vanished.

Harry chuckled “part of the experience is learning to do it yourself and studying the spells”

Francine pouted, her upper lip trembling and her eyes watering as she gave him the puppy dog look, Harry threw his hands up in defeat “look in the library, ask Madame Pince about the defense against Dark Creatures, she will give you a hand from there”

Francine gave a small nod and ran from the room.

Harry sighed and waved his wand at the empty room he had warded, the stone floor and walls repairing themselves quickly, looking around, he saw a few gashes on the wall where his more violent spells had hit, he reminded himself to use conjured blocks of marble or something more sturdy like steel for his practice of using the more violent spells “heh, guess we can rule out the Dark Arts for next lesson” he muttered to himself, walking out of the room for dinner.

Pushing open the doors to the Great Hall, he was rewarded with a full contingent of Auror’s waiting for him, Harry raised an eyebrow as they raised their wands at him, drawing out his willow wand, he casually side stepped a Stunner and sent a few Cheering Charms and a Laughing Charm at the Auror’s who were hit and were laughing insanely, waving his wand again, he sent a few careless Charms around the room with a ricochet effect that made them bounce around the room, being careful to keep things just under a Fourth Year level so as not to cause any attention to himself about his skill, he dodged a black beam of light and his eyes widened “so, you fools want to use the Dark Arts on me then? Guess I will have to respond with something more drastic”

What followed could only be called in latter terms as a full on brawl that would be forever placed in Hogwarts: A History as Harry started sending Reductor Curses and a few mild Hexes and Charms that had the Auror’s spinning, trying to catch up as his ricochet effect on the spells bounced off walls and other things a few times, causing damage whenever they hit, losing power at every turn “Crucio!” called out a high voice.

Harry spun around to see a frog like woman with her wand aimed at his back before his world exploded into pain.

Harry focused his mind and shook off the majority of the pain, never screaming as he slowly stood, his joints aching as he moved, his muscles feeling like that were being torn into small pieces and being burned simultaneously, he quickly sheathed his wand and ran forwards, punching Umbridge in the nose, effectively breaking it, causing the spell to fade, Harry quickly settled himself into a defensive position, his wand sliding into his left hand "all right!" he exclaimed suddenly "all right, all right, all right!"

The Auror's shared nervous glances "SEIZE HIM! HE IS A THIRD YEAR BOY AND YOU ARE AUROR'S!" screamed a pompous voice from behind them.

Harry raised his eyebrow elegantly, his face in a mixed emotion of amusement and endearment "Fudge!" he called out happily, relaxing his muscles and standing up with a pleasant look about his face, keeping his muscles tense and wand in hand as he looked at him "such a pleasant surprise, I assume this must be your doing, can't you think of anything better to do that to attack innocent people?" he said, stressing the innocent part with a hard look in his eyes.

Fudge gave a small wince but was otherwise unaffected which confirmed Harry's suspicion that Fudge was either on the Death Eater payroll or he was a Death Eater himself "you are charged with the use of the use of the Unforgivable's, three counts of known murder of Muggles with use of magic, thirty nine counts of slander against Ministry officials and the Head of the Wizengamot, one hundred and seventy six counts of Underaged Magic use, four counts of Secrecy Restriction breeches, five counts of torture and one count of torture with intent to seriously debilitate and kill"

Harry raised his eyebrows "do you have any proof?" he asked softly.

Fudge nodded smugly "we have the testimony of Dumbledore who has told us about your attack against one Gilderoy Lockheart, your torture and significant murder of said person and..."

Harry coughed at that and interrupted with a smirk "I am a Veela, as I am a male Veela, I attain a full blooded heritage at the time of puberty, and there are laws against your persecution of Veela's who have had

either their mate verbally or physically insulted or attacked in any other significant manner, I have the memory if you wish to view it”

Fudge paled slightly, blustering incoherently until Dumbledore walked up with a pleasant smile on his face, a victorious gleam in his eyes “that law has been rescinded and you are held accountable for his murder”

Harry gave another smile in Dumbledore’s direction “as you have removed that law after my attacking Gilderoy Lockheart who sexually harassed my mate, who verbally and near sexually attacked my then fiancé who you well know I am now married to, you can drop those charges as it states in the laws that, should you remove any restrictions on crimes that would otherwise sentence the person to commit a criminal offence, then it is null and void”

Dumbledore’s eyes lost their victorious look “they can be overlooked as you have done several other serious offences” he commented lightly.

Harry raised an eyebrow “and what of my use of underage magic? Surely you know that I am Head of the Potter family and a Wizengamot member, this means that I am exempt from these laws, also, does it also not mean that I am exempt from claiming responsibility for a Secrecy breach if contacting an official Obliviator? This does not mean however,” he said as he saw Dumbledore and Fudge try to catch him out in his own words “that I did breach the Secrecy Act”

Dumbledore looked furious and Fudge was pale because he had publicly humiliated himself, the Aurors were dumbfounded as to his words and were looking at the two questioningly “sir,” asked one of the braver Aurors “is this ... well ... you know ... correct?”

Harry grinned silently to himself as they blustered for some semblance of control “oh,” Harry commented lightly “I would like to press formal charges against Headmaster Dumbledore, Minister Fudge and Severus Snape for misconduct and...”

“Is that really necessary my boy?” Dumbledore interrupted with a slight pleading tone in his voice.

“...And I would also,” Harry continued as if the interruption never happened “if you can, to please investigate my paperwork done for my monetary spendings for the last few years, from...”

“Harry, my boy, do you really want to do this?” Dumbledore asked in a desperate tone.

“...From the time of my parents death to my approximate sixth birthday” he finished with a grin at Dumbledore and Fudge who both paled, knowing that he held all the official and real documents concerning his vaults.

The Head Auror on duty was confused “why would we do that? We need your guardians permission to look into your vault transactions and immediate transfers”

Dumbledore nodded with certainty “and as I am your legal guardian, I refuse to allow them to enter the vaults” he said with a victorious grin.

Harry raised his eyebrow “I am sorry about that Headmaster,” he said coldly, sending shivers down everyone’s spines at the sheer vehemence and malice in his voice “but I have been emancipated since I was six, and after your subsequent attempt to stop said emancipation via a law or treaty of some sort”

Dumbledore paled at the implications, Harry had solid evidence and he knew it, Harry had concrete evidence that he, Albus Dumbledore, pillar of the Light, Order of Merlin First Class, Head of Wizengamot and many other numerous titles, had irrefutable evidence against him that would strip him of many titles “Harry, my boy, please...” he pleaded quietly.

Harry gave a malicious grin that promised pain, knowing that his vote in the Wizengamot would swing favor in his way since it was a tied set rule that many would be Death Eaters or on Death Eater payroll that would guarantee his victory, he had studied that much “sorry Old

Man, too bad you have no sympathy from me and I simply have no mercy for anyone who wrongs me”

Neville stormed up from his seat at the table and swung a punch at him, Harry side stepped as Neville took the swing and held his foot out as Neville over swung and tripped over his foot making nearly every student in the Great Hall chuckle in satisfaction “I do believe we can add stalking to Neville Longbottom, attempts to commit assault on the physical level without provocation and attempts to inflict grievous bodily harm against an unarmed opponent”

The Auror’s looked at him and he grinned as his wand slipped into his hand, knowing that nobody had seen his slipping it into his sheath “I forgot to mention that I happened to be unarmed without a wand, didn’t I?” he replied stoically.

A mangled Auror came up to him and looked him over, Harry recognized him as Moody but remained otherwise unresponsive, he gave Harry a quick looking over and gave a small grin “you got balls kid, taking on the big boys like that”

Harry nodded and noticed Moody’s hand twitch in which Harry raised his wand as fast as lightning and had it pointed directly at his crotch “I happen to know a very powerful Crushing Charm used for the more ... solid pieces of matter, I am sure you can ... assume what would happen if I were to say the incantation with where my wand is pointed” he replied with a bored tone, bordering on amusement.

Moody, along with the rest of the males in the Great Hall, winced or shuddered at what was implied, after they recovered, Moody gave a weak, almost feeble grin “you don’t go attacking a males manhood like that sonny”

Harry gave a large lopsided grin “it makes people think twice about their actions” he said jovially, with just a hint of cold steel in his voice that promised pain to the first person who attempted to attack him.

A larger Auror walked up and poked a stubby finger into his chest, knocking him back a few meters “and you think a boy like you can defeat an Auror, especially one as good as Alastor Moody?”

Harry looked at Moody up and down, knowing what his old mentor's dueling style was like, dirty and very random, just as much as his was, flinging out weaker spells as the opponent used the more destructive and higher powered spells making them lose energy before taking the offensive "I suppose I could if he restricted himself to the standard Fourth Year magic, but if you are talking about Auror level spells..." he trailed off, knowing he could easily obliterate Moody and the entire contingent of Aurors that were there within a half hour and still be as bored as Dumbledore would be fighting a First Year.

The Auror snarled greatly, pushing him further back with his stubby finger each time he said a word "what makes you think a little child like you could defeat Alastor Moody, the greatest Auror of our time?"

Harry let another push come at him and quickly raised his hand, grabbing the finger and, with a quick jerk upwards, dislocated his index and middle fingers and broke the bones in five places as a result earning a scream of agony as he fell to the floor "I WILL GET YOU FOR THIS POTTER!" Fudge roared loudly "YOU HAVE INJURED A MINISTRY OFFICIAL! YOU WILL HANG FOR THIS!"

Harry raised his eyebrow and stated mildly "I believe that I, being a senior member of this country's government, have the right to defend myself against any instigation within certain restrictions against Ministry officials, namely members of the Auror Corps. And leading up to and further, the Minister of magic himself if not provided with a reasonable case against me without proof, and I happen to know that you have no proof, because if I did indeed commit these crimes you are accusing me of, I would have wiped any and all traces of evidence that you have stated so pompously and arrogantly"

Ropes came flying from Dumbledore's wand and Harry simply sidestepped the spell calmly, almost lazily, he then began to prowl like a predator, his eyes set on one of the people there, Dumbledore.

The one thing running through everyone's mind at that moment was 'is Potter insane?'

But truthfully, Harry was simply trying to edge himself around Fudge so he could take him out and show the Dark Mark on his forearm, Harry himself had to time it perfectly or it would all blow up in his face, waving his wand quietly, he whispered silently, almost like a small breath of air “Diffindo”

The spell shot at Dumbledore who waved his wand, a silver shield appearing out of thin air and a resounding gong echoing in the silent Great Hall, Dumbledore responded with a whip of his wand which formed into a large flaming whip of dark red flames, Harry sniggered, of all the spells he had to use, he had to use fire based spells, quickly waving his wand, he muttered “Glacius” a wave of ice cold air with ice crystals shooting at Dumbledore leaving his beard coated in ice and looking frigidly stiff.

Dumbledore responded with a Blasting Curse and an Implosion Hex which Harry side stepped, Harry spun on his heel, noting that Neville had an expectant grin on his face and Malfoy looked like Christmas and his birthday for the next ten years had all come at once, the spells slammed against the wall and Harry responded with a small grin and a quickly incanted “Revido vito”

The Shaving Charm hit Dumbledore and was promptly removed of any and all hair on his body, which was when Harry and the rest of the people in Hogwarts saw the true anger of Dumbledore as he bellowed “Augmenti Lashio!”

Harry’s eyes widened for a fraction of a second before he dove out of the way, the silver chain slamming into the floor where he was standing just before, Harry decided to finish this.

Now.

Quickly casting a Notice-Me-Not Charm on himself, he walked away and started to use his Ricochet Charm to empower his wand before he started sending Stunners, Reducto’s, Tickling Charms, Leg-Locking Hexes and Full-Body Binding Curses against Dumbledore, everyone else ducking away from him, Harry smirked slightly as Dumbledore responded with a Full-Body Shielding Charm and sent a

Ripping Charm at Fudge's arm and calmly stepped aside a large fireball that was aimed at him, he pointed to Fudge when Dumbledore was going to make another move and said "Dark Mark on someone's arm here"

Dumbledore turned sharply and Harry quickly threw a three spell mix of a Stunner, a Body Binding Curse and a Switching Spell that switched his arms and hands with his feet and legs ending a very amusing fall earning a chuckle from a few of the Auror's and a fair few students, reigning his own amusement in, he casually walked over and smirked as a Stunner came his way, ducking the violent red beam, he sent a Bombarding Cannonball Curse at the offender who immediately fell down with a pair of broken legs and a good sized dent in his chest, smirking at the surprised looks, he shook his head "and here I was thinking that the Curse wouldn't work with my wand, oh well"

Harry then walked up to the Auror and cast a Ripping Charm on the sleeve, exposing bare pale flesh, Harry waved his wand and muttered "Finite Incantatum"

An angry red Dark Mark with black outlines appeared, a snake slowly slithering through the mouth of the skull that had flaring black holes for eyes as the snake slithered through the entire skull, it's faint red eyes glaring around as it slithered making Harry give a shudder of pleasure which many people took to either revulsion or fear, moving to Fudge, he glared at the Minister and frowned thoughtfully "maybe I could just keep him on ... maybe that might work to my advantage ... could keep him for good use" he muttered to himself.

Feeling a glitter of magic behind him, he spun around and fell to one knee, holding his wand like a sword in both hands as he focused his energy and shouted "Fillipendo!"

Snape was tossed into the air, his wand clattering to the ground, he stood up and pulled out a secondary wand only to have something that no man should ever experience happen to them, a steel capped leather boot slamming into his crotch at full force sending him about a foot in the air from the sheer force of the hit making everyone, even the Gryffindors, wince in sympathy, the crack of steel and leather

hitting flesh resounding around the room with a painful reminder to never piss off Harry Potter.

Ever.

A strangled squeak came from Snape's mouth as he clutched between his legs, curling into a fetal position "that has got to hurt" Harry muttered loudly in amusement.

Using a near silent Summoning Charm, he caught the wands and snapped the secondary wand which held a black feather "hmm, never would have thought the greasy bat would be into Raven wand cores" he muttered as he tossed the wand aside.

Glancing down at the wand Snape usually used, he started muttering to himself with a strange tounge that seemed to hold some slight power; his eyes glowing with green fire "Pussy Willow? And ..." Harry broke into laughter, clutching his sides in glee.

Snape looked up menacingly, or as menacingly as he could considering his eyes were watering and squinted in pain as his face was contorted in much the same way "don't you dare say it Potter" he said in several octaves too high to be normal.

Harry paid no heed to it "Pussy Willow and Fairy wings!" he roared out in laughter, clutching the sides of his stomach as he fell to his knees in laughter.

The Great Hall erupted into laughter as Harry said this, most people falling to the floor and clutching their sides as they rolled around in a painful laughter, who would have thought the mean and snarky Potions Master was the owner of such an ... obviously feminine wand, Snape collected himself and winced slightly as he got up, snatching his wand away before wincing and falling to the floor again in pain as Harry used a wandless Bouncing Charm to make the more noticeable parts knock together twice rather violently "Potter..." Snape wheezed.

"Yes?" he asked through his laughter.

“Detention. Rest of the year. Two hundred points from Gryffindor” he strangled out through his pain as his sensitive bits gave another violent knock together making Harry wince mentally in sympathy.

“I think not Professor” Harry countered as soon as he got his laughter under control.

“And why not?” Snape asked, as he seemed to get over his pain, standing up with a suspiciously wide legged stance.

Harry looked at Snape, his spine tingling with pleasurable shivers as he knew what to do next, a vicious smile on his face “because you, my dear man, are an Ex-Death Eater, one who has only Dumbledore’s rapidly fading into uselessness word that you have changed”

The Great Hall was completely silent as they contemplated what Harry had said, Hermione sniggering silently at the Gryffindor table with Tonks, Ginny and Francine trying desperately not to blast into uproarious laughter “now see here Potter,” said Umbridge, who was close by, a large, sickly sweet, slightly demented, definitely insane, sickenly lustful grin on her face, her sickly sweet voice coated in honey to hide the wasps lacing her tongue as she spoke “you may be a Wizengamot member, but you cannot simply go about accusing people of such ... cruel tendencies”

Harry risked using a powerful Legimancy ram on her and broke through her shields, finding horrid memories of her taunting Muggleborn’s, Half-Bloods and people who had creature blood in their veins so cruelly that it nearly made Harry sick and nearly upchuck what little food he had in his stomach, he pulled out, noting that her face was pale, just for added effect, he flared up his Veela Charm and watched in amused glee as more than half the females at Hogwarts, even some of the Professors, started to take a few steps forwards, drooling in lust and their eyes void of intelligent thought ‘lets see how females act towards the supposedly easy to counter Veela Charm’ he thought in grim amusement which quickly turned to horror.

Standing in front of him was Professor McGonagall.

Without her outer robes on.

In black negligee.

Sexy, black, silk negligee.

Naughty negligee.

It sent shivers down everyone's spines, those who were coherent enough to actually look at her anyway.

Worst part though, was Umbridge; she was in nothing but a small white two-piece lingerie that showed off her pale white skin and was near transparent, only showing the sharper features that made Harry shudder as the males seemed to try and gouge their eyes out in horror of the sight they had seen, but Harry was not too fortunate as Trelawney chose that most ... opportune time to appear, almost immediately her eyes setting on him and her eyes widening in lust 'oh dear god' was Harry's last thought before he ran for whatever feeble hiding space he could find with an almost lightning fast pace that the women immediately followed after in an equally fast pace leaving three highly amused girls chuckling and giggling inwardly at his bad luck.

Harry was not highly amused, just his luck to find he was now not legally emancipated any more as Dumbledore, without his being there, had held a conference with the Wizengamot and had declared that Harry was not legally emancipated and was under his legal care, not only that, but Dumbledore had voided his marriage to Hermione in the magical world and the Muggle world by saying he was a minor and had no legal consent by his guardian, but now they had him locked in a Ministry for all the crooked up reasons they had filed against him 'well,' he thought to himself in an amused fashion 'I might have done a few things that they might have mentioned consciously without anger'

The door opened and Harry looked up, his metallic green eyes looking at the woman who was to be his attorney, some stupidly insipid Witch who was on Dumbledore's payroll and would most likely do anything to incriminate him, striking up on that thought, he used passive Legimancy to peek into her memories of recent meetings with Dumbledore.

(Memory Sequence)

Dumbledore walked in with a pleasant smile on his otherwise naked personage, apparently still not able to remove the Charm that was on him "Miss Sanders, wonderful to see you again, how is your sister doing?"

"She is as well as can be expected, considering a bus ran over her in a most ... unfortunate incident" she replied with a wistful smile on her face.

Dumbledore gave a lopsided smile "now Miss Sanders, I hope you know that I am hiring you as M Potter's attorney so you can destroy him popularity wise and emotionally, if you can, I also want you to get him placed in the deepest, darkest parts of Azkaban for a few months to break him down"

Miss Sanders gave a wry grin "this wouldn't be, by any chance, that favor I owe you for covering up my younger sisters 'sudden and most unfortunate' death by any chance, would it?"

"Whatever do you mean Miss Sanders?" he replied with a faint hint of amusement.

She smiled then gave a frown "I can only go so far with that, if Potter formally declares that he does not want me or anyone as an attorney, he can use that to his advantage, and seeing as how he has seemingly lost his papers..." she trailed off, hoping he would understand.

Dumbledore nodded "but I am his legal guardian and can ... insist that he be represented, with or without his presence, that he have an attorney"

“No Dumbledore, he can refuse it as is his legal right in any matter, even if you assign him the proper legal formalities ... he would be easily able to pick that up if he looked through Wizarding Law”

Dumbledore frowned “I will make sure he ascends to your representation of his case”

(Memory Sequence End)

Harry raised his eyebrows as she shook her head to dispel those images, he looked at her curiously, noting that she held herself as a Pureblood, he took a glance through his Elven Sight and found the dark black ring circling her aura and a black blur against her forearm as she settled herself on the comfortable bed that had Calming Charms, Loose Lips Curses, Anti-Truth Charms and Compulsions on every single inch of the mattress “so Harry, have you given any thought to telling me how you want to play your defense?”

Harry nodded, thinking about certain ... old man that needed to be taken down a peg or five “I do” he replied evenly as Auror’s came in, flanked by Dementor’s, Harry thanked his foresight to place his wand belt under a Fidellius Charm and had kept his more powerful wand and his ever faithful dagger with him.

The Dementor’s immediately swooped down onto him, clutching his arms with their own clammy hands, the coldness not at all disturbing him as he basically had lived with it for the past decade “move Potter” replied the same Auror whose finger he had broken a week before.

Harry spat up blood as his fist struck him in the jaw, knocking a few teeth loose “when you get put in Azkaban, I will be giving you far more of these for a nice little present every time I visit you in your nice cozy cell that was all pampered and furnished for your royal presence”

Harry shrugged in reply which earned a punch to the gut making him become slightly winded, Harry’s eyes flashed dangerously and the Dementors shrieked in something that could only be considered pain as they let go of him leaving a very smug grin on his face before he

was punched in the throat heavily then hit with several Healing Charms, Harry sighed softly, this was nothing compared to Death Eater torture, the thought running through his head as he remembered the three months he had spent in a Death Eater cage.

Flashback

Harry was jerkily pushed to his feet, his mangled and burnt feet ripping open again from the blistered healing it had been able to do in the small time he had been able to do anything without a wand, his chest aching as several of his broken ribs were broken once more and the cuts all over his body flaring open again, insuring they would scar, a beautiful motif decorating his body in what was seemingly his magical imprint in what Lucius Malfoy had carved into his body with a sharp silver dagger laced with Anti-Healing Potions that made it all the more harder to heal his cuts and bruises, he looked up from slowly, his now pale white eyes as he had lost his sight thanks to a few vicious Slicing Curses to the face, his lightning bolt scar having been extended to a beautifully, if somewhat painfully carved ritualistic motif covering his face, his throat dry from the force fed Firewhiskey he had been forced to suffer through as a means to dehydration which caused him to suffer more “move it Potter,” Bellatrix growled “today I get a present from the Dark Lord”

Harry smirked “what is that my dear Bella? Is he going to give you a lovely little virgin Muggle boy to satisfy you pedophile needs of sadistic self-pleasure? Or is he going to give you this nice new Muggle invention he found called a blow up doll in his exact image?”

Bellatrix actually laughed at that “my, you are becoming quite the Slytherin Potty, I can’t wait to see what you do when the Dark Lord appears”

Harry gave a small grin, his eyes honed on her through Magical Sight which made her shiver in slight fear and horror as the entirety of the pair of eyes flushed completely black making him more foreboding than Voldemort and Dumbledore combined, silver iris contracting into a slit that gave a sudden blink like a whole new eye “I was nearly sorted into Slytherin my dear Bella, but that certainly means that I

would have never served or even contemplated serving your Half-Blood Master”

Bellatrix’s eyes flashed for second with something akin to rage before she replied coldly “the Dark Lord is a Pureblood and the Heir of Slytherin” she said calmly.

Harry smirked while shaking his head “how very wrong you are, see, I am the real Heir of Slytherin, the primary Heir of Slytherin, as for your precious Dark Lord, he is half Muggle”

He laughed at their dumbfounded looks and was promptly hit by seven Crucio’s while he continued laughing through the pain that was by now, minimal, he had learnt how to cut off pain from his mind and he had learnt that very early “one would think, Potter, that you enjoy being on the end of an Unforgivable” Bellatrix purred softly.

Harry laughed again and stood up “seriously, your Cruciatus spells, even if you got twenty of them, would never be able to compare to Voldemort’s Cruciatus and his can’t even make me scream any more, I just pass it off as a slight tickle, a normal tickle if he is in a bad mood”

They raise their eyebrows and Harry smirked making them shake, his wounds opened themselves up and blood seeped from every single cut on his body, the blood pulsing rapidly with his heart, a small corona beating out from his blood, Runes appearing in the air made from his blood as they swiftly attached themselves to the floor, wall and ceiling making what could only be described as a hall of blood as he attacked with his elongated claw like fingernails and started ripping into their eyes and managing to take down five of the six Death Eaters before having to dodge an Explosion Hex, running down the halls to the deeper chambers where none of the Death Eaters, Dementors or Voldemort himself dared to enter...

End Flashback

Harry sniggered slightly; these people are fools and inbred idiots!

Sitting in the chained chair, he was forced the Veritaserum into his throat, the slight buzzing sensation of the Potion attempting to attack his mind but he forced it down, adopting the clouded look on his face, many people muttering about how they always knew he was a Death Eater wannabe or the next Dark Lord “name?” Fudge questioned smugly.

Harry replied tonelessly “Harry James Potter the third”

Fudge sneered at him “have you every murdered anyone?”

Harry inwardly smirked, the would have been easy to work around if he had allowed it to come through “yes,” Dumbledore and Fudge smiled victoriously “I killed Lord Voldemort on Halloween in the year 1981” this sent sniggers all through the court at how he had played it out.

“Have you ever murdered anyone else?” Dumbledore asked lightly.

Harry shook his head once “not yet” he said in a final tone.

“Who do you plan on murdering?” Fudge asked with a giddy look on his face.

Harry sniggered inwardly ‘oh, this is too good!’ he screamed in his mind before answering tonelessly “Wormtail”

Dumbledore looked at him hard “have you ever committed an unlawful act against the Ministry?”

Harry nodded “sure I have, everyone has, Fudge squanders money from the tax money that is supposed to go to the Auror department, you yourself interfere when you have no right to, I myself manage to get out of taxes because of my age” he replied in a stoic monotone that had glee written in every word.

“So you admit to evading the law and even breaking it?” Dumbledore asked.

“No, there is a loophole in the system in which I can utilize in order to not pay taxes until my age of majority”

“So you willingly admit to breaking the law?” Fudge asked smugly.

Harry shook his head “no, I am well within my rights as an underaged emancipated adult to not pay taxes, that has been a loophole in the system for about seven hundred years”

“But you are willingly breaking the law in this matter” stated Dumbledore.

“No, I am well within my rights as a private emancipated citizen to not pay the required taxes until my seventeenth birthday, this is the age of majority, thus, I am not breaking the law, this is a law that was set up so that minors in only age who had come from Pureblood families who were killed off leaving only the heir to the fortune, this is a well practiced law and loophole as I am sure you are well aware Dumbledore, after all, you utilized it in your Third Year when your parents were killed by a small clan of rouge Vampires”

Dumbledore paled as he said this, knowing that he had no bounds to convict him on that charge lest he be charged as well “and about your murder of the Dursley’s, you Muggle caregivers, did you commit the crime?”

Harry shrugged “Death Eater, I am sure that, if you get your little watch dog, Arabella Figg, a Squib you left to make sure nothing happened to me, comes to testify, you will find that fact if you gave her Veritaserum”

Dumbledore looked enraged for a brief second before smiling congenially “I am afraid I do not know what you mean Mister Potter, care to explain?”

Harry smirked inwardly, Dumbledore was digging himself into a hole “yes, in the year 1982, a woman who had many cats moved into the house just down the road and was there to make sure I was beaten and broken so you could have your little pawn, in 1985...”

“Conjecture, Mister Potter is clearly displaying his biased opinion,” said his attorney.

Harry then started physically struggled and made a show of attempting to break the Veritaserum as he rasped out “I-I-I don’t want ... don’t want you as ... as my ... legal ... council”

Harry slumped and flushed the Potion out of his system, a smile playing his lips as he looked up “I wish to represent myself and give evidence concerning illegal acts against myself on several numerous occasions and a letter written and signed by Dumbledore, Pensive memories and Goblin account books that have been tampered with as well as my parents original will and the tampered version of the will which I have found”

Dumbledore was pale white and said in an even voice “that evidence is circumstantial at best”

Harry smirked and closed his eyes as he hung his head, his hair becoming flushed completely silver as the illusion on his hair and eyes he had put up, fell, he opened his eyes and looked up, his eyes a light metallic green “I am considering the fact that a) it is circumstantial only to you, b) any evidence given must be taken into court evidence, c) any claims of misconduct or illegal actions by any person must be looked into and viewed with an unbiased mind, d) the person who is accused may not be on the judge or jury board as they tend to disagree with the accusatory documents and submit them as false documents to play in their favor, and lastly, I said, in the beginning, I wanted to represent myself without any legal representation and you took it upon yourself as an illegal guardian and illegally stripped away my emancipation and illegally held me under Ministry arrest, illegally stripped my Wizengamot vote and illegally voided my marriage with my bond mate Hermione Granger which you had no right to do”

Dumbledore stood up, his aura appearing as he thundered out “YOU ARE A MINOR! YOU KNOW NOTHING OF HOW TO LIVE A PROPER ADULTS LIFE! YOU ARE A SMALL CHILD WHO IS ATTEMPTING TO PLAY GROWN UP WITH NO KNOWLEDGE OF ANYTHING IN THE WORLD!”

Harry smirked and snapped his fingers lightly and stated "Wizengamot member in the seat of family Potter denies the use of chains against the witness in the Chair of Holding"

The chains snapped off and he stood up, rubbing his wrists as he stood up, taking a look at the Wizengamot, he smirked slightly at their horrified looks and removed his shirt and collar which showed deep black and purple bruises all over his body and a very large black splotch on his larynx "I was brutalized in the Ministry holding cell and beaten near constantly in an attempt to get a false statement to my charges"

"NOT TRUE!" roared the fat Auror whose fingers he had broken.

"That man there!" he yelled "That man is the one who attacked me and who has the Dark Mark on his arm, he is a Death Eater!" he pointed to the Auror.

Dumbledore sighed "we found that you merely used a temporary dying technique to place the tattoo on his arm"

Harry raised his eyebrows at the simple idiocy that these people showed as they sided with Dumbledore, looking around, he moved quickly and snatched his wand from the desk with his holster and strapped it to his arm, he whipped it out and smirked at the surprised looks they had on all their faces as he aimed his wand at the Auror "Stupefy!" Harry called out.

The crimson beam slammed into the Auror and was sent sprawling to the floor, Dumbledore stood and raised his wand, Harry groaned as he yelled out "Augmenti Lashio!" the silver whip coming out of his wand and snapping to the floor as Dumbledore cracked it.

Harry avoided the whip and watched as the whip hit the floor leaving a deep silver gash in the floor, quickly thinking on his options, he called out softly "Nuqualm sibi gablieil"

A soft golden mist flowed from his wand and started to pulse with an energy all of it's own, seemingly alive, but it was his magical pulse, his pure magic in a dangerous form, the whip cracked and an arm shot out from the mist, grabbing it and holding it tightly, dozens more hands appeared and gripped the length of the whip and they started moving in random directions, tearing the whip apart, Harry smiled but gained an icy look on his face as Dumbledore yelled "Avada Kedavra!"

A hand shot out and stood in the way of the spell, the green light slamming into it and vanishing, Harry started to bead with sweat, even for him, this was a strenuous task, the Potter family magic was difficult and damn near impossible to use for long periods of time, he dropped the spell and was immediately hit with fifty seven Stunners, Body-Binding Curses, Leg-Lockers and Binding Charms that Harry had taken to the chest and various other places on the body "all in favor of Azkaban?" Dumbledore called out coldly.

Everyone raised their hands and Harry was taken away by two Dementors.

Authors Note: By now you should know the drill, tell me if you love it or hate it.

Harry is going to Azkaban!

Don't worry, you will all finally get to know what his female body looks like!

Anyway, after all of this is said and done, Harry has the element of surprise and can seriously play around with peoples minds, MWUAHAHAHAHA!

I hope this is much more interesting than the chapters previous, plus, it gives me a chance to make Harry a girl and have Hermione become somewhat ... bent.

Hope the torture explained why Harry was so cold and distant from everyone else, why he was so angry and full of resentment, this comes as part of a few more torture scenes on Harry previous to his Potion induced changes.

Hope you like!

Keep reading!

Seth O. Blade.

Year Three:

Chapter Six:

Imprisonment. Escape. Alternate identities.

“Good and Evil are relative terms”

Bao Mui Tsun: The Art of War and Violence.

“The road to salvation is through damnation”

Myself, relative term to my dangerous (and often misleading) life.

Harry felt the dreading coldness sweep through his body and thought of how he was going to kill off some serious pricks and morons, sometimes, he just hoped that he could shove his wand up Fate's ass and mutter an Explosion Curse and say “screw you punk, I am not going to be a part of this”

He chuckled at the thought as his wand was taken from him and snapped, he gazed intently at his wand and watched a blazing fire rush out of the wand, oddly enough, he started singing a small tune “I've paid my dues ... time after time ... I've done my sentence ... but committed no crime.”

Several people looked at him like he was insane, but Harry saw Hermione smirking insanely, grinning insanely when she caught the message, Ginny was looking confused but shrugged when she saw Hermione's voice and remained quiet, Francine had tears in her eyes as he had introduced the song to her earlier on, understanding the meaning “and bad mistakes ... I've made a few ... I've had my share of sand kicked in my face, but I've come through!”

Hermione and Francine immediately chanted “on and on and on and on!” as the next part was supposed to come up to make him look like an insane idiot.

“WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS, MY FRIEND! AND WE’LL KEEP ON FIGHTING ... TILL THE END!”

Francine immediately sung out “dun, dun duhn” in a deep tone.

“WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS! WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS! NO TIME FOR LOSERS, BECAUSE WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS ... OF THE WORLD!”

By this time, everyone was seriously unnerved and slightly worried at his lack of fear, he immediately started giggling like a school girl and said the voice of a deep baritone from the Vampyr Lord he got his Vampyr blood from, the darkness radiating off with warning evident in his voice “you send me away, and when you need me most and try to call on me, I will not answer. When you try to seek me to answer your problems, I will not come. When you plead with me that it was all in ignorance and you had no idea, you shall find no forgiveness. When you are all dying and screaming in your own blood, you will look back on this day and feel utter remorse and shame for what you have done. When you have all given up, you will know that you all had a chance, and you just blew it.”

Several people shivered and he smirked with a dark arrogance about him, unhinging many people “I will remember every one of you, and when a threat comes for you, you will find no salvation in life or in death, you will feel no mercy or pity from the damned life you have just forged, you will feel no peace the crime you have committed, and most of all, you will feel no love from me or anyone when you have found out you just betrayed your only hope of ever surviving a war that is yet to come and will never pass without me”

People started shaking in uncontrollable fear as he said this, Dumbledore’s face pale with fear, Fudge cowering, wringing his bowler hat nervously, pale in utter fear, looking around in an attempt to find someone to help him, Harry looked at Fudge with his eyes glittering in the light, his hair flushing pure black “Fudge! Look to me!” he commanded.

Fudge jumped about two feet in the air and looked at Harry nervously, Harry gave a violent looking glare at Fudge that promised agony on

it's highest levels "You shall feel pain that not even Grindewald and Voldemort could hope to cast on you magically, physically or in any other way, you will fall into darkness and become destitute, you will fear for your life at every turn, you will live a life without acknowledgement and without praise, you will become alone and useless, unworthy to live yet unable to die, living in your own self guilt as people all around you start to die in showers of blood, their screams of agony and pain clouding your senses, that is what you have after this"

Harry smirked evilly as Fudge went ghost white and ran out of the room, a trickle of yellow and the faint smell of excrement wafting through the courtroom, Harry looked at Dumbledore and levelled his eyes at him, Dumbledore staring back defiantly "and what of me Potter?" Dumbledore asked coldly "Am I to rot in Hell and live a life of misery? To become some gibbering fool at your childish words?"

Harry shook his head with a smirk and started to move forwards, the Auror's restraining him "no, there is something special for you, something much more divine and much more painful for you."

Dumbledore narrowed his eyes in loathing "and what is that Potter?"

Harry gave a nasty, evil and promising grin, knowing what could happen if he chose not to fight "your plans will crumble, your word will be useless to everyone around you, all your friends and people who once admired you will despise everything about you, you will be shunned wherever you go and see all those that you have vowed to protect, die all around you, and in their dying breaths, curse your name before they pass into the Netherworld, the alliances you forged will crumble beneath your feet, the Wizarding world will become a bleak and dark place, you will find noting but fear, hate, rage and evil everywhere you look, your ideals will be shunned for ones of old, and when you finally come to realisation, I. Will. Not. Help. You."

Dumbledore sneered "that was pathetic Potter, take him..."

"Your precautions will fail, the world will grow stagnant, you will suffer the fate of having millions of deaths upon your hands, and you will be there when the Dark Lord takes his throne. You will be there when

people are killed for sport. You will be there when Muggle civilizations start to crumble and fall, become little more than breeding pits for the next pack of dead. Children, men, women, their blood will be on your hands. Rape and murder are commonplace, punishable only when committed against those of less than Half-Blood status. You will feel the darkness cloud the entire world and you will be the cause of it. I am not going to answer your plea when you call for me. I will not suffer your begging when you crawl on your hands and knees at my feet, asking for forgiveness. You will suffer at the hands of your own decisions, but I will not come to help you, you will fail in your plans and you will see your error, and my back will be turned upon you and you will feel absolute shame in yourself for what you have done.”

Dumbledore was sheet white, shaking in complete fear making Harry smirk, Harry turned to the Wizengamot and sneered “you will all bear witness, you have just damned the world to a pain that will last a millennia without me, you will suffer pain that I could have stopped had you not shunned me, you would have lived in your perfect blissful ignorance had you listened to logic instead of following others around like sheep, you are useless of thinking for yourselves and stupid to think that your actions will not have consequences, you have had your last chance, and you blew it, anything I do from this day onwards is for me and not for you pathetic excuses for Squibs.”

Harry turned to Hermione and smiled “Hermione, love, Dumbledore may have cancelled our marriage by some fucked up reason, but you are, and always will be, my fluffy Kitten” Hermione blushed furiously, his mentioning that she purred in bed during their special moments, the promise that he would always be there for her giving her hope.

Harry turned to Francine and smiled softly at her “hey squirt, you look after your mother for me will you? She has full legal rights to take care of you, and don’t worry honey, I will be with you soon” she just nodded, tears coming from her eyes.

Harry turned to Ginny and smiled at her “Gin-gin, look after them both for me will yah? This is not an order, but a request, you are still my slave and legally my property, but you can be sure that they will treat you right, just remember, keep up your studies and take care of the

family, be nice and I promise that you will be free” Ginny nodded, tears in her eyes.

Harry then looked at the pudgy Auror and kicked him straight in the nuts with his hard leather boots causing many a man to wince “okay!” Harry said cheerfully “Now I am ready to go to this wonderful little place you call Azkaban”

Everyone flinched and looked away, four Auror’s who he knew were Death Eaters in the first and second wars against Voldemort swept in and dragged him away, his quietness making many people feel very nervous.

Harry laughed as he was beaten before placed into his cell, his cheerfulness unnerving many people as he was sent into the deeper parts of Azkaban where the more dangerous criminals resided, one cell occupied by Bellatrix Lestrange who he had later found out was in a Marriage Contract induced Imperius, and she was in the cell right next to his, he continued laughing as the Auror’s started beating him again, breaking, shattering and cracking his bones in an attempt to make him scream in pain before they finally left, shaking in unnerved fear at his potential insanity. Harry settled himself into a seated position, a wide grin on his face as he looked down at his shirt and shook his head before looking at his hands which had several fingers bent the wrong way “wow, they must really hate you to do that huh, what did you do? Rape the Minister’s daughter? Kill some high upstanding Muggle with magic? Kill a Muggleborn who had power in the government or somewhere else?” came a slightly bored voice.

Harry looked over to see Bellatrix looking at him intently “oh, nothing much, I believe the charges were murdering my immediate family, use of all three Unforgivable’s, use of the Dark Arts, assaulting Ministry officials, slander against the Ministry and other government branches like the Wizengamot and the International Confederation of Wizards, torture of innocents, slander against Hogwarts Headmaster Dumbledore, a few hundred charges of Underaged Magic use and breaching the Secrecy Act several times, evasion of lawful authority and not paying my taxes”

A few people whistled in amazement at the charges piled against him, Harry placed his hand under his butt as he raised it and sat down hard causing the bones to snap into place causing many to wince in sympathy at the snapping sounds and pops that resonated in the cold halls of Azkaban “nah, nothing too extravagant, I am sure they will find some more charges to stack up on me for some reason, I am sure they will peg me for a Dark Wizard, attempting to insight panic, assaulting Aurors ... again” he said that in an exasperated tone, annoyance clear in his voice.

Looking to the rest of the people there, he eyed them, most were looking at him in awe and glee, hoping to get more information, but he just shrugged and said “oh yeah, and I could probably get charged for making the Minister piss and shit his pants simultaneously in fear”

People hooted wildly at that, Bellatrix looking on in apparent distaste, Harry looked at her eyes and saw the disgust and contempt she had for him, he shook his head and made a few Runes on the floor in the grime saying ‘I didn’t do it, honestly, well, the slander part is true, and maybe a few others, but most were not, they were exaggerated mostly’

She grinned slightly and nodded before leaning against the bar wall, her back to him “so James, what prank are you pulling against the Ministry this time?” she asked softly.

Harry raised his eyebrow “I think you have me confused, I am not James Harold Potter, but I am Harry James Potter”

Everyone immediately quieted, looking at him in astonishment “how in the nine levels of Hell did you, the beacon of Light, saviour of the Wizarding friggin’ world, manage to wind up here in Azkaban?” asked a voice he knew only too well, Antonin Dolohov.

Harry sniggered slightly “I suppose one reason would be that I insulted the Minister publicly, in Hogwarts mind you, in front of the entire student body as well, if you must know, and Dumbledore all in the space of about five minutes”

Many people started cheering loudly and Harry settled himself in for a sound sleep, only waking to Conjure a blanket as the wind blew into the cold recesses of the halls.

Three months passed and Harry was glaring at the lock on the door, waiting for his food, he was not very happy and he was about to descend into the pits of boredom once more, he had set up Privacy Wards and Silencing Wards among the few in the cell he had, waiting for his amazing breakout, the plan was set into motion and all he had to do was get to Hogwarts before the end of the year for exams and make sure that Hermione and Francine were aware of him, Tonks would be situated near Hermione, Ginny and Francine and she was loyal to him and only him which made it all the more easier for him to get around “Illusior sarecht” he mumbled, waving his hand over his body.

He grinned when a life size illusion appeared beside him, not the most flattering images, but it was still him. Changing his own appearance, he slid through the bars and dropped the wards, blending into the shadows and waiting. Auror’s came in with a pair of Dementors and Harry raised his eyebrow “this is interesting” he murmured softly to himself.

The lock rattled and the door thrown open, the Dementors immediately swarmed in and lowered their hoods, attempted to grab him but fell through “POTTER’S ESCAPED! SOUND THE ALARM!” the same stupid, pudgy Auror he had assaulted continuously roared out.

Harry shook his head and quietly focussed on himself as a female, not really bothering with appearance, just changing his chromosomes like he always did. Light red hair grew down to his waist and his eyes glowed vibrant green, his chest swelling slightly as small A-Cup breasts grew into his robes which he immediately took off and replaced with a fine black silk robe, his groin started to tingle and shrink before a slightly welcomed emptiness between his legs was formed. The curves on his body started to become more feminine and his lips became crimson and his cheeks pale with a slightly red flush,

he sashayed his hips slightly as the robe fell down to accommodate his shape and finally, his sexual reproductive organs formed and became active making Harry James Potter into the much more favoured body to escape the law, Robyn Black, seductress, minx, general sultry female and the pain in every male's pants.

Smirking slightly, she simply measured her height by concentrating, growing to 5'1" in about two seconds and walking out through the shadows without anyone being the wiser. At the front doors, Robyn looked at the handles that littered the front door and frowned darkly 'this is going to be a hell of a bitch to open without help' she sneered mentally before shrinking in size.

Robyn, now resembling an eleven year old Asian girl, screeched loudly in apparent fear and brought tears to her eyes, looking around frantically, Aurors came running up and had their wands trained on her in five seconds flat, she shook in laughter but had a fearful expression on her face, a woman walked up and softly asked "hello there, who are you?"

Robyn frowned and replied in a childish and arrogant tone "I am the Princess."

The woman frowned slightly "my name is Auror Katherine Dulchace, what might your name be?"

Robyn smirked and stood in an imperious position "I am Yunalesca Zhao."

Indeed, when she looked at them all, she seemed slightly Asian. The woman, Dulchace, nodded and asked "how did you get here?"

Robyn frowned "I was playing in the gardens with my friends and I suddenly feel sick, then I come here and feel cold, I want to go home" she whined.

The Aurors looked at each other, wondering if they were dreaming, that Azkaban was finally getting to them, if this was Harry Potter or this girl really was someone so powerful to actually break past the

wards. Robyn held out her hand and waved it quietly, a grey mist appearing:

9:38 P.M.

Saturday.

Chinese standard time.

Was what was written, to the Aurors, it was in gibberish, but with a slight comprehension from a male Auror who just noticed what the symbols meant, bowed and rose “Yunalesca Zhao? Heiress to the clan Zhao, makers of fine silks?” asked the Asian Auror.

Robyn nodded slightly “indeed, I am she, what do you know of me?”

The Auror frowned “you are supposed to have a birthmark, where is it?”

Robyn raised her eyebrow and closed her eyes for a few seconds and gave a long sigh before raising her robe and showing a small heart on her ankle, the Auror nodded and handed her a Portkey and she vanished in a blur of colours. Robyn was deposited in central China and scowled darkly “definitely not one of my more brilliant plans, but certainly one of the most effective.”

Checking the area quickly, she vanished with a thunderous crack, appearing fifty thousand feet in the air, quickly changing into her Animagus form of a dark winged Albatross, held the position for a minute or two to get her directional abilities running before gliding effortlessly through the air, passing through the clouds with a phenomenal speed as she closed her wings to her body like the Hawk or Falcon, flowing through the clouds at a fast and rapid pace as her body plummeted to the ground, moving like a rocket that passed through the air at precise levels. The moon rose and Robyn was getting slightly tired, she had come down to thirty thousand feet and her lungs were fit to burst, even with the smaller lungs that could take in more oxygen at higher altitudes, it was still a pain in the ass to fly from somewhere near the Chinese capital all the way to Iran in twelve hours and she had to make at least another six hours flight

before she could Apparate to the shores of England where she could catch a cab to some village to find a place to stay until she had her sleep.

Looking down, she saw a few Indian temples and vowed to come back later if she needed to find a place to stay, the monks there were indiscriminate against criminals and she would be in disguise anyway. Arching her wings, she slowed her decent a small amount to take in the scenery, enjoying the way the stars sparkled in the moonlight and her feathers bristled in the wind, spotting the place she could land and Apparate without trouble, closer to a place she could Apparate to England where magical people were many, she closed her wings close to her body and rocketed down to the floor like a ball of lead.

Falling.

Wind flowing through her feathers.

Such beauty in the art of flying.

She opened her wings and glided through the air, angling her body the right way and shooting through the air as she angled her feathers to give resistance, landing precariously on a small temple roof. Morphing back into her human body, Robyn glanced around before vanishing with a small crack and landing in the middle of a busy market for Wizards, she looked around and Apparated again, her eyes glowing in fury. After another twelve Apparations in which she had landed in Turkey on some old woman's head, Italy in one of the Venetian rivers, smack in the middle of the Nile, Spain, France, Poland, Denmark and Ireland, she finally managed to appear in England and was seething madly at the problems with the European Ministries that had so conveniently screwed with her timetable. Robyn quickly hailed a cab and settled herself into the back seat "London, as fast as you can" she said tiredly.

The cabbie looked over at her from his mirror "you heard about that boy Potter? Say he killed his family in cold blood and murdered two of his fellow students in this school of his."

Robyn nodded and wiped some red sand from her face “yeah, but don’t believe what you read in the papers, they say that this was all a cover up because the boy had evidence against some very powerful people in the government and could have made people very well aware that they are corrupt, I heard from one person in a pub that the week previous to his farce of a trial, he was beaten, the people ‘interrogating’ him trying to get a false statement, and in prison, they constantly beat him in hopes that he would tell them where the evidence was, then there was the fact that they were going to make him mysteriously die in his cell like a suicide or something of the like if he didn’t say anything, now, can you take me to London?”

“Sure, but where’d you get tha’ news?”

“I got it from a drunk officer who was working the rounds of pubs somewhere in London, not sure where, but he was spouting off how he was finally beating up on Potter and nobody would be any the wiser or take his word for it.”

“Jeez, tha’ kid mus’ be braver than I thought, anywhere in London particular miss?”

“Kings Cross if you can, I have some ... people to meet.”

“Right away miss.”

The cab roared to life and shunted into movement then started along the long trip to London.

Authors Note: Bah! You should know it all by now, so I won’t say it.

I know it ain’t the best chapter, but it was the only way I could get Robyn Black, Harry’s female alter ego to come out, plus, it has the added bonus of Harry running under cover for the rest of the year.

Here is a shout out to all of my reviewers!

10,000 hits!

On a more sombre note, Steve Irwin, may he rest in peace and his memory live on in our hearts. The Crocodile Hunter, a man larger than life and a man with an even bigger heart.

Year Three:

Chapter Seven:

My new dress, my new looks, my new life.

“Women are confusing, never try to figure them out”

Every male on the planet.

“Men may have one track minds, but they are just as confusing as women”

Helen Groudel: An outlook on the battle of the sexes.

.....

Robyn glided out of the cab and handed a few notes to the man who blushed slightly as she bent down to show some cleavage, he shook his head and muttered “you can keep the money, a pretty girl like you needs a new dress and London is a good place to get it.”

Robyn smiled and kissed the man on the cheek making him burn bright red and speed off as she stood up leaving her to smirk evilly “always works, men are so easy to seduce.”

Looking around carefully, she drew out a small cloth and tied it to her forehead to keep her hair out of her eyes as she grew into a thirteen year old body which made her breasts slightly larger and into a B-cup and her hair down to her knees which was a long and flowing silver, her eyes a solid silver and her lips a dark crimson making her look very seductive with her angled eyes and thin eyebrows adding to the seductive look she was exuding “right, so which bitch do I have to kill first?” she questioned herself lightly earning curious looks.

Walking forwards into the Leaky Cauldron, she sat down at the bar and sighed softly, Tom came forwards and she looked up, Tom, for a fleeting second, had a look of recognition, before schooling his face and walking forwards, placing a Butterbeer onto the table “first one is on the house for such a pretty lady,” at this, Tom leaned forwards and

whispered “I know you didn’t do it Mr Potter, your things are all in your room, Miss Granger, Miss Marquis-Potter and Miss Weasley dropped it all off for you.”

Robyn looked up and motioned to her headband with a stray finger, Tom shook his head and pointed to his eyes silently without anyone noticing then pointed to her, Robyn nodded her head and smiled softly “I am planning on making my will, would you happen to know if I can get into Diagon Alley, you see, I am a Squib, no wand.”

Tom smirked and nodded before leaning forwards and picking up the Butterbeer “change the eyes to a darker green, they are too much like your own, other than that, very good” standing up straight, he nodded his head “yes, I do believe I can help you there, but why would one such as yourself need a will?”

Robyn smirked slightly “I am in fear of my life, some people are hunting me and I would prefer that nothing went to the Ministry as they might try to do.”

Tom nodded and walked out with her to the entrance, silently slipping her the key to her room, Robyn nodded and gave him a quick hug “thank you for believing in me Tom, you will never know how much that helps.”

Tom smiled widely “none of us here in Diagon Alley think that you did it, we know that you would only do that to people who were deserving of it or bore the Dark Mark, you will always find help here in Diagon Alley with the shop keepers” Robyn thanked him again and walked quickly to Gringotts.

(Scene Break)

Robyn filled out the last pieces of the will, making sure that there was no way in hell that it could be contested and no way that it could be misinterpreted, she filled out a form for her new name and made sure that everything went to her bar one Knut, one Sickle and one Galleon which the Minister would pay for in an instant, thinking that he would get everything in his Trust Vault, she had even set up a small, indestructible plaque of bronze with the words “haha Dumbledore, I

have the last laugh even in my death you old fool” printed on it to give to him when finished with a spare vault with only three Galleons, a Knut and two Sickles inside, knowing that Dumbledore would attempt to take any and all money that he had given him and then some.

Grinning at the bank manager, she pulled out the crystal orb of Dwarven Iron and smirked as the Goblin went wide eyed with glee “I wish to ... sell my produce if you please, this is to be set up under the name of Evan James Snipely, I suppose I can overlook the loss of one hundred pounds of this fine material if all this remains confidential and under the table.”

The Goblin was completely shocked, she had just offered five hundred thousand Galleons to a Goblin to do all this for her under the table for his secrecy, nodding quickly with eyes glittering in greed, Robyn was satisfied with the new keys that she had, the Potter Vault was shut down and everything removed from the vaults bar ten Galleons which was the family reserve limit so that nobody could take anything from her vaults until she proved the innocence of her real name “this is just too perfect, let us see if Dumbledore can do anything now that will really incriminate him even further, like murdering the hero of the Wizarding world.”

She rubbed her hands together in anticipation and looked at the small Pensieve and drew out a memory for Hermione in the form of a message, drawing out two more, she smiled wickedly and covered it up with a wickedly insane grin that was sure to scare even the Goblins.

(-(!)-----)-)

As the train slipped into the station, Dumbledore appeared with his wand held loosely by his side, Harry raised his eyebrow and walked forwards to Hermione with a letter in his hands and several documents that were copies of the real thing, Dumbledore found him and waited until he was a few metres away and Hermione saw him before he roared out “Avada Kedavra!”

The green beam shot forwards and slammed into Harry’s back, killing him instantly and dropping him to the floor, Hermione gasped and ran

forwards, clasping him tightly in her arms and crying softly at the cold flesh and lifeless eyes, Dumbledore walked forwards and tried to pick up the documents but was stopped when Ginny stepped forwards and aimed her wand at Dumbledore “step away Headmaster, I don’t want to have to fight you, I know I will lose, but I will fight you until my last breath if I need to.”

Dumbledore raised his wand at her and said in a harsh tone “Petrificus Totalus!”

Ginny fell to the floor with her hands and feet bound to her body, Francine, who saw this, smirked as she waved her wand making his robes cover his head, she ran forwards as Dumbledore tried to escape and picked up the documents and stuffed them into her bag before Conjuring a pile of useless notes “Petrificus Totalus!” Dumbledore intoned clearly.

Hermione, who was getting pissed off, waved her wand at Dumbledore silently through her tears and Dumbledore was hit with a Blasting Charm that made him slam into the wall, Hermione held onto Harry and cried her eyes out, tears flowing freely as people crowded to get pictures of him being dead.

(-(!)-----)-)

Three days later, Hermione walked with Francine and Ginny into Gringotts for the will reading and distribution of finances, sitting down, Hermione held a crying Francine in her arms, a stone faced Ginny standing behind them, tears threatening to fall, Percy and Molly came in looking superior, Dumbledore following behind with a victorious smirk, Fudge appeared with two Aurors and Umbridge following behind Dumbledore, Snape came in with a sneer, the Malfoy’s came in next and they were followed by Neville Longbottom and his grandmother, Tonks appeared with her mother and father and finally, a Goblin carrying a few documents and the Pensieve that Harry had placed the memories in “you are all here for the will reading of one Harry James Potter.”

Hermione sniffled before the door slammed open and an irritable looking girl appeared, her face shadowed by a hood from a shoulder

cape that held firmly about her neck, she sat down gruffly “sorry I’m late, Japanese Ministry decided to play nasty with me so I had to blow up a few of them” the girl said carelessly.

The Goblin nodded “we are here for the will reading of one Harry James Potter, all divisions are final, you may attempt to contest it but if you do, be prepared for the consequences.”

Everyone nodded their understanding and the Goblin spoke out “I, Harry James Draven Claeus Potter, being of sound mind and body, state my will.

To Hermione Jane Potter ne Granger, I bequeath one billion Galleons to do with as you will, guardianship of Francine Marquis-Potter and my house in Hogsmeade, use it for something useful rather than books Hermione, it is bloody embarrassing that you spend so much money on school things and not yourself, like clothes or jewels.

To Francine Donovan Marquis-Potter, I leave you ten million Galleons and an apartment in the Leaky Cauldron, here is to you kid, I will be seeing you sooner than you think.

To Ginerva Molly Weasley, I give you your freedom and five thousand Galleons, the Goblins have the papers for you to sign, but I ask you, even if you do go free, to look after Francine and Hermione until I see them again.

To the Ministry of Magic, I leave vault 813, use it wisely; it will only last so long.

To Dumbledore, I leave a plaque I found and vault 972, piece of friendly advice for you, never piss off an angry Dragon, a Veela, the mate of a Veela, a redhead, or a Potter, they will be your last remaining days on earth and they will be painful.

To Draco Malfoy, I leave a special sword, wear it with you always, it may help you out of trouble.

To Snape, I leave you all my Potions ingredients; hope you have a use for them all.

To the Percy and Molly Weasley, since I know you had obviously barged in on the will reading on Dumbledore's orders and are trying to gain money for your piss poor family of degenerate fools and inbred asses, I leave you with some friendly advice, if you want to play with a Lion, make sure you have removed his teeth and claws, otherwise they will come back to bite you in the ass or rip your throat out.

To Longbottom, to who I am sure is expecting some grand and glorious payoff for his pitiful existence of a life, I leave you the only friend you will ever have, and it is a perfect replica of mine, hope you like it.

To Nymphadora Eileen Tonks, haha, I know your full name and you can't kill me for it because I am already dead, seriously though, five million to Nymphadora Tonks and five million to each of the family for bringing such a beautiful and caring woman into the world.

To Robyn Serina Black, I leave Potter Castle, Potter Manor and Potter Cottage along with all other things not given to you, this includes a note and several documents about the Ministry, Dumbledore and their manipulations, their corruptions, their illegal actions and their abuse of power, I ask you, if I was incarcerated for some stupid reason, to look deeper into it, I am sure there is a few problems with the way I died as well, and be sure to look after my family for me will you? Great.

Lastly, to everyone else who attended, fuck off, you get nothing, to the world, I salute you for one great fuck up after another, here is hoping you can get off your lazy asses and do something for yourself for once in your miserable little lives.

Signed,

Harry James Draven Claeus Potter.

A.k.a. your bloody fucking saviour who just died."

Hermione stifled a laugh and sighed, looking at the girl that just came in, Hermione frowned “are you Robyn Black?” she asked warily.

The girl removed her pitch black hood and revealed pitch black eyes and dark red lips with two fangs protruding from her mouth, a small drop of crimson liquid dropping down her chin with pitch black hair dropping down across her shoulders down to her thighs “jes, I am Robyn Black, you must be der vife, is das correct?”

Hermione nodded slowly “I am...”

Robyn nodded “good, I haff no need of der arguments, I haff to go and make der Geistlichkeit of Magie see to der reports from Harry Potter, good day Madame.”

Robyn stood then Dumbledore, who was seething at the things that she had gotten, stood and drew his wand on her “what right do you have to take such large amounts of property and money Vampire?”

Robyn gazed at him calmly, her face neutral as she said “I vas under der impression dat you could not argue any inheritance, and I am not a Vampire you imbecile, I am not even sure vat I am, but I know I am not a lowly vile Vampire, I would be closer to a Nosferatu dan anyt’ing, you do know vat a Nosferatu is, don’t you Dumbledore?”

Dumbledore nodded and hissed, “It is an immortal Vampire.”

Robyn shook her head “der Nosferatu is a Demon, like der Dementors, dey are offspring of ascended Nosferatu Gladius Herule, he was one of de only humans to actually achieve der feat, drei oders have succeeded in doing dis, dey were named der drei horsemen of der Apocalypse by de Muggles, I am descendant of the fourth Nosferatu human, der Demon Acolyte Nosferatu Zod.”

Silence reigned, pure and utter silence, it was amusing to see what a few Cosmetic Charms, a few altercations with her appearance and manipulating her Vampyr blood could do to help her alias come to life, but it was also very amusing when Fudge drew his wand and held it at her shakily “b-b-by order ... by order of the M-m-ministry of M-m-magic, you are under arrest.”

Robyn raised an eyebrow with a withering glare, her eyes burning with what others thought to be rage but it was really amusement "Fudge, you are a fool and a Svinehund."

Dumbledore raised his eyebrow and levelled his wand at her "you are to be taken into custody impending investigation by the Department of Control of Magical Creatures for the murder of Harry James Potter and illegal modification of personal wills."

Robyn blinked in astonishment "I cannot be blamed for your murder of Shadow, you were de one who cast der Killing Curse, I have known Shadow for five years, he is my friend and was secure in der knowledge that I would never betray him" she stressed the word 'betray' to the limits making Dumbledore pale.

Robyn smirked then turned to Hermione and pulled her close, brushing her lips against hers and ran her left hand along her backside, she pulled back after a minute and grinned slightly "now I know vhy Shadow chose you, such delectable lips and such a nice body, very nice."

Hermione coloured in rage but stopped and said in an even tone "how do you know Harry?"

Robyn grinned "quite ... intimately if you must know."

Hermione glared at her "and how ... intimately ... do you know him?"

"I know every delicious inch of him."

"You ... what?" she asked in surprise.

Robyn smiled wistfully and licked her lips, she was having too much fun with this game, she was giving clues left, right and centre and yet nobody had found out yet "I know his body, I know his life, I know everything about him, and he knows everything about me, he adores me for his release and his ... how shall I place it? His ... desires dat he would otherwise be denied."

Hermione went pale “he ... cheated on me?” she questioned faintly.

Robyn blinked then gave a sultry smile, swaying her hips as three women glared at her, she sashayed a little and leaned down to give a bow, showing off her small amount of cleavage “I don’t know if he ... cheated, from what I understand, he didn’t know about you when he was by my side.”

Hermione’s eyes filled with tears and Robyn gave a slutty smile “but you can always be with me if you want, Harry always loved to play with people, and he found it quite fun to use my body, such playfulness and sexual desire” she said, purposefully dropping most of the German accent.

Hermione looked at her with tears in her eyes and slapped her “WHORE!” she screamed.

Robyn grinned insanely “only Harry’s whore love, he did things with me I never thought possible, but you and I can share his little ... experiences together.”

Francine looked on pensively, wondering why the girl in front of her was so much of a bitch to Hermione before she blinked in realisation and grinned insanely “Robyn Black was it?” she asked excitedly.

Robyn turned and saw realisation there, grinning at his little girl, she nodded “yep, Robyn Serina Black, human who got caught in an unfortunate explosion with Vampire blood and some stupid assed spells.”

Her appearance shifted and green eyes showed, her teeth still pointed but not as noticeable and her shifted from thigh length black hair to thigh length red hair which cascaded down her body like a sensuous curtain inviting you to see what was behind it “I haff two bodies, one induced by mein vaters Potions accident which has certain abilities, and mein normal body vitch I do not use often, it is daunting to use and very slow.”

Hermione looked at her scathingly and looked into her eyes “listen you little slut, I...” she trailed off as she recognised those eyes, those pools of emeralds that glistened in the light.

Robyn grinned insanely as Hermione finally found out, looking at Ginny, she saw a smirk plastered on her face telling her that she had known for a while “so, you are the infamous Robyn Black huh?” asked Ginny in amusement.

Hermione spun “you knew?” she asked scathingly, but you could see the glitter of amusement and happiness “what, that she was Harry’s? Of course I knew, Harry had mentioned her a few times before now, but it really is quite funny.”

Hermione sighed and looked at Robyn “fine, I am letting you off, but only because Harry approves of you.”

Robyn smiled and shifted back into the black haired, black eyed, long toothed lady she was impersonating “I think that gives a whole new meaning to the Black name” came an irritated voice.

Robyn spun around to see Dumbledore and growled lowly, drawing out a large twelve inch knife that looks to have been beaten and sharpened to become a deadly weapon “vat do you vant Dumbledore?” she hissed malevolently.

Dumbledore regarded her for a moment “I would like to extend my invitation to attend Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry.”

Robyn sighed, really annoyed that Dumbledore would try to pull a stunt like this, she had really hoped to be free from his tyranny “I am afraid that, as an emancipated minor und a German citizen, I cannot do that, besides, I am sure that my independent studies will leave much to be desired when your people try to teach me.”

Dumbledore turned red with anger “but it would be for the best, you can settle all your business here in England and be with the ones that Harry loved.”

Robyn smirked “you speak as if he is dead and is your friend, I cannot see how you would do such a thing, he hated you, he knew you were up to something, and as soon as I find those papers, I will be copying them and giving them to your Law Department and the papers.”

Dumbledore went from red to white, it was those damned papers again! He needed to get rid of them, he had already killed Potter and if he was proved innocent of the charges, he himself would go to prison for a multitude of crimes “that will not be necessary Miss Black, but I do hope you will consider my offer to attend Hogwarts.”

With that said, Dumbledore left, not knowing that when he had accepted and signed for his vault, he was going to get nothing, Fudge and Snape left as well, glee filled smiles on their faces at their inheritance from Harry Potter, after the rest of the people who were not in on the joke left, Robyn smirked and cracked her neck, green eyes appearing back to normal, red hair gleaming in the torch light and her teeth perfectly normal “god, you have no idea how bone headed you lot are, honestly, it took ten minutes of blatant lying through my teeth and dropping hints everywhere to get you to know who I was, Jesus, and I was hoping I had an intelligent fiancé, an intelligent sister, an intelligent friend and an intelligent ... well, you aren't really my slave any more, are you Gin-Gin?”

Robyn cracked her bones and many people winced and watched as she sat down, Francine screeched and ran over quickly, wrapping him up in a hug “Harry!” she squealed loudly.

Robyn wrapped her in her own arms and said “I am not Harry any more, in the eyes of the idiotic Ministry, I am dead, in the eyes of everyone else who does not follow the Ministry blindly, I am still alive, this being a the people here and about twelve other people who I made the arrangements with in setting up my new identity.”

Hermione looked at her closely “just how complete is your change?” she asked slowly.

Robyn stood, Francine sliding off into another seat, slowly, Robyn removed her robe and set it aside, revealing a black blouse and a

pair of black, tight fitting jeans that hugger her body, smiling widely, she unbuttoned her blouse to show a thin, black lacy bra, she unbuttoned her jeans which fell to her feet and she calmly folded them up, looked at the wide eyed people and reached up to the back of her bra, unclasping it with casual ease, took off the straps and let it drop down her arms to reveal two dark brown nipples that looked incredibly stiff, smiling gingerly at the amazed looks, she removed her panties with a casual ease and held them up to show they were G-strings, standing up fully, she smirked at the amazed looks of the people there, then she gave a nasty grin at Tonks and concentrated for a second then opened her eyes with a wickedly evil smile, the hair between her legs started vanishing and soon she was laid bare for everyone to see "I would say that I am quite complete, I suppose, if I really wanted to, I could get pregnant."

Everyone just stood there in shock, not able to say a word until Tonks purred like a cat "you look hot for a woman" she said huskily.

Robyn just grinned and quickly got dressed with an inhuman speed.

(-(!)-----) RESTRICTED! THIS IS A SEX/FLUFF SCENE! NOT FOR ANYONE UNDER 18 OR NOT INTERESTED IN THIS MATERIAL! RESTRICTED! (-(!)-----)

Robyn smirked as Hermione dressed silently in front of her, smiling wickedly as Hermione drew up one of her thongs, she bound forwards and gripped her in a hug, her arms wrapping around her, one hand slipping down to her stomach and rubbing it silently, her fingers curling around the small brush of hair that had appeared recently "you are so sexy" Robyn purred.

Hermione giggled softly and turned around to face her, a sultry smile on her face, she leaned forwards and kissed her lips lightly, savouring the cherry and strawberry taste in Robyn's mouth as her tongue caressed Robyn's, Robyn gave a small growl and picked her up, tossing her onto the bed and gripped her in her own strong arms, her hands massaging her sides, her legs and her shoulders as they kissed, Hermione laid back with a soft moan and let Robyn stroke her body in any way she wanted to, she gasped when her chest suddenly

felt hot and looked down, there was Robyn suckling on her nipple, biting softly and causing amazing feelings to rush through her body, fingers spiralled through the hair in her crotch, seeking her pleasure but not willing to give it, teasing her flesh “Robyn...” she moaned softly.

Robyn smiled softly, her tongue protruded from her mouth and flicked at her nipples, lovingly caressing her flesh and bringing feeling of extreme heat crushing through her body and through her very core, her fingers snaked through the thin brown curls between her legs and slipped into the flesh, caressing softly and rubbing away at a small nub of flesh sending her over the edge as she bit back a scream from her orgasm, Robyn smiled and continued her work, diligently rubbing in all the places she knew, she smiled as one of her fingers slipped into the soft flesh and she began rubbing the soft fold of flesh between her fingers as she pumped a finger in all at a rhythmic pace making Hermione shudder in delight at the feelings that wracked her body in pleasure “please, don’t stop...” she rasped.

Robyn retracted her fingers and slowly placed kissed down her soft body, her tongue coming out at her navel to lick slightly and send shudders of delight and anticipation through Hermione’s body, she slowly drew down and was soon facing a red fold of flesh that was begging to be used, small droplets of liquid coming out, Robyn moved forwards and lapped up the first few drops, delighting in the taste that she was receiving from her goddess, her heart, her lover, friend, her other half and her wife in all but the legal sense. Her tongue slipped into the small hole and greedily took in all the tastes that assaulted it, liquid pouring down her tongue, she greedily drank it down like it was the elixir that kept her alive while her hands were pinching her stiff nipples, Hermione shuddered and gave a soft scream as she went into the fires of ecstasy.

Robyn looked up and locked eyes with Hermione as she suckled on the flesh, love shining through her eyes, Hermione smiled lovingly and pulled her up to her face, kissing her with fervour, finally breaking away to look into Robyn’s eyes “lie down” Hermione said huskily.

Robyn did as she was told and Hermione spread her legs, leaning forwards to kiss her lips once more, stoking Robyn’s breasts with

tenderness and love, slowly slipping down, her tongue grazed across her left nipple making Robyn moan as Hermione caressed, pinched, tweaked, sucked, licked and bit at it making Robyn very sensitive to touch, Hermione snaked her hands downwards and stroked the bare flesh between Robyn's legs, brushing against the sensitive flesh that made her flush with heat and pleasure, slowly licking her way down her body until she was between Robyn's legs facing a diagonal pair of swollen red lips, moving closer, she placed a hesitant finger on the small nub of flesh and rubbed it slightly causing Robyn to arch her back in pleasure, she curiously looked at the small pool of liquid that was streaming out from Robyn's crotch and stretched out her tongue to taste it, as soon as she tasted the sweet taste, she went wild and started lapping it up quickly, licking it furiously and trying to get even more by stimulating Robyn as she arched her back in pleasure, finally bringing her to an orgasm and drinking down the strawberry and cherry tasting liquid.

After her high went down, Robyn looked up into Hermione's eyes and pulled her close into a furious kiss, both their juices swirling around in their mouths, both tasting each other and giving feelings of absolute trust and love through each movement, falling asleep in each others arms.

(-(!)-----) END OF SEX SCENE! (-(!)-----)

Robyn awoke feeling much more complete than she had ever felt in the past ten years, she was relaxed, she was feeling happy, and she even had no nightmares about the war, smiling as she looked at a naked Hermione in her arms, she arched her back slightly and pulled up the red covers, drawing them around herself and Hermione on the chilly morning, the Gryffindor Tower bubbling with cold and frigid air, Hermione groaned and looked at Robyn sleepily "hey there Ro', what's..." Hermione stifled a large yawn and stretched her arms in front of her before wrapping them around Robyn's "what's happening with you today?"

Robyn smirked and kissed the crook of her neck earning a soft moan "well, Dumbledore is going to sort me into a house, I might be placed in Slytherin which would piss him off big time, something I really

want to do, and I am supposed to get a wand because mine was supposedly snapped.”

“What do you mean ‘supposedly’?” she asked curiously.

Robyn smirked and drew out her Willow wand and flourished it “I got Griphook to get a fake made for me, it was just a simple Willow wand with a normal Phoenix feather inside, had it made because I knew it would happen at the trial.”

Hermione shook her head, amazed that Robyn had thought so far into the future “so you need a wand right?” Robyn nodded “Well, you can get two, you have legal documentation in America, I assume that you told the people there that you are still alive, is that right?” Robyn nodded again, amused at her insight “And because you are legally an adult and a special case in America, you can get two legal wands, and you can even get a legally made custom wand from Ollivander.”

Robyn shook her head in amusement, kissed Hermione’s neck once more and sighed “yeah, I know that I can do that, but do I really want to draw attention to myself with a four core wand, a dual core wand and a single core wand which will most likely be really powerful?”

Hermione chuckled “Dumbledore checked your status, he found that you were, in paper and from the people he visited, living in America for the past thirteen years as an orphan, born in Germany, this gives you the right to hold three wands by Dumbledore’s standards, in my opinion, he just wants to see how powerful you are.”

Robyn nodded in agreement, knowing exactly how Dumbledore played his games, apparently doing things out of charity but screwing around and playing a game of chess with the lives around him, it sickened her, sure, she herself played chess with others lives, but it was little shifts here and there, nothing like Dumbledore’s manipulations for generations that screwed with society “I know, he contacted me by Owl yesterday, said he would be willing to take me to get my wands and some sheaths.”

Hermione turned around and faced her, looking into her eyes “Robyn ... Harry, promise me ... promise me you will play nice and not cause trouble, please.”

Robyn looked at her closely, trying to find it in herself to not promise, to try and ignore the feelings that rose up within her, she tried to ignore every single feeling that coursed through her every being, the feelings that had shattered her cold ways a long time ago “fine, but I will cause trouble if I need to, I have to keep myself alive and I cannot do it with Dumbledore looking over my shoulder all the time, he wants the Potter fortune, I just happen to have it, he will do anything to get it, I need to be prepared.”

Hermione nodded solemnly, her face etched in stone, Robyn frowned and shifted her body slightly to get closer to her, placing her forehead on Hermione’s, looking into her eyes “I promise, I will perfectly well behaved, I know what Dumbledore will plan, he has tried it before, he thinks he can get around it by saying he was my magical and legal guardian and therefore the will was annulled, he just wants to see how powerful I am and how willing to follow him I will be, he has seen that I am hesitant to follow his lead and I have shown I am powerful enough to be alive after that little Potions accident show I put on, all he needs is to get the money, the power and more people willing to give their lives to him.”

Hermione nodded solemnly and kissed her softly, her lips brushing against Robyn’s as she tried to gain some semblance of control over what she had said “Robyn, just make sure you don’t cause trouble, I heard several things happened before you came to Hogwarts in Rome that has you all over it, you know they have a Witch Hunter association there, all you need to do is show your abilities and you will end up face down in the gutter.”

Robyn smirked, those fools from Rome were idiots, they were powerful in their own right, sure, but they were using an entirely different branch of magic, so far, there had been seventeen accounts of different powers and she had isolated the genes which carried the Witch powers and even her barriers set up because of Voldemort’s blood would not stop it because it was genetic and human “I might

have caused a few troubles with Solomon” she whispered faintly, a hint of amusement curling through her voice.

Hermione gasped slightly, there were three organizations that hunted magical people, the largest, and also the most dangerous, being Solomon “Robyn, you didn’t do anything to reveal us to them, did you?”

Robyn smirked evilly and looked at her with faint amusement “I might have caused a little uproar because I had more than one Witch power, Solomon got pissed that the three person Hunter team ended up in various ... compromising positions, but I didn’t do anything illegal” she added hastily, knowing that Hermione, with that hard gleam and thin lipped frown was not a good thing.

Hermione glared at her “you caused the shit to hit the fan, didn’t you?”

Robyn smirked and shook her head “nah, I just helped a few Witches out of a bad spot, gave me some of their blood in response, seemed to be glad to be rid of Solomon to be honest, though why they wouldn’t want to play with them is beyond me, those Hunters are fun to play around with.”

Hermione sighed “Robyn, they are an entirely different branch of magic and are fighting their own war, don’t you think it would be better to keep out of a war than rushing head long into a war?”

Robyn shrugged, not really caring “nah, I just planned on keeping a repository of knowledge on the powers they have and the magical creatures that we have been able to turn into, and maybe finding a way to shift around some of the power to allow more compensation with our abilities which will give us a higher chance at survival when Voldemort sends out a full charge into Hogwarts, that way, we will be ready and powerful enough with the Magic Arcanum to actually stop two or three wars at once, that would be much more easier than the variant when Arcanum users turn on the Muggle people and the Wizard population decide to attack the Arcanum population which will turn into an all out magical war, Muggles will die by the thousands if that happens, it would only be a matter of time, I have two Arcanum

powers inside me, the same as everyone within the Hogwarts walls, everyone has at least one Arcanum power but they never tap into it, I know the ways to tap into it and accept easier growth with new genetics to accept new powers, but it is harder to control and is an entirely new core of magic all together.”

Hermione absorbed this information quietly then asked softly “it was the Arcanum users who started the Salem Witch Trials and the other trials of Witchcraft in other countries, we just bore the brunt of it, that’s what happened, wasn’t it?”

Robyn nodded, amused that she had caught on “there are other magical users out there, far more powerful than anything we could pull out of the arse end of our society, we focus on all our magical abilities but they have only one focus and that is their unique power, they constantly train it and we only train our magical powers to several different subjects without much focus.”

Hermione glanced at the curtains and sighed softly “well, we could always try and make allies with Solomon and the rogue Witches out there, right?”

Robyn shook her head “wouldn’t work, their magical communities are much more spread out than ours, but those in England alone far outnumber us by at least five thousand, in America, they outnumber us by at least one thousand people, they are numerous because they are bred through genetics, it is passed down to each child unlike us where it is born into us randomly.”

Hermione sighed softly “so we would lose if they decided to attack us?”

Robyn shook her head “nope, we would be going on a five hundred year cruise of magical destruction that would take thousands of years to repair, we have more diverse magic, but the Arcanum is focussed, if someone like, let’s say Cho attacked an Arcanum user, they would be evenly matched until the Arcanum user started tiring from over use, we tire out less than they do, but they have more numbers and much more destructive magical power than we do.”

Hermione's eyebrows rose "what do you mean by that?"

Robyn sighed "we leave them be, they have their own war to fight, just because their war bleeds into the Muggle world does not mean they are aware of our world, they all think me, when in my disguise, one of the Arcanum users, I just happen to have knowledge about their world which is far more diverse than they have of our world."

Hermione looked at her inquisitively making Robyn sigh "I travelled around for the five years before I got my Hogwarts letter and discovered things about our world that would crumble every belief that we have, I have knowledge of things about the Witch trials that would make your stomach churn, I was originally trying to find out new ways to fight the Dark Lady and her Death Shitters, finding a few good books here and there, but mostly, I found out that we are not the only magical people in the world and that our magical branch is just a parallel line to another branch of magic that forks off into other magical lines."

Hermione looked at her confusedly "what the hell does that mean?"

Robyn sighed and sat up, rubbing her temples and trying to remember the way she had written it out "before Merlin came around and started the magical revolution with wands, magic was a unified source that people could tap into, they each had an Arcanum power or two, sometimes three if they were lucky, and could use what we call conventional magic that comes from a core of magic within our very beings, Arcanum magic branched off and became exclusive with certain people as a certain mutation of sorts, core magic, being called conventional magic, also branched off, this led to Merlins uprising, he was an Arcanum user and a conventional magic user, I haven't awakened yet, might never even do so, most conventional magical users never awaken their Arcanum magic, the last few people being really old and near the end of their lives when it happened, it mostly killed them, but when I looked into it even further, I found that Arcanum users also have conventional magical powers but never really tap into them, the next branch, which is a sort of mutation of the two, has been pushed into magical creatures because it had nowhere else to go, some of the powers were developed naturally, some developed from the first branches of magic, but when you look closer,

you will find that many things are closer to the Wizard branch of magic because of it's potency, Voldemort and Dumbledore have no idea about them, if they knew, they would be afraid, they have much more power than they know and are sentient, also, they lived and think like Muggles, so that heightens the threat even further because they are willing to use guns or chemicals to get what they want."

Hermione smiled softly "enough about that then, what are we going to do today?" she asked in a mischevious tone.

Robyn looked at her hungrily and tackled her to the bed, kissing her with undiluted energy.

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Authors Note: Well, if you review the story, you get a glass of milk, if it is a good story, the milk will be warm and you can have a plate of cookies, if it is a flame, I will make sure the cookies are stale and green and the milk curdled and old.

Besides the OBVIOUS threat, I am sorry for the Uber long update, I had gone on holidays to CHINA!!

Yay me, anyway, this explanation into the magic will be more focussed around why some people are more powerful than others, it is also something to discuss about the possible outcomes of the war, and if anyone can guess where this little piece of information is based off of, you get ... well ... a new chapter.

The sex scenes will be in and you can read it all there, this will benefit me because it allows me to use the NC-17 rating for this particular chapter, otherwise, this is just an intro into Harry's Robyn alias, this will become more focussed as time passes and allow a much more in depth experience with the years Harry spent alone.

Thanks to all the nice reviewers, the flames are noted, the suggestions are taken under advisement, but honestly, I just write the way I like to write, it is better to write the way I do instead of screwing around and making it into a crappy mush, that being said, my writing

style, while bad, is not the worst out there, and I tend to change when I have the right mood, so blegh!

Onto a well asked question that everyone CONTINUALLY asks me, how can Harry be an Heir to the Black fortune when there are living Black members of the family? Harry, if you read , the official Harry Potter sites or any Harry Potter Lexicon, is related to the Black family by blood, and because of the blood change, he is now the most direct descendant to the Black line and is at least a generation younger than Andromeda, Narcissa and Bellatrix which makes him, even though he is not the direct Heir, the closest Heir you can get, since Sirius is a convicted murderer/Death Eater/traitor.

I know this chapter sucks keister royally, so will the next one, but these are just leadups to intimidating Dumbledore and driving hard into that almighty figure of dominance, it will also get Dumbledore studying the possibilities of the Horcrux which I intend to go through with an intent gleam into what I HOPE is a good way of dealing it out, anyway, please no flames for this chapter and the next one, I really don't want to start my own furnace.

Chapters to come: Harry will start his second descent into darkness and an explanation as to how his mood came out, why he knows so much Dark magic and powerful spells with really dark intent like Summoning and the like. Also, Hermione will deal with Tonks, Ginny and Francine who will both tread the fine lines of Darkness as she does the same herself.

This is just me being my normal sadistic, dark, wholly psychopathic self, just stirring the pot though, MUAHAHAHAHA :cough, cough, choke, cough, cough: HAHAHAHA!

Anyway, hope you all like the new chapter.

Keep Reading!

Seth O. Blade.

(P.S. Not all Goblins are bad, just because they want to have hot, raunchy, perverted sex with everyone does not mean that they are evil, I myself found them most satisfying)

Year Three:

Chapter Eight:

The dance of Life and Death.

“Death can cause much sorrow, but sometimes, when the soul is in pain, they come back to haunt the living and give it to others”

Deverux Nosedemer Mulcvier, 1628-1684.

“Never let anyone annoy you, annoy them yourself, it is much more fun!”

ME! ME! ME!

“I don’t suffer from insanity, I enjoy it to the full and share it with the many.”

Personal alteration, while I was high on Morphine when I broke my neck five years ago.

... ..

Robyn glared at the Headmaster silently, even after her increased political herding and pushing, it seemed that Dumbledore was the only one who held a position of power in the world “now Miss Black, I assume that you are the one spreading news of my little acts against Harry Potter correct?”

Robyn glared again then smirked evilly and said, “what would you do if I could tell you that Harry Potter was not dead, but rather, in hiding, and all you killed was a golem?”

Dumbledore paled slightly then said with conviction “he will be placed in Azkaban where he will receive the Kiss.”

Robyn smirked and shifted into her real body startling Dumbledore, and in an instant, Dumbledore shot up and had his wand trained on him, Harry gave a vicious smile and faded into the shadows using

some of his Dementor powers, breaking open the first gate to his Dementor power, appearing on his side with a swirl of black shadows “you won’t win you know” he whispered hauntingly.

Using a wandless Notice-Me-Not, Silencing and Invisibility Charm that was keyed so that only Dumbledore would notice, hear or even see him, Hermione would easily be able to sense him, but she would never tell anyone about the trick he was playing, Dumbledore spun around only to see a ghostly shadow of his outline before he vanished again, appearing behind him “you can never escape the price you will pay for what you have done to me you know.”

Dumbledore spun around with a panicked look on his face, seeing only a dark outline of Harry’s face, glowing emerald green eyes peering out from the shadows before they vanished, Harry appeared in a quickly made a black chair of near solid mist and sat down “Dumbledore, why did you kill me? Have I done so much wrong that you must murder one of your students in cold blood?”

Dumbledore spun again and shot off a light green spell which collided with the chair causing it to explode into black smoke and mist, Harry appeared right on Dumbledore’s desk, black wings sprouted from his back and open in a menacing way, he giggled like a girl and said in a sing song voice “Dumbles, Dumbles, Dumbles bumbles, Dumbles bumbles with busy bees, busy bees gives the Dumble bumbles a hard time” his voice sounding incredibly child like and innocent that it made Harry flinch inwardly.

Dumbledore spun around and looked at him with a panicked face “who are you?” he yelled out madly.

Harry giggled again, sounding like he did when he was two “I am Harry, Harry Potter, you are the Dumble bumble, the Dumble bumble with busy bees floating around” he sang out before vanishing in a cloud of darkness, appearing on the floor beside him.

Dumbledore looked around madly “you killed me” he said in a dark and accusatory tone before vanishing again, smirking inwardly at his tactics.

“Why did you kill me?” he asked in his child like tone, innocence and childish ignorance audible.

Harry vanished again and said in an aged voice “I will never have kids with my wife, never have what I dreamed of having. A family” the voice coming out with heavy and dark tones before he vanished again.

Harry appeared right in front of Dumbledore and smiled slightly, speaking with his childish tones “why did you do nasty things to me? I never did anything to you; you took my things, why? I never took anything from you.”

Dumbledore panicked “you took my glory, you took the fame I was supposed to have,” he said in a pleading tone “you have to forgive me, I only did what I did for my well being, I am getting old, I need security!”

Harry vanished and appeared again behind Dumbledore, his normal voice coming out in dark tones “you killed me Dumbledore, you stole from me, you tried to take away my innocence, you tried to make me ignorant of my family, you tried to break me, tried to hurt me, tried to kill me” he finished with a sneer before vanishing.

Appearing right in front of Dumbledore, standing tall and proud, he looked Dumbledore in the eyes “I don’t forgive you” he said in his normal voice.

Vanishing, he appeared next to him and replied in the old and wise voice with deep sorrow etching his voice, “I won’t forgive you.”

Vanishing again, appearing beside him again to form a complete triangle, he said in his childish tones, “I can’t forgive you.”

Vanishing again and taking the spot where he would be for his body age right in front of Dumbledore, he flicked his wrist slightly causing two images to appear, one of what he looked like when he was three when he was beaten so badly that both legs and arms were broken and his ribs were crushed, his fingers snapped at odd angles, and the other was old and face covered in blood, his pale white hair matting

his face and a crimson sheen dropping blood down onto the floor, his own eyes empty and drawn like he would have looked if he had been killed with the Killing Curse “we cannot forgive you” they all chorused.

Dumbledore looked around frantically “please...” he pleaded irrationally.

Harry smiled slowly, pointed teeth showing, Dumbledore looked relieved before Harry snarled heavily, his face contorted in loathing and disgust “you killed us, you killed what could be your only chance, the only way to bring us back it to bring my body to my wife, bring my body to my soul mate and allow me to live, reconcile all your ill deeds towards me and my family and speak the truth of what you did to me” came the chorus of haunting voices.

Dumbledore broke down and fell to his knees “you have to forgive me, I am planning for the betterment of the Wizarding society.”

Harry groaned audibly, coming out as more of a disembodied moan “you have no right to play with peoples lives as you have, I have tried time and again to make you see the picture for the now and the later, only in the now can we strive for betterment, I have tried to show you that my way is better and yours would only lead to the destruction of equality and fair life.”

Dumbledore looked up “how could a child know better than me, a one hundred and eighty year old Warlock?”

Harry smiled congenially “because that child you murdered was ... is more knowledgeable than he seems, he has more power than you know, he has much more loyalty to the people than you could ever dream, you may be older than him by far stretches, but my ability to do things is much more than any mortal could ever conceive in their lifetime.”

Dumbledore looked down “what do I need to do?” he questioned pathetically.

Harry smiled and said in a dark and disembodied tone “give my body to my wife, she can call back my soul, she will know how to do it, I will

not be the same ever again, I will be different, you must grant me pardon for the falsified crimes you have given me, you must confess your sins to myself and others dear to me, you must willingly give knowledge to my new body, knowledge of magic, the knowledge must be unrestricted, I must know all that you know, I will be waiting and watching your every move Dumbledore, my friend Robyn is my vessel for my soul, she is the only container that will hold me for she is Nosferatu, willing to give her life for my resurrection, her soul will finally find peace with her death and go to a peaceful afterlife, she will give her blood to resurrect my body and change me, I will be reborn, you can never stop that.”

Dumbledore looked up into the haunted eyes which flashed black then a deep crimson “you shall not attempt to fail this Dumbledore, should you do anything in portions, I will kill you and make sure it is a slow death, I am your tormentor in the afterlife should you do anything to fail me, you will suffer an eternity of torment under my watchful eyes.”

Dumbledore nodded in a defeated manner “is that all?” he whispered.

Harry smirked “now that you mention it, I could use a license to use magic outside of school as well as my family and slave, I also want a license to Apparate and create Portkeys as with my family to allow them to do so.”

Dumbledore nodded in a defeated way “will I ever receive forgiveness?” he asked solemnly.

Harry shook his head “you shall receive forgiveness when you have redeemed yourself in my own eyes, you shall receive forgiveness when my family and friends forgive you for the suffering, torment and murder that you caused to me, you will receive it in your own eyes when you see your own failings, and you will receive forgiveness from the people when you do things, not for personal gain, but for the act of doing good.”

Dumbledore nodded, tears falling down from his face “I will do as you ask,” he whimpered softly.

Harry smirked and shadows engulfed the entire room before he shifted back to Robyn and fell to the floor, the shadows dispersing as her wings retracting into her body, her eyes a solid black, Dumbledore looked at Robyn and said softly "how can you hold his soul in your body?"

Robyn remained motionless but, from her mouth, a raspy voice came out "she is my channel Dumbledore, she is Nosferatu, she is in my dominion as a Demon, I am her sire, her childe and her equal, she is a Demon of the Underworld, something to be used, but she is also destined to save me from death, even should you kill her, she shall be reborn into the body of another and another until I am reborn, I am not so easily removed from the mortal world Dumbledore."

Dumbledore backed up a few steps "what ... where..."

"Where am I?" she questioned, amusement evident in her raspy voice, "I am in the world of Immortal Plains, I am in the world of Morpheus, I am in the world of the Dreamtime and the world of Eternal Torment, I am in Darkness and in Light, Limbo and in Time, you will release me now or I will be released later, but if you do not, your life is mine to do with as I wish" Robyn inwardly smirked, make it seem as if Harry Potter was really dead, make him come back to life by way of love, drag down Dumbledore to just that of a lowly Headmaster of a school and keep the Ministry in check with her word of wisdom, so easy to appeal to ones own misery.

Dumbledore nodded and quickly wrote letters, explaining everything he could without giving too much away before collapsing into the chair "Dumbledore, you have failed your first task, you have not tried to seek your penance or forgiveness in the first ten minutes, I am appalled, but what can I expect from a tainted soul like yours? You are pathetic."

Dumbledore flinched and Robyn suddenly tensed then fell limp, her muscles lax, her eyes closed and shadows shrouding her body for a brief second before falling away. Robyn opened her pitch black eyes and looked around "he came to you, didn't he?"

Dumbledore looked at her in shock “how can he talk to me and what are you?”

Robyn sighed, inwardly laughing her head off, such gullibility! This was priceless! Thinking for a few seconds, she answered “I am a channel, destined to help a tormented soul, I am a guardian of the gates to the Netherworld, the Nexus, Avalon, the Otherside or the Afterlife, whichever you wish to call it, I am destined to live for eternity to help the one who was destined to die an early death be reborn into life, Harry Potter was always destined to die, always destined to fail, but he was also destined to be reborn, he cannot die without his link to the mortal world being severed, that link is nowhere to be found, it is within himself yet it is somewhere else, that is all I know, he won't let me speak of anything else.”

Dumbledore nodded pensively then questioned slowly “is he possessing you?”

Robyn choked back a laugh “I would not say possessing, but I wouldn't not say it either, what he is doing is a rarely done thing for those destined to achieve a far greater purpose than any other person, I am just a channel, my sole purpose in life is to resurrect Harry Potter until he achieves his greatness, I cannot tell you anything more than that.”

“So does that mean he is immortal?” Dumbledore asked softly.

Robyn snorted “he will die and fail, be reborn and die again, he will rise again and fall, a never ending cycle until he achieves his purpose, then he is just like any other person, alive to a point, his body will be different than normal people, stronger, lithe but much more than anything else, he will be like myself, not Nosferatu, but he will be like me, different than any human.”

Dumbledore sighed in defeat “he is going to continue to rise if he dies not achieve his goal, isn't he?”

Robyn nodded, somewhat amused by the situation she had manipulated, all because of the stupid Wizarding superstition that

resurrection was possible “he will not be able to die until he reaches his destiny.”

Dumbledore frowned and whispered, “What is his destiny?”

Robyn smirked in an evil way “his destiny is to achieve greatness, his destiny is far greater than your own, I cannot tell you what it is, because it is closed off to the both of us, even you” she said as Dumbledore opened his mouth to speak.

Dumbledore nodded and closed his eyes, closing his fingers together “and my knowledge of magic, why does he need that? I know many dark and powerful magics that could corrupt him.”

Robyn smiled widely, knowing that Dumbledore was trying to figure out the situation “he says that this is part of the price you pay for your arrogance, insolence, pride, ignorance and faith in something that may never come to pass, he says it is a price needed to pay to bring you both on even playing grounds, he has also asked that you leave knowledge of duelling rules, stances, movements and tactics, he is curious as to how you managed to live your life so also asks to leave, in your own time, a diary filled with all your memories so he can look at them, he wants to know why you became so tainted by your power and wants to help you become the leader you could be, but doubts that you would accept his help.”

Dumbledore frowned with his eyes closed, thinking of what Harry Potter could gain from these actions ‘if Harry Potter is resurrected, I may find the peace that I lost so long ago, but at what price? He could become the next Dark Lord and with my knowledge and memories, he could be just as hard to kill as Tom was, this is a difficult decision for me to make.’

Robyn smiled softly “Harry wishes to tell you that he is already corrupt, the darkness within his soul is because Voldemort attacked him with a Dark spell and survived, he will always have a corrupt being and soul, but it won’t overtake him, he has his own anchor to the Light and an anchor to the Dark.”

Dumbledore nodded, perplexed at the implications of what was said “but can Harry Potter become a Dark Lord?”

Robyn smiled slightly ‘ahh, the question on everyone’s mind, can Harry Potter become a Dark Lord? I would say no, because I am too far gone into darkness to become anything but a Black Lord, but I also have gone far too much into the light to be anything but a White Mage, that is most consuming, would I cause pain willingly to someone? If they deserved it, yes, but could I kill without remorse? I know I can, but what about killing and causing pain to the undeserving and innocent? That is a question I have often asked myself.’

Dumbledore opened his eyes and closed them again, seeing the pensive look on her face “well, can he become a Dark Lord?” he asked again.

Robyn shrugged “his destiny is his own, but he has gone too far into the darkness to become a Dark Lord, but is so steeped in the light that he could not be the Light Lord, I would say he could be a Grey Lord if he desired, a perfectly symbiotic being steeped in both Light and Dark energies.”

Dumbledore frowned “so he is an unknown threat to either side?” he asked.

“He is preordained to call his own destiny, he was called to arms before he was born, he became a warrior, soldier and martyr before he made his tenth birthday, he became a hero before he could speak full words, he became a saviour before he could read, write or speak correctly, he became heartless and cold the day he lost everything, he became caring when he found his soul mate, he became warm when he found a family and he became ruthless because of your machinations” she said in a confident tone, thinking back on her life.

Dumbledore sighed deeply, pain aching through his soul and mind, clutching at his heart “why do you help him if he is so difficult to read?” he asked in a soft, almost condescending tone.

Robyn looked up sharply, angered that he could judge so quickly “I do not care, he is the one I must guide, guard, protect and give my life for, he is the one who can rise above turmoil and become what he is destined to be, a soldier, conqueror, saviour, warrior and champion” she answered in a cold and harsh tone, not giving away that she was the Prophecy child or that she was the only one to kill Voldemort.

Dumbledore nodded gravely then thought to himself ‘maybe I can manipulate this to Neville’s advantage and beat Tom then take all the glory.’

Robyn raised an eyebrow, thanks to being part Dementor and part Veela, she was naturally an empathic being and had very acute senses when it came to these feelings, she just happened to get distracted sometimes which was her own failing “Dumbledore, I warn you, some things are not as you will perceive them and some things are different, a thought can be good but taken in the wrong direction will lead to catastrophic effects, similar to the thoughts you are having right now” she threw out wildly, feeling the deep satisfaction from Dumbledore was disturbing and slightly unnerving.

Dumbledore looked up sharply, shock on his face as he solidified his Occlumency barriers “what do you mean?” he questioned slowly, fear rising out in his body and eyes that only Robyn could see.

Robyn slowly smiled, knowing this was just as much a test of wits and intelligence as it was a battle of wills and dominance, taking a small gaze around the room, she smirked silently as her gaze fell upon Dumbledore who was now shaken by the knowing look in her eyes even if they were solid black “I think you know Dumbledore, I can read minds and sense emotions, Harry can only block people from entering his, but it is very easy for me to get past barriers, your mind is most ... disturbing, I expect that your memories will be placed in a diary, I, yes, just me, Harry Potter has gone back to his place and left me for a time, I want you to place every memory you have from the beginning to the end, no gaps or anything, Harry Potter needs to understand, and every single piece of knowledge from your mind needs to be given, if you can get other Professors to give their knowledge to you, all the better, this will prove to me that you can be

trusted with simple instructions, and know this, when you die, and you will die soon, I am the keeper of the gate that will lead you to either eternal torment or a nirvana, it is my choice” she bluffed.

Dumbledore paled slightly, a worried look in his eyes “you wouldn’t dare...” he said with a harsh whisper.

Robyn smirked “The Powers That Be give me the power to rule over those that cause my charge pain, suffering or any wrong doing, you fall under many categories, I just happen to have you on file and have the choice of wherever you ultimately end up, I deign whether you live in eternal torment or go on to a more peaceful afterlife.”

Dumbledore’s eyes took on a wild look and Robyn waved her hand silently, bringing u Dumbledore’s worst fears with a mixture of Dementor magic and a Nightmare Curse which would make anything he saw in his mind seem all too real “stop...” Dumbledore whispered harshly, clutching his head and on his knees, pain twisting his features.

Robyn held it for a minute more and cancelled the magic lines, smirking at the shaken form of Dumbledore “that will be one of the many tortures that you will face in my world should I decide to give you eternal torment, I can drive you to the limits and beyond of your pain threshold and you will still be alive, I have many things that would cause you pain and pleasure on an infinitesimal level, never going insane but wishing you could just to never feel it again, I deign where you end up Dumbledore, choose your decisions wisely from now on, this is my last time to talk to you, and you cannot tell anyone, I have far too many ... interests in keeping this secret, and you will not fuck with my plans.”

Dumbledore shook with fear at the power she held and nodded fearfully “I will do everything, just please ... I don’t want to go to Hell.”

Robyn inwardly roared with laughter, Dumbledore and the rest of the Wizarding World were too bloody superstitious and too bloody easy to manipulate, stupid and too arrogant in their ways “I will be watching Dumbledore, once this body dies, I will be reborn into another body, you will find that I am far from any control that you could flex,

imprison me and I will slip through the cracks, try to kill me and I will be reborn again and again until my charge is brought back, you are not needed to do anything and neither is the body, but it is a chance for you to be redeemed in my eyes and the eyes of my charge, this is the only chance you get.”

Dumbledore nodded fearfully and Robyn sunk into the shadows, her dark gleaming eyes the last things to vanish as they narrowed and her airy, ghostly and dark voice whispering out “I will be watching, always watching.”

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Three weeks later found Robyn, Hermione, Ginny, Tonks and Francine sitting in a small dark room with Dark magic crackling in the air, a crimson pentagram drawn into the stone floor and energies not meant to be used by humans wafting through the room. Robyn smiled down at Hermione as the golem was brought in by Dumbledore who looked at Robyn fearfully, placed the golem on the floor before running out of the room as fast as he could, flicking her wrist, the door slammed shut and she brought out her new custom wand, it was basic at best and still easily used, another wand strapped to her side and one on her wrist, she flicked her custom wand and smirked as a wave of dark energy fluctuated through the area in steady pulses, the ley lines slamming into the middle of the circle as the body was broken into pieces “it is done” she whispered softly “Dumbledore will know of my supposed resurrection and I will be free at last.”

Hermione, Ginny, Francine and Tonks watched as she shifted back to Harry Potter and smiled warmly before cracking the bones in his body “god, I really need to get used to both bodies and shifting gender, pain in the ass transformations.”

Hermione smiled softly, a tiny blush colouring her face, Harry raised a knowing eyebrow and gave a small smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes, instead, it was more of a dark smile as shadows bleached his face into the room of darkness, raising his new wand, he flicked it harshly and the broken body of the golem became a mangled mess of blood, bones and gore, intestines spilling across the floor and other assorted organs splattered across the walls and ceiling, flicking his

wand at the girls, they were splattered with blood and pieces of flesh from the golem which covered them completely, flicking his wand again, he made the limbs, which were still intact, explode in showers of muscle, blood and bone which added a nice secondary coat to the wall, floor and ceiling, waving the wand again, he snarled out three words “Ebicoro nobu chivasibu.”

The spell splattered the remains everywhere, dark energy surging like a roaring flame that overwhelmed everyone within the castle, waving his wand again, he snarled out “Ecrimo bu” and a roaring white flame crashed through the pentagram, roaring in a pillar of silver fire that gave off waves of pure white energy.

Snarling again, the pentagram glowed before vanishing with what little remained of the golem, breathing heavily from channelling so much dark energy through his body then quickly using such light orientated magic had caused a magical collapse within his body, the gates of his magic collapsing, melting and becoming one, binding his core as a single gate giving off a piercing silver light that erupted from his mouth and eyes as he screamed and arched his back, head facing the ceiling and energy swirling around him “HARRY!” Hermione yelled loudly in an attempt to get closer as crackling white lightning arced over his forearms and fingertips.

Francine tried sending as many spells as she could at him, trying to get him to drop unconscious but the magic just seemed to be absorbed “Harry, what’s happening?” she whispered to herself.

Tonks frowned to herself ‘is this really happening? Is Harry really experiencing the Avatar effect? Can Harry really have that much natural magic coursing through his body that it needs to be bound even further? I never thought that it was possible for this to happen, only four people have ever done this and they were the Founders and they nearly died’ thinking quickly, she cast a Magical Core Diagnosis Charm and watched as a large illusion appeared, the gates were collapsing and merging quickly together, new gates were forming and melting together, beams of light erupted from the layer of the gate which was formed by several other gates which suppressed a blinding orb of grey energy that was swirling and crackling violently, trying to get out, several other orbs which had their own gates

slammed into the gate which held the larger orb and the colours melted into the orb, swirling and crackling with power, black, gold, yellow, green, silver, colours shimmering and slashing violently within the orb as arcs of magic flowered over the surface like the flares of a roaring sun about to explode with a violent bang, gates formed and layers were built as the levels were upgraded and slammed together as the spinning of the gates around the core became faster, in one instant, everything went black as the gates were sucked in before the core exploded in a shower of light and a one thick cage appeared from the light layered with several thick gates layered into the cage, the colours in the cage swirling violently.

Ginny blinked in surprise “his core has ... it’s ... changed” she whispered with shock.

Hermione moved forwards cautiously and waited for a few seconds, fear coursing through her body “Harry, are you okay?” she asked in a soft tone.

Harry closed his eyes and collapsed, the illusion falling and his body on the floor, Hermione walked forwards and touched him softly, he flinched back with a hiss and she jumped in shock “Harry, what’s wrong?”

Harry looked up and opened his eyes which gave an unnatural glow of power as green eyes swirled with knowledge and magical power “I don’t know” his voice thundered and he winced horribly.

Hermione and the rest of the girls winced as well and Harry flicked his wand which pulsed with power before a beam hit the wall and a solid golden shield erected itself around the room, gazing at it intently, Harry frowned “I don’t know if it is just me or what not, but can anyone else feel the power that I just channelled?”

Nods of heads from the girls.

“And it isn’t just my imagination is it?” he questioned.

Shake of heads.

“And you feel the different layers of magic coursing through the wards right?” he asked again.

More nods.

“And I assume that you know I didn’t speak a word right?”

Even more nods.

“And I know I placed a sound dampening field up, can any of you speak?”

This was met with vacant mouthing of words.

“I guess not, damnit, I have to make an inverted ward around my head for now until I manage to tone it down with the magic in my body.”

Dubious looks directed at him.

“I need to form more gates on the singular gate that is around my core, I have magical poisoning all through my body, I assume you noticed the thundering voice right?”

Nods again.

“Well, magical poisoning happens in one of five ways, one, you simply die from magical overloads, two, your magical core manipulates the gates into a more instable cage around your magic which will enhance your senses, body, mind and area around you, three, you become some sort of negative energy and the life inside you is slowly sucked into the magical core leaving your body dead, four, the core is permanently changed and the gates with it as well as the body and mind of the change, lastly, a simple thing, you become a Muggle when the change is done and you are without any magic whatsoever, less than any other normal Muggle, something completely void of magic.”

Astonished looks greeted this news.

“Then we have the alternate sixth choice, because I have more than a human magical core, the other cores will meld into the human core making it entirely possible for me to access more power through the abilities while channelling it into my body making a resonating aura field of absolute power.”

Questioning looks greeted him and many confused glances passed through their eyes.

Harry sighed and ran his hand through his hair distractedly “those that have performed any number of rituals or have excess amounts of magic can create a field of power in their aura, Voldemort, because he is aligned completely with the Darkness, has an Absolute Terror Aura of more commonly known as a Dark Aura, Dumbledore, because of his alignment with the Light, commands one of loyalty, hope, bravery and honesty called the Aura of Complete Loyalty, commonly known as the Light Aura, I, being neither aligned with Dark or Light, Black nor White, command a mixture, simply placed, I can command legions of men with my Light Aura and scare my enemies into submission with my Dark Aura, this places me at a distinct advantage and gives me much more leverage over people.”

Hermione raised her eyebrow in questioning as did Francine, but she looked like she was confused, Hermione knew the full details of why he had such auras and such magical happenings that caused to happen, it was because of the Blood Potions they had both taken, Hermione, despite being powerful, could not contend with his power, Harry could barely contain his own power himself and now that the cages and barriers around his magic were destroyed, he would have to completely rebuild several barriers that would help maintain his power and stop it from going supernova and taking out all of Great Britain and a greater portion of Europe with the sudden explosion which would cause a complete destruction of all life around the area for thousands of years ‘look what happened to the Sahara Desert’ she thought to herself idly ‘it was once supposed to be a nirvana and safe haven to people all around but when one powerful Wizard decided to do a Ritual in his house, he turned the entire place into a wasteland and barren desert, proves how stupid Wizards really are when you think about it.’

Harry thought for a moment then frowned "imagine this then, casting a Fireball Curse which is distinctly a Dark Art, I have the affinity to walk the lines between Darkness and Light, my power would be level with the power I would cast into the magic I am using, it would dissipate if I was in alignment with the Light, being less powerful because you need a certain amount of darkness coursing through your body to use it effectively, just as Dumbledore can't use the Cruciatus and Imperius Curses effectively, Voldemort..." Francine and Ginny shivered slightly making Harry give pause "Voldemort cannot use spells like the Patronus and Exorcism Charms, he can use Dark Healing Charms, but normal Healing Spells would be difficult for him to use, the knowledge would be useful, and he could cast it, but his magic would not allow it to work completely, he would have slight difficulty and have to pour more power into the spells, Dumbledore would not be able to use the Dark Arts as well as he might like because his magic would cause it to be under powered and weaker than Voldemort's Curses, does that explain much?"

Nods from the girls.

Harry nodded with a smile and flexed his arms slowly and stood up from his position on the floor, looking at his wand from his Robyn Black personality, he shrugged and sheathed it on his wrist, let it not be said he didn't use something without cause or waste something that could be used later on, waving his fingers slightly, the dome fell and Harry breathed for a moment before he opened his mouth and his voice thundered out "YOU CAN LET US ALL OUT NOW YOU OLD GOAT!"

There were snickers as Dumbledore came tumbling into the room with a scared look on his face as he viewed two dark black pools for eyes, two sharp and pointed canines that were elongated amongst the rows of sharp teeth that ran through Harry's mouth and the pale complexion that was his skin and the pale silver hair that shone in the darkness, Dumbledore blanched as he saw the blood and nearly threw up when he saw the chunks of things on the floor were human organs and pieces of flesh, gazing at the pentagram, he turned pale in fright, it was a Necromancers Circle of Rebirth and Life "what ... what have you done?" he whispered in a horrified tone.

Harry, who was astounded that he knew what it was, smiled with mirth and whispered which sounded like a normal and level voice “I was reborn, now, about your payment to me, I want it. Now.”

Dumbledore blanched horribly and pulled out a black and silver leather diary containing all his memories to date then pulled out a dark silver phial containing silver liquid “here,” he whispered softly in a horrified tone “that’s everything I needed to give you.”

Harry took them and placed the diary into his pockets then looked at the memories in the phial before cupping his left hand and pouring the contents onto it, the silver strings quickly covering his entire arm and soaring up his body and making a completely silver limb as it crawled up his neck and the side of his face as it started to cover his face, Harry grimaced in pain but it was like a tickle compared to the torture he got in his time under the Dark Lords torture for a few months, now that was pain, they quickly covered around his eyes then seeped in causing a stifled moan to come from Harry’s mouth that reverberated around the room and knowledge of spells coursed through his mind, Dark Arts, names of Demons to summon, Light Arts, Charms, Transfiguration spells, Runes, Arithmancy, different ways to use Magic Circles, Ritual knowledge, knowledge on Dark artefacts that were residing within the castle and many other things that were swirling around, piling on top of his already impressive repertoire of spells and inventory of knowledge, the rush of one hundred and eighty years of knowledge of magic came swirling into his mind and he was slightly overwhelmed, most of the spells were outdated but just as effective and even more useful than other things that were non focussed or something else, it was amazing and simply ... it was without words to explain, it had to be experienced to be explained, and even then, it could not be placed into words, with one final gasp, the knowledge stopped and he had quickly sorted it all out, scanning everything for any discrepancies or faults that could have caused self destruction “magnificent, simply ... it is astonishing how much knowledge there is in that mind of yours headmaster” he whispered softly.

Dumbledore looked at him with wide eyes, hoping that he would not abuse the knowledge he had given to the boy all the while hoping to

whatever deity there was that he would not end up angering him “is everything else in order Mr Potter?” he asked softly.

Harry nodded and whispered “you may go, do what I told you to do and you shall receive my judgement, go now.”

Dumbledore ran out quickly, the acrid coppery smell with the chunks of flesh, bone and the assorted organs splattered across the room with blood coating the room, a green tinged face the last they saw of him for a while.

Smirking as he looked around, Harry cracked his neck and grinned with an insane glint in his eyes “finally! I can shed this stupid farce of a shell and be who I truly am, how long I have waited for this” he said with glee colouring his face as he drew his wand and levelled it at Hermione, drawing another and aiming it at Tonks, both with scared looks in their eyes at the insane look on his face.

Harry smirked evilly and waved the wands with a few spoken words...

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Authors Note: Just a few things here, I need more reviews if I am to post more, the more reviews I get, the better quality you get and faster it is pumped out!

Anyway, last chapter and this chapter were mainly send-offs to Third Year, the result of Sirius will be next chapter and the power that he has inside of him just went through maturity because it is his magical age of twenty seven which is early, this will also be explained in due time, but I had to do this for a few reasons, firstly, it makes Dumbledore scared shitless and allows Harry more movement because Dumbledore is going to lose his voice to the people and their trust, though this gives even more trouble as Dumbledore will now try to get Harry on his side.

After the next chapter, the explanations of Neville's, Dumbledore, and Ron's life will be up and running, I don't know how the hell I am going to pull all that off, but I am assuming I can do a few acts of unbidden

crimes against humanity, not like I haven't already, I wonder what would happen if I was brought before the UN under crimes of the Geneva Convention, that IS something to ponder, oh well.

Mostly, this is just a whole chapter dedicated to pounding some facts into Dumbledore's head, you can NEVER beat a Potter into submission, they just keep coming back for more and more, besides that, Dumbledore is just going to end up with his wand up his arse and his words shoved down his gullet when all is said and done.

Enough with the tacky Authors note for now, I am sure some people are just waiting for the next chapter.

Keep Reading!

Seth O. Blade.

(A given anarchist, masochist, sadist and well-rounded angry bastard, but you didn't hear that from me.)

Authors Notes are boring, but needed.

Okay, then, since I have reached my given number of reviews, I am motivated enough to go through the entire story, and read up on it again, before writing another chapter, which I am now starting up full time, instead of my other stories. For those of you who read through other notes, you will know that I plan to cut off at the end of this year, and start Fourth Year, if only to clean up the story a bit, later on.

Anyway, there is probably another two or three chapters, maybe, before this part of the story is done, but, you've all earned it. I am now motivated to put an effort into the story!

So, for now, I will work on it, and have the next chapters up and done soon enough.

Yay me.

For those of you who are waiting for Dragon Prime, I still want at least a hundred reviews before I do anything, mainly because I am looking for an excuse on that one to just continue with it.

Also, I've edited the sex scene, to involve it into the actual story, though I am hoping that it doesn't offend anyone, I only put it in because I was getting harassed to put it up.

So, from me, the author, to you, the reader, I say, please, hold on, and I will have the chapter done within a definite month (I hope).

Thank you for your very patient wait,

Seth O. Blade.

Year Three:

Chapter Nine:

The Future? The Past? The Here and Now.

"Bisexuality is a gift. Going out clubbing every Friday and Saturday, you have twice as many choices, and twice the opportunity to get laid."

Dunno who, but he was a movie comedian.

"Some men are like lightning, some are like thunder, and some are like the mountain. They either only last a second, are all bark, or are useless, to a fault."

Thelia Jenkins (girl I know at school).

... ..

Harry stared on silently, before looking back at the book, looking up again, before laughing loudly. When was Dumbledore ever this fucking stupid, anyway? Did the idiot get dropped on his head as a baby, or something? Eh, he didn't know, and didn't care. Though, looking back on it, he had to be appreciative of the masterful way he got out of a lot of shit that had piled up on him, as of late. The only thing the old man suffered was a distrustful glare. Still, in the interest of doing nothing until the time was right, he had avoided really doing anything, and just scowled openly at the Headmaster, though there was a spark of amusement in his eyes, whenever he saw the old man flinch slightly, and look away.

Mostly, for the sake of prosperity, though, he had been searching high and low for Peter, the rat-tailed traitorous bastard, who he was going to cut open, rip out his intestines, and hang him from a flag pole while still living. That came to today, though, where he was sitting down, and pointedly ignoring the way that the fact that his Last Will and Testament had been read, and he should be getting his things back, regardless of if he was dead, or not, as he was alive, now. Mostly, it was the Ministry sending some lackey's son or daughter to

kiss his ass, and, while not opposed to such things, he despised the tactics, anyway.

Hermione looked at him closely, before frowning. The fact of the matter was, that, when Harry had finished his ritual, to help control his powers without causing him to explode once he reached his maturity, the fact of the matter was that he had told her that it was practically impossible to add on anything into the mix, without killing them. It was also something of a calamity that the powers bubbling behind their bodies were about as dangerous as you could get. Still, having the least amount of power was stifling, especially when you had loads of power. But, when you had introduced a Blood Replenishing Potion to a Permanent Sticking Potion, and mixed it with creature blood, like the Veela, or some other things, you tend to have a little bit of a power trip, on top of actually becoming them. She was still hung up on what he said, before, though, before they had left, after the ritual.

(-=|Flashback|=-)

Harry twisted his hands, before laughing loudly, and grinning at nothing. "Never tickle a sleeping dragon, indeed" he chuckled out.

"Er, Harry..." Francine started, looking decidedly confused.

"Don't worry, I'm not insane, I'm a little light headed, like I'm high on pot, maybe a little bit dizzy, as well. I will be, for a while, as the magic leaves my body, instead of poisoning me, like it did" he explained with a grin.

They stared.

"Oh, don't look at me like I'm some kind of lunatic," he spoke with a negligent, if flamboyant, wave of the hand. "I am quite aware of my eccentricities, and try not to ... oooh, look, it's a fly" he spoke, eyes tracing after it.

Hermione coughed in laughter. "Now Harry, don't go try eating it, alright?" she asked with a grin.

"Oh, Hermione, you got to go next, as well, by the way, your magic will kill you, otherwise, no matter how immortal you might seem" he spoke, suddenly serious.

"Er, what?" she asked stupidly, confusion written all over her face.

Harry grinned again, before his eyes roved up to nothing. "Power begets power, power corrupts, absolute power corrupts absolutely, but being a powerhouse with near immortality gives a whole new meaning to the word temptation for corruption" he spoke with a languid, lazy smile.

Hermione blinked, before shrugging.

She could deal with that.

(-=|End Flashback|=-)

It was at that point that she realised what he meant, when he said that power corrupted her, and him, as she had felt the power just wanting to be used, and it made them near irrational, to the point of near lunacy. Still, at some point, she wanted Robyn Black back, since they had both decided not to have penetrative sex as opposite genders until they were fifteen, sixteen, at the latest, though they were also some of the earliest to have any type of sexual activity, since Purebloods never had sex until they were married, Half-Bloods rarely had sex before they turned nineteen, and a lot of Muggleborns were quickly showed the importance of their virginity, and how powerful it was in special spells, though they mostly had sex right out of Hogwarts, at least, with any real sexual contact. Most girls lost their hymens very early on, about fourteen, fifteen, if not because they were doing Quidditch, but because they had to run to the classes during O.W.L.'s exams, and most guys masturbated around that time, if they had the opportunity to do so, though it was very rare (or so Harry told her), thanks to the fact that they shared a dormitory with several other boys.

When the bell rung, Harry packed his book up, and walked out with Hermione, to go to the Great Hall. Classes were over, and they had to meet Francine. It was at this time, however, that Harry was

absorbed in searching out Peter, using his peripheral sensing abilities from the Dementor blood to find the rat bastard, and sighed. The traitorous rat was sitting in Percy's pocket. Go figure.

"Harry, stop being so negative, will you?" Francine spoke, looking annoyed, as she walked over.

Tonks waved, as she walked in with a grin, though she was casting dark glares at Dumbledore, who had walked past the Great Hall doors in a hurry, while the group sat down to the Gryffindor table.

"So, found Wormtail yet?" Francine asked with a scrunching of the nose, as if she had just smelled something like moist dog crap under her nose.

"Yeah, he's with Percy" Harry spoke simply.

"What..."

"He's leaving, tonight, Percy has patrol in the grounds, and his first stop will be to Hagrid's hut, to pick up some food, before leaving. He'll end up getting screwed over, in the end" he spoke simply, looking on passively.

Hermione blinked. That was a long series of events to be so confident about.

"Trelawney" he spoke, as a way of explanation, as if it explained it all.

It did, in a way.

"Ah, she give a Prophecy?" Hermione asked with a roll of the eyes. Prophecies were, still, in her books, at most, guesswork and generalised BS that only makes sense after the deed is done. In other words, completely useless.

"She had it a week ago, ended up falling on her ass after rolling down the stairs" he spoke, remembering the incident with fondness.

"Ah, has a funny way, history, of repeating itself, sometimes" Hermione spoke with a nod.

"Or a funny way of being a pain in my ass" Harry grumbled in a disheartened tone.

"So, Sirius?" Tonks asked, looking eager, though she was squirming on her seat.

"Dunno, depends of Dumbledore, I think, and how well he responds to the situation when he's faced with it. Don't have my hopes up too high, though" Harry spoke with a shrug.

They fell into silence.

"So, uh, Harry..." Tonks started uneasily, looking slightly less than comfortable.

"Yes?" he asked, looking at her from the corners of his eyes.

"You ... I ... can you..." she stammered slightly, looking uncomfortable, uneasy, and was squirming about quickly.

"Yes?" he asked with patience.

"Can you ... can you use the Cruciatus on me?" she pleaded with need in her voice and eyes.

Harry blinked. That was ... strange, to be sure, but, eh, what the hell, sounded okay, though he'd wondered why ... she was a Black, and Bellatrix was her aunt. Figures she'd have a mile wide masochistic streak.

He sighed, but nodded, though he spoke "later. Maybe after we're done, today, yeah?"

She nodded, though she looked happy.

Harry repressed a snort. Yeah, that was irony speaking loads to him. Voldemort had a sadist bitch, he had a masochist mimic.

(-=[After Dinner]=-)

Due to not really having anything better to do, both Harry and Hermione walked with Tonks to Hagrids hut, where they heard loud crashes and rummaging sounds. The two spared a look at one another, shrugged, and drew their wands, though they were careful about it, and the situation they were in.

"What are you two doing out here?" McGonagall asked with a huff, as she strode forwards, glowering at them.

"Having a romantic walk, Professor," Hermione answered honestly, omitting a few facts, as a result. "It is still allowed."

"Quite," the woman huffed, looking annoyed. "And your wands are out ... why? Do you feel the need to use them, out here, of all places?"

Harry rolled his eyes, and was about to retort, when he heard the sharp barking snarl.

"Figures it'd happen with a Professor around" he groaned to himself, looking decidedly pissed.

"What happens when I'm around?" the Scotswoman asked in apprehension.

"Nothing" he spoke, before bones cracked and shifted, as the door slammed open, revealing the dog, chasing after a rat faced man. He hissed softly, before his entire body seemed to explode in size, into a young Peruvian Vipertooth, chasing after the dog with a great deal of care.

"Did ... did Potter just..." stammered the Professor.

"Yes, Ma'am, he did" Hermione spoke, changing into a second Peruvian Vipertooth, with slightly silver scales.

"Of all the dragons they chose to become, it had to be a horse sized dragon with a penchant for eating humans!" McGonagall spoke in an exasperated voice, before changing into a cat and rushed after them. She might be scared of being eaten, but she was a Professor, and her first duty was to protect her students, no matter how irritating or troublesome.

There was a steady crunching of bones, when she reached the Shrieking Shack, and McGonagall blinked as she saw Remus Lupin and Sirius Black, then blinked again as she saw Harry and Hermione standing off to the side, both having long, sweeping, tattered black cloaks around them, as their ice blue eyes stared on calmly, their silvery white hair streaming down their backs as they stared on calmly. If it weren't for the wavy hair of Hermione, and the slight ruffled look of Harry's, she wouldn't have known who they were, as their skin was so pale, almost like a ghost. Still, they both held an aura of power, but, with the Gates of Power up, restraining their magic, it was impossible to determine how powerful they were.

"Sirius, I see you have found Peter," came the odd sounding voice from Harry Potter, almost like tinkling crystal and the cords of a harp being plucked. "Torture him with a few Pain Hexes and Curses, but keep him alive, and mostly maim free."

"Harry, I'm not sure that is wise to do," came the reflective voice of Hermione, which sounded like a struck crystal and an arctic breeze, almost breathy, panting. "He is a slippery bastard, after all."

"True, true, however, we have Wards to stop Animagi from leaving the house in their Animagi forms" he spoke, his voice now husky, throaty, drawling and seductive, though still keeping the tinkling crystal and harp cord voice, as if it were adding in on itself.

"Harry" Hermione warned, her tone light, though it was throaty, seductive, husky, a drawling lilt that wouldn't be out of place on a whore, or a slut.

"What is going on here?" McGonagall demanded, looking at them oddly, and with irritation. "You're fraternising with a murderer, Mister Potter, the murderer who killed your parents, no less!"

"On the contrary, Professor," came the biting cold voice, that was now like grinding and breaking glass in an arctic wind, from Harry Potter, no less, luminous icy blue eyes gazing on impassively. "I am not fraternising with my parents murderer, we are simply going to catch the rat bastard, torture him for a bit, beat him up, and hand him to the Ministry in a very public display."

"Oh" McGonagall spoke, her face dead of emotion, though she had an odd tone in her voice.

Likely her confusion, no doubt, they all thought with amusement.

Harry drew out his wand, and waved it silently, causing a circle of fire to surround the rat, as the fur was slowly burned away, leaving it completely bald, except for the head, which was done up in a little segmented mohawk.

Sirius snickered softly. "Harry, if I ever get on your bad side, just kill me, will you? I don't want to suffer your humiliation."

"Yeah, sure," he spoke in a bored voice, which was the same tinkling crystal and harp cord voice that he had used before. "Sirius, your turn."

Sirius nodded, and raised a stolen wand, levelling it at the rat, and spoke clearly "Nequim Yelish."

The rat squeaked, before it seemed to deflate slightly.

"Nequim Yelish?" Harry asked, intrigued at the spell.

"Old spell by courtiers and noblemen, they wanted slender bodies, and used it on themselves. It forcefully causes the body to devour the fat in the body, leaving the person emaciated, before it reverses itself, to give sharper features, and a slender body. It also tightens the skin around the body to remove the sag" he spoke with a grin.

Harry nodded.

McGonagall looked appalled that they were all abusing a rat.

"Trin Jiu" Remus spoke in a soft, whimsical voice.

They all looked at him questioningly when nothing happened.

"It's a Bowel Loosening and Bladder Control Release Curse. It stays on for life, if done with a twist at the end" he spoke with a faint grin.

Hermione levelled her own wand, and thought about it. Then, for a few seconds, she got a positively evil look in her eyes, before she spoke clearly, announcing out with a vicious smile "Explosivo Castrado."

The rat squealed and shrieked, as its nuts were blown apart, the wound cauterised instantly.

They all levelled their wands against the rat, and it shifted as the Animagus Revealing Charm showed Pettigrew in all his human glory (thankfully clothed, though).

"Harry, your turn again" Sirius spoke lightly, as they gathered him up, and strode out into the grounds with the rat being dragged, screaming and kicking, clawing at the ground to escape, while everyone ran out to see what the trouble was.

McGonagall was confused.

"I guess, for my parents murder, for betraying them, I will have to levy a suitable punishment for the years of abuse I suffered" he spoke, levelling his wand on Sirius, who simply stared on defiantly.

He nodded simply, in acceptance.

Harry ignored Dumbledore, who looked like he was near orgasm (which was very disturbing), and his wand slashed down to Pettigrew, and he twisted his wand, ignoring the entire school, and spoke softly, with malice, eyes alight with disgust, as he pushed his hatred and rage and want to cause suffering into the spell.

"Crucio."

The man was screaming in agony, while he held the wand on the man, slowly twirling the wand in his fingers, ignoring the Aurors there, as well as the reporters, who arrived with Ministry officials. He grinned sadistically, his blackened lips curling into a twisted smile as the curse continued, pumping more power into the spell. A hand on his wrist made him look up, as Francine was looking at him in concern. Harry looked back down to the screaming man, before flicking his wand, causing the screaming to intensify, as he started to wave his wand, until, at the very last minute before the man went completely insane, he drew his wand back, and stopped the Curse.

"Now then, we have a little problem, here, Minister, Headmaster. See, there is a man who should be dead, alive, and, supposedly, a valiant hero, whose bravery led to the capture and incarceration of Sirius Black, my godfather, and my fathers best friend, almost brother. Now, I am very ... open, about my hatred of traitors, and bullies, but, to see one in person," he spoke. He twisted his wand, and a wordless Stinging Hex caused the man to screech as an eye exploded in his skull, thanks to the precise aim of Harry. "To think that this ... this ... low born scum of the world, is still alive, after betraying my parents, this ... rat that betrayed them, I am going to have to say, I am disappointed."

They stared on in shock.

"Crucio!" Harry hissed again, in a barely serpentine voice, eyes glowing with a dark rage and malice.

"Flippendo!" Fudge shouted at the displaced teen.

Harry drew his other wand, batting the spell away.

"Do not interfere, Fudge, I am punishing the traitor to my family. This is a Blood Feud between House Potter and House Pettigrew, and it will not be sated until the end of the entire Family of Pettigrew is pain for the sufferance laid onto the Head of the House of Potter" he spoke in a stern voice, eyes glittering darkly.

"You're punishing the wrong man! Sirius Black is beside you!" the man spoke with wide eyes.

"They switched Secret Keepers, my family, Sirius Black was a decoy, a dummy Keeper, the obvious choice. Pettigrew was not" Harry spoke stiffly.

Fudge stilled at that. It actually made sense, and, despite the fact that the child was using an Unforgivable, he slowly started scowling, before turning to the man in question.

"This is Peter Pettigrew? He looks ... thinner than he should" Fudge spoke diplomatically, pointedly ignoring Dumbledore.

"Nequim Yelish" Sirius chipped in with a happy smile, relishing in the suffering of the man who destroyed his life, and that of his godson.

Fudge winced at that. Everyone knew that spell was about on the level with the Cruciatus, and the only reason it was off the list of restricted spells is because many Purebloods used it on themselves.

He finally nodded, and looked to the boy, that was holding the man under the Cruciatus, and spoke simply "he will have to stand trial."

"Do it here, I won't let this turd to escape" he snarled.

Fudge puffed up, before deflating, and nodding.

As Sirius was questioned, under Wizards Oath, Harry held the man down with bindings, sending mild Stinging and Biting Hexes to the man.

Finally, after the details were gone over, Fudge looked to Harry, and spoke six simple words.

"Do what you wish to him."

Harry grinned, his face taking a dark turn, as his eyes bled gold. He shrieked in fury at the man, and descended on him, talons digging into his shoulders.

"M-m-mercy..." Pettigrew pleaded, when he gained his senses back, from the sudden, sharp, physical pain.

Harry backed off, picking up his wand, and breathed in deeply.

"T-t-t-thank you, H-harry..." Peter spoke with a snivelling look of gratitude.

Harry spun, his eyes a glowing green, and he levelled his wand at the man.

"Avada Kedavra" he spoke in a clear, crisp tone, eyes hard as they shimmered to ice blue, while the green spell surged from his wand, impacting the man, sending him flying from the impact.

Harry lashed his wand quickly at the man, and tugged harshly, causing him to fly at him. Harry rapidly Conjured a steel wall, that was shaped like a triangle, to protect him from impact, and the body was cleanly severed in two, both halves of the torso rolling along the ground, cut apart at the waist. Harry breathed out slowly, before turning, after letting his Conjunction fall, and he simply stared at the bleeding corpse halves, before flicking his wand, causing blue flames to engulf the corpse, and burn to ashes, which blew away with a quick flick of the wand and a gust of wind.

"Harry..." Hermione started softly, looking on in empathy.

"Sirius, get cleaned up, Remus, go buy some clothes for the newly freed man, and Hermione, come with me" he spoke stiffly, coldly.

She nodded, and slowly followed after him, and, when they were in a classroom, she grabbed the young man as he broke down, shivering, silently crying, running her hands through his long silky tresses, as she held him close to her chest, head between her breasts. She quietly uttered soothing words, smiling softly, sadly, as he shivered against her.

"Harry, he made his choice, you did what you needed to do" she soothed him, tracing his jaw with a finger. She understood, he was

powerful, he had lived through a bloody and brutal war where anything and everything had to be used to fight Voldemort, and now, all she had left was the broken man as thanks to those troubling times.

She really hated Voldemort and Dumbledore for doing this to her husband, her lover, her best friend, and her Soul Mate.

Harry looked up, his eyes broken, as tears leaked from his eyes, trailing down his cheeks.

"It's going to happen again, Hermione, I'm going to have to fight again, aren't I?" he whispered brokenly, in a tormented voice.

"This time, love, you'll have me, Francine, and Tonks, to help you through it, Sirius and Remus, as well" Hermione spoke in a soothing voice.

He nodded, entire body trembling, before he shuddered slightly. "It's starting again, and nothing can stop it" he muttered bitterly.

"But we are together, now" she spoke with a loving smile.

"Yeah, together" he spoke softly, wrapping his arms around her waist tightly.

"Shh, it's okay, Harry, we can get through this, together" she spoke, running her fingers through his soft hair, loving the feel of it.

Harry sighed in brief relaxation, before he grabbed his wand, and Transfigured a table into a bed, and pulled her over, laying down under the covers, holding it open, and she settled in, facing him, holding him, limbs entwined together. They shared a brief, love filled kiss, before Harry closed his eyes, body still shaking.

When she was sure he was asleep, Hermione sighed, and ran her fingers through his hair. If Harry kept going like this, he was going to be torn in too many directions at once, and go insane.

She made her choice.

Damn the consequences, and damn the world.

(-|=One Week Later|=-)

As they all started to head for the train, Harry was stopped by Tonks, who was done for her guarding duty, and in her Hit-Wizard uniform, her hand on his shoulder.

Harry blinked at her. "Tonks? Wha..." he started.

The young man was cut off by a passionate, heavy, hungry kiss that was almost devouring. For several minutes, Harry was still, before Tonks pulled back, and Harry raised an eyebrow.

"That was thanks, and ... maybe a ... promise, for something more..." she spoke with a slightly nervous smile, giving a sly wink at the end, and vanished with a pop.

Hermione coughed politely, raising a delicate eyebrow. "Did you enjoy that, much?" she asked with a slightly accusatory tone.

"So what if I did? You would, too, if you thought she was into girls" Harry snorted.

Francine lunged at Harry, at that point, wrapping her legs around his waist, and kissed Harry passionately, while Hermione laughed to herself, dragging the duo to the train. She knew that Francine had a crush on Harry, but damn, she was aggressive.

(-|=End Chapter|=-)

Authors Note:

So, here is the closing chapter for the story, mostly because this chapter was so bloody difficult to actually find a good plot hold. I always screw up with the Third Year, for some reason. I can do 1-2 and 4-6, and I mostly ignore 7, simply because I think that the whole Deathly Hallows thing is just some big plot filler thing to finish the story.

Anyway, how's my writing improved? Did you like it?

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